

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

DECEMBER, 1837.

From the Retrospective Review.

ANECDOTES OF THE JUDGES, &c.

Chronica Juridicalia; or, an Abridgement and Continuation of Dugdale's Origines Juridicales; containing a Calendar of the Years of our Lord God and the Kings of England, &c. from William the Conqueror to the year 1739. With Chronological Tables of the names of all the Lord Chancellors, Judges, Sergeants, &c. shewing the times of their several promotions, &c. opposite to the years in the said Calendar. Second edit. 8vo. 1739.

There is, perhaps, no class of men who live more immediately within the observation of the public eye, than the judges of our courts of justice. The importance of the functions which they are appointed to perform, the private interests which are affected by their decisions, their high station in a liberal and much regarded profession, and the rank accorded to them in society, all contribute to render their character and conduct the object of personal attention. The display and pomp too which attend all their movements, as the great administrators of public justice, allure the eyes of the crowd. The entry of a judge into an assize town, escorted by the sheriff and his attendants, and surrounded by his javelin-men, as they are termed, is, to the provincial spectators, a very awful and imposing ceremonial. A variety of little arts have been invented to keep alive this feeling of veneration. Ermine and scarlet, and full-bottomed wigs on the judgment-seat, and shovel hats and scratches off it, distinguish the administrators of our laws, whose time of life in general prevents these usages from appearing ridiculous. They are addressed by a title peculiar to the nobility;* and nothing is omitted which can contribute to render them honoured and respected.

It would have been well if at every period of our history the judges had contented themselves with the professional distinctions thus freely bestowed upon

* It was only, however, during the last century that the puisne judges began to be addressed by the title of "your lordship." In the Year-Books they are constantly addressed by the title of "sir," "sir, vous voyez bien," &c. The late Sergeant Hill was, we believe, the last who persisted in the ancient fashion.

them, but unfortunately this has not been the case. The eminent station assigned them necessarily brings them into occasional contact with the government and the court; and how dangerous this approximation is to the interests of the public, we learn from history. The biography of many of our judges is, on this account, by no means confined to their judicial career, but often embraces the political history of the times in which they lived. Nor are their memoirs, by any means, devoid of other interesting matter. The subjects of them are generally men who mingled much in society, and whose names are consequently connected with those of the celebrated persons of their day. Occasionally, too, we meet amongst them with men whose singular characters and eccentric habits, render their biography highly entertaining. It is with the view of collecting the scattered anecdotes relative to the most remarkable of these personages, that we enter upon the present task; and, in the following pages, we propose to give some account of the more distinguished ornaments of the bench, during a very singular period of judicial history,—the reign of Charles II.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century a very considerable change had begun to take place in the character of the judges. In the political struggles which were even then generating, it was a difficult task for men of their influence and station to remain neuter. In earlier times the Crown had never thought it worth while to bespeak the services of the judges, in assisting it to assert the prerogative; the hand of power had, in general, been sufficiently strong without such aid. "It is very observable," says Clarendon, in speaking of the opinions delivered by the judges upon the matter of ship-money, "it is very observable, that in the wisdom of former times, when the prerogative went highest (as very often it hath been sworn above any pitch we have seen it at in our times) never any court of law—very seldom any judge or lawyer of reputation was called upon to assist in any act of power, the Crown well knowing the object of keeping those the objects of reverence and veneration with the people, and that though it might sometimes make sallies upon them by the prerogative, yet, that the law would keep the people from any invasion of it, and that the king would never suffer whilst the law and the judges were looked upon by

the subject, as the asylum for their liberties and security." (*Clar. Rebel* l. 124.) Upon the accession of James I. however, these maxims were forgotten, and a system of intimidation and corruption was then commenced by the Crown which did not terminate until the Revolution. We have on a former occasion* enabled the reader to form some idea of the conduct observed by James I. towards his judges, and it is almost unnecessary to advert to the infamous prostitution of the judicial character which distinguished the reign of his successor. With respect to the affair of ship-money, even Clarendon speaks of it in the warmest terms of reprobation. "And here the damage and mischief cannot be expressed, that the Crown and State sustained by the deserved reproach and infamy that attended the judges, by being made use of in this and the like acts of power." Upon the whole, however, the odious part acted by the judges in the reign of Charles I., was perhaps serviceable to the interests of freedom, by awakening the feelings of the people; and Finch's speech in the Exchequer chamber, is said to have rendered ship-money much more abhorred and formidable than all the commitments of the Council-Table. But without canvassing the character of the Bench at this period, or during the Commonwealth, which we may possibly attempt upon some future occasion, we shall only observe, that the system which had its origin in the reign of James I., and attained so pernicious a maturity during that of his son, was revived in all its full vigour soon after the Restoration. In the times of the Plantagenets and the Tudors it was unnecessary to veil the encroachments of power under the semblance of justice; but now, when any act of oppression or iniquity was to be wrought, it was essential to clothe it with the judicial sanction. Accordingly we find that the utmost exertions were at this time made by the Crown, and in general with the greatest success, to render the judges subservient to the royal wishes. The consequence of this was, that men of loose principles, and abandoned manners, were selected to fill the judgment-seat; and the records of our courts of justice are disgraced with such names as Jefferies, Scroggs, Wright, and Saunders, (though in legal attainments the latter was eminently fitted for his station.) Of the personal character of Saunders, and, indeed, of some other of the judges of this time, an account has been given in our former volumes,† which we shall not repeat upon this occasion, only observing that it will be necessary to recur to the portrait of Saunders, as painted by Roger North, in order to complete the series of sketches which we now intend to present to the reader.

In discussing the character of our English judges, an examination into the nature of the *tenure* by which they held their offices (a subject very ably illustrated by Mr. Sergeant Heywood in the Appendix to his *Vindication of Fox's Historical Work*.) will be found to throw great light upon our judicial biography. During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the commissions of the Chief Justices of the King's Bench were in general without any specification of the tenure, and they were removeable at the pleasure of the king. The puisne Judges, both of the King's Bench and

Common Pleas, held *quam diu nobis placuerit*; but the judges of the Exchequer were appointed *quam diu se bene gesserint*. James I. was advised by Bacon to exercise this power in the case of Sir Edward Coke, (see *Bacon's Works*, vi. 125;) and in the succeeding reign, Sir Randolph Crewe (who had resisted the system of illegal loans and benevolences) and Sir Robert Heath were unceremoniously displaced. In the year 1640, the House of Lords petitioned that the patents of all the judges should be made *quam diu se bene gesserint*, and not as formerly, *durante bene placito*; "unto which request his majesty was graciously pleased to condescend." Cromwell appears to have paid but little regard to this regulation, and removed a baron of the Exchequer, and one of the judges of the Upper Bench. For some time after the Restoration, the patents of the judges pursued the form adopted by Charles I., and ran *quam diu*, &c.; but the inconvenience of not holding those offices altogether dependant upon the Crown was soon felt, and the old form of the patents, *durante bene placito*, was restored. The time when this alteration first took place is not clearly ascertained: but it was probably before *Dighton's* case, which was tried in the King's Bench, in Trinity Term, 1670; on which occasion, the offices of judicature in Westminster Hall were said by the court to be held *duranto bene placito*. The patent of Sir Richard Rainsford, who was made one of the judges of the King's Bench, in the year 1678, was *durante bene placito*.—(*Siderfin's Rep.* p. 408.)

The appointment of the judges at this period, as at present, was virtually in the power of the Lord Chancellor; but this right of patronage was disputed by Jefferies, when chief justice, with North, then Lord Keeper. The chief justice was supported by a strong party at court, who were adverse to the Lord Keeper, and anxiously resorted to every device in order to lessen his influence. Upon one occasion they succeeded in procuring the appointment of Sir Robert Wright to a puisne seat on the bench, against the opinion of North, and certainly to the public scandal of the government. This incident is a striking proof of the extent to which the system of corruption was carried at the court of Charles II., and of the influence which Jefferies possessed with the king. Sir Robert Wright was "a comely person, airy and flourishing, both in his habits and way of living;" but at the same time so wretched a lawyer, that he was absolutely unable to give an opinion; and when a case was laid before him, he usually applied for assistance to his friend, North, who furnished him with an opinion, which Wright copied and signed. Having dissipated his estate in debauchery, and finding himself on the brink of ruin, he applied to Jefferies to rescue him from his difficulties, by getting him made a judge. Upon a vacancy occurring, the king consulted the Lord Keeper respecting a proper person to fill it, adding, "My lord, what think you of Sergeant Wright? why may not he be the man?" North answered, that he knew him but too well, and was satisfied that he was the most unfit person in England to be made a judge. "Then," said the king, "it must not be;" and the matter was for a time suspended. We shall relate the sequel in the words of Roger North.

* See Life and Character of Sir Edward Coke. *Retros. Rev.* viii. 105.

† *Retros. Rev.* vol. ii. p. 252; vol. viii. p. 17.

"Wright still by his friend Jefferies pushed his point, and in the interim worked all he could by most importunate applications and bitter tears, (but for no other

reason than that if he failed now he was utterly ruined,) to gain his lordship to yield that he might be a judge: but to no purpose; his lordship was inflexible: and though he wished the poor man well, upon account of old acquaintance, he would not gratify him at the cost of his own breach of duty, or rather in that respect, perjury. The king took his time more than once to speak to my lord-keeper, saying as before, *Why may not Wright be a judge?* and at last, *Is it impossible, my lord?* His lordship seeing the king's pangs, for it was plain that this man, by the secret court claim, was determined to be preferred; for he was a creature of Jefferies, and a tool that would do anything; and they wanted only the formality of my lord-keeper's concurrence, (to whom the king positively would have a due respect paid), took the freedom to say, that the making a judge was his majesty's pleasure, and not his choice; that he was bound to put the seal as he commanded, whatever the person was, for of that his majesty was to judge, and finally determine. He could but do his duty by informing of his majesty of what he knew to be true; and particularly of this man whom he personally knew to be a dunce, and no lawyer; not worth a groat, having spent his estate by debauched living; of no truth nor honesty, but guilty of wilful perjury to gain the borrowing a sum of money: and then he opened more at large the matter of the affidavit.—“And now,” said the lord-keeper, “I have done my duty to your majesty, and am ready to obey your majesty's commands, in case it be your pleasure that this man shall be a judge.”—“My lord keeper,” said the king, “I thank you,” and went away; and soon after the warrant came and he was instated.”—(Vol. ii. p. 174.)

It is not surprising that a man so peculiarly fitted to become the instrument of unconstitutional measures as Wright was, should find favour in the eyes of James II. He was accordingly in that reign appointed chief justice; but his conduct was such, as even to extort from his former patron, Jefferies, at that time chancellor, the appellation of *beast*.

Amongst the many profligate men whose baseness was the means of elevating them to the bench, during this reign, Sir William Scroggs may, perhaps, be selected as an honest specimen of the class to which he belonged. His birth was mean, being the son of a butcher; but by his own exertions he acquired considerable practice at the bar, and was made a sergeant. His professions of loyalty found favour at court, and he was accordingly appointed chief justice of the King's Bench at the time when North presided over the Common Pleas. Upon the first opening of the Popish plot, he appears to have been deceived into an idea that, by favouring the discoverers of it, he was rendering an acceptable service to the king, and he accordingly interested himself, in a violent and scandalous manner, to procure convictions of persons accused of being participators in the plot; but having received some intimation that the course which he was pursuing was not so agreeable to the king as he had imagined, “he turned as fierce against Oates and his plot, as before he had ranted for it; and thereby gave so great offence to their evidenceships, the plot witnesses, that Oates and Bedloe accused him to the king, and preferred formal articles of divers extravagancies and immoralities against him.” Some of the charges brought forward upon this occasion are amusing enough, and when the character of Scroggs is considered, appear by no means improbable. The sixth article runs as follows—(Howell's *St. Tr.* viii. 170.)

“That the lord chief justice is very much addicted to swearing and cursing* in his common discourse, and to drink to excess, to the great disparagement of the dignity and gravity of his said place. He did in his common discourse at dinner, at a gentleman's house of quality, publicly and openly use and utter many oaths and curses, and there drank to excess.”

The accusations thus preferred were heard before the king in council, when Scroggs attacked his adversaries with much severity and wit; but, on the failure of sufficient proof, the proceeding was abandoned. Such, however, had been the outrageous conduct of the chief justice upon many occasions, in the King's Bench, that articles of impeachment were prepared against him by the House of Commons, and a charge, very similar to that advanced by Oates and Bedloe, was again made against him.—(St. Tr. viii. 200.)

“Whereas the said Sir William Scroggs being advanced to be chief justice of the court of King's Bench, ought, by a sober, grave, and virtuous conversation, to have given a good example to the king's liege people, and to demean himself answerable to the dignity of so eminent a station; yet he, the said Sir William Scroggs, on the contrary, by his frequent and notorious excesses and debaucheries, and his profane and atheistical discourses, doth daily affront Almighty God, dishonour his majesty, give countenance and encouragement to all manner of vice and wickedness, and bring the highest scandal on the public justice of this kingdom.”

This impeachment, some articles of which were probably well founded, fell to the ground on the dissolution of the Parliament, and Scroggs, escaping the punishment which was his due, died at his house in Essex-street of a polypos of the heart.

The immoralities of this man have been commemorated by Roger North, both in the *Examen* and in the Life of his brother the Lord Keeper. “His debaucheries,” says he, in the latter work, “were egregious, and his life loose, which made the Lord Chief Justice Hales detest him. He was a great voluptuary, and companion of the high court rakes, as Ken, Guy, &c. whose merits, for ought I know, might prefer him.” The character of Scroggs, given by Burnet, agrees in all essential particulars with that just cited from Roger North. “He was,” says Burnet, “a man more valued for a good readiness in speaking well, than either for learning in his profession, or for any moral virtue.—His life had been indecently scandalous, and his fortunes were very low. He was raised by the Earl of Danby's favour, first to be a judge, and then to be chief justice; and it was a melancholy thing to see so bad, so ignorant, and so poor a man raised to that great post.”

The successor of Scroggs in the office of chief justice was Sir Francis Pemberton, a man whose many bad qualities we feel inclined to overlook, when we

* The only recorded instance, which at present occurs to us, of a judge venturing to use an oath upon the bench, is to be found in the Year-Book 2 Henry 5. 5. cited in 11 Rep. 53 b. “A dyer was bound that he should not use the dyers' craft for two years, and there Hull held that the bond was against the common law, and, by God, if the plaintiff was here, he should go to prison till he paid a fine to the king.”

† Ante, vol. viii. p. 17.

remember, that he had still sufficient virtue to fall under the displeasure of the Court. "In his youth," says Burnet, "he mixed with such lewd company, that he quickly spent all that he had, and ran so deep in debt, that he was cast into a jail where he lay many years, but he followed his studies so close in the jail, that he became one of the ablest men of his profession." A similar account of his early life is given by Roger North. "This man's morals were very indifferent, for his beginnings were debauched, and his study and first practice in the jail. For having been one of the fiercest town rakes, and spent more than he had of his own, his case forced him upon that expedient for a lodging; and there he made so good use of his leisure, and busied himself with the cases of his fellow collegiates, whom he informed and advised so skilfully, that he was reputed the most notable fellow within those walls, and at length he came out a sharper at the law." (*Life of Lord Guilford*, ii. 123.)

Having been released from jail, his learning soon procured him practice, and he was made a sergeant, and, in 1679, a puisne judge of the King's Bench. Although Pemberton was sufficiently unprincipled and profligate to meet the views of the Court, he yet appears to have been wanting in zeal for the prerogative, which was probably the cause of his being displaced the year after his appointment. The Court, however, finding it difficult to discover a man at once so learned, and so licentious, resolved again to employ him, and he was, therefore, shortly after his removal, raised to the chief seat, in the King's Bench. Pemberton, according to Roger North, was a better practiser than a judge, and was too much inclined to exercise the prerogatives of a legislator. "He had," says that writer, "a towering opinion of his own sense and wisdom, and rather made than declared law." The Lord Keeper Guilford used to say of him, that, in making laws, he had outdone kings, lords, and commons. When the great case of the *Quo warranto* against the city of London was about to be tried, it was not thought proper to trust Pemberton with the conduct of so important an affair, and he was accordingly removed from the King's Bench to make room for Saunders, and was made chief justice of the Common Pleas. "It was not," says Roger North, "thought any way reasonable, to trust that cause on which the peace of the Government so much depended, in a court where the chief never showed so much regard to the law as to his own will, and notorious as he was for little honesty, boldness, cunning, and uncontrollable opinion of himself." While chief justice of the Common Pleas, it was his duty to preside at the trial of Lord Russell, and his conduct upon this occasion is thought to have given great displeasure to the Court. It is certain that in the same year he was deprived of his office, and removed from the Privy Council. No lawyer ever underwent such a variety of fortune as Pemberton. Raised from his jail practice to a puisne seat in the King's Bench, he had in the interval between his removal from that office, and his appointment to the chief justiceship, returned to his practice at the bar; and now on his second degradation, he again resumed his station as sergeant. "By that, as it seems the rule is, he lost his style of lordship, and became bare Mr. Sergeant again." His business lay chiefly in the Common Pleas, where his lordship (North) presided, and however some of his brethren

were apt to insult him, his lordship was always careful to repress such indecencies, and not only protected but used him with much humanity. For nothing is so sure a sign of a bad breed as insulting over the depressed."—(*Life of Lord Guilford*, ii. 125.)

Sir Thomas Jones, whose name was connected with the proceedings in Parliament against Scroggs, perhaps exhibits, in some respects, a favourable specimen of the judicial character at this period, though he was a partner in the scandalous conduct of North on Colledge's trial. "He was a very reverend and learned judge, a gentleman, and impartial, but being of Welsh extraction, was apt to warm, and when much offended, often showed his heats in a rebour of his countenance, set off by his grey hairs, but appeared in no other disorder, for he refrained himself in due bounds and temper, and seldom or never broke the laws of his gravity."—(*Examen*, p. 563.)

In the year 1683, Jones was appointed chief justice of the King's Bench, an office which he held until 1686, when he was displaced by James II. In pursuing his insane project of introducing the Catholic Religion into this kingdom, James considered it essentially necessary that he should secure the co-operation of the judges, in order that he might by their opinions sanction his dispensing with the penal laws against recusants. Roger Coke, in his usual homely style, has given the following account of the king's attempt to corrupt Sir Thomas Jones:—"However herein the king stumbled at the threshold; for it is said he began with Sir Thomas Jones, who had merited so much in Mr. Cornish his trial, and in the West; yet Sir Thomas boggled at this, and told the king he could not do it; to which the king answered, he would have twelve judges of his opinion, and Sir Thomas replied, he might have twelve judges of his opinion, but would scarce find twelve lawyers. The truth of this I have only from fame, but I am sure the king's practice in reforming the judges, whereof all (except my Lord Chief Baron Atkins, and Justice Powell) were such a pack as never before sat in Westminster Hall, gave credit to it." (*Coke's Detection*, &c. ii. 434.)—Roger Coke's account of this transaction is confirmed by Sir John Resesby.

"This day, April 29, 1686, being the first of the term, a great change was made among the judges in Westminster Hall. There was a new chief justice of the Common Pleas, and another new judge of the same bench; there was a new chief baron; in fine, four new judges of the several Courts. This made a considerable noise, as the gentlemen now displaced were of great learning and loyalty, and whose only crime had been, they would not give their opinions as several of their brethren had done, that the king by his prerogative might dispense with the test required of Roman Catholics. The next day I was informed by Mr. Jones, son to the chief justice of that name lately turned out, that his father, upon his dismissal, observed to the king, that he was by no means sorry that he was laid aside, old and worn out as he was in his service; but concerned that his majesty should expect such a construction of the law from him as he could not honestly give; and that none but indigent, ignorant, or ambitious men would give their judgment as he expected; and that to this his majesty made answer,—it was necessary his judges should be all of one mind."

We must not omit the following anecdote, by Roger

North, of Weston, at this time one of the Barons of the Exchequer.

"He was a learned man, not only in the common law, wherein he had a refined and speculative skill, but in the civil and imperial law, as also in history, and humanity in general. But being insupportably tortured with the gout, became of so touchy a temper, and susceptible of anger and passion, that any affected or unreasonable opposition to his opinion would inflame him so as to make him appear as if he were mad; but when treated reasonably, no man was ever more a gentleman, obliging, condescending, and communicative than he was. Therefore, while a practitioner, he was observed always to succeed better in arguing solemnly, than in managing of evidence; for the adversary knew how to touch his passions, and make them disorder him, and then take advantage of it. But at the bottom he was as just as the driven snow; and being a judge, for which office he was fit, because he had neither fear, favour, nor affection; besides his judgment, he would often in his charges shine with his learning and wit. He was one of a clear conduct, by principle honest and just, and, as we find in the best of that character, so he was intrepid, and feared not the face of all human kind. He made no ceremony of flying in the face of faction, at all turns; and being one of those they call prerogative men, inaccessible and unalterable, he was hated bitterly by the party."

Amongst the most eminent of that very small body of men, the anti-court lawyers of the reign of Charles II. was Sir William Jones, who for some time filled the office of attorney-general. Having finished his studies at Gray's Inn, his learning and great acquirements soon brought him into practice in the King's Bench, and were ultimately the means of raising him, notwithstanding his popular principles, to the high post of attorney-general. Ambition appears to have been Jones's foible in the earlier part of his legal career, and probably induced him to accept an employment which could not be altogether consonant to his principles. When Sir Heneage Finch, the solicitor general, was appointed attorney, on the death of Sir Geoffrey Palmer, a contest for the vacant office ensued between Jones and Sir Francis North, the latter of whom ultimately prevailed; but Jones, by the influence of the Duke of Buckingham, was knighted and made king's counsel. Having been appointed attorney-general before the discovery of the Popish plot, he took a very conspicuous part in the prosecution of the supposed offenders, particularly in the case of the unfortunate Lord Stafford. "If I may have leave to guess," says Roger North, "the greatest load of all that sate upon and oppressed his spirits, was his undue fervour in prosecuting him to death for high treason upon the foot of Oates's plot." (*Life of Lord Guilford*, i. 96.) With all the charity of a political opponent, North supposes Sir William Jones to have been "at the bottom of the whole stratagem" of the Popish plot, but he was certainly too honest a man to lend himself, knowingly, to so enormous a villany. Like the other anti-court politicians of that day, he appears to have been infected with the panic which Oates spread over the whole nation. On the first opening of the plot, his apprehensions were so great, that he despatched an express from Hampstead, where he was then residing, to his town house, to have all the billets of wood removed out of his cellar into his back yard, lest the Papists should throw fire-balls into

his cellar and set his house on fire. Growing weary of his official duties, Jones resigned the place of attorney; and, although (according to Burnet, who was acquainted with him,) he was offered the seals he refused them. In promoting the bill of exclusion against the Duke of York, Sir William Jones exerted himself most strenuously; and it is probably, in allusion to his conduct upon this occasion, that he is described by Dryden in *Abalom and Achitophel*, as

Bull-faced Jonas, who could statutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treason law."

Sir William Temple, referring to the same subject, adds, "And this person having the name of the greatest lawyer in England, and commonly, of a very wise man; besides this, of a very rich, and of a wary or rather timorous nature, made people generally conclude, that the thing was certain and safe, and would at last be agreed on all parts, whatever countenance were made at court." When Sir William Temple was employed to carry the king's message against the Exclusion bill, to the House of Commons, Jones observed to him, "that for himself, he was old and infirm, and expected to die soon."—"But you," said he, "will, in all probability, live to see the whole kingdom lament the consequences of this message you have brought from the king."

Roger North, in his character of Sir William Jones, has displayed more impartiality than is usually to be found in his sketches of his great contemporaries.

"He was a person of a very clear understanding, and, if possible, clearer expression; wherein he was assisted by an extraordinary opinion he had of both, as also of his own general worth, for that was his foible. He was extremely proud and impatient of competition, and much more of his being left behind, as it was his chance to be, in the course of his preferment, whereby he missed of his desired post. And that partly occasioned a sort of restlessness, which made him commit several gross errors in the main chances of his life. His felicity was never to be disturbed in speaking, nor by any audience or emergence put by the forecast and connexion of his thoughts: but, dilated with a constancy, steadiness, and deliberation admirable in his way, so that speaking as counsel, one might mistake him for the judge. He affected somewhat the rustic phrase of his own country, which was Gloucestershire, as to instance a word, *althoff*, instead of although as we pronounce it, which was no disadvantage but rather set him off. . . . He affected also general learning, as history and theology; and as great men usually have their vanities, his was to profess of that sort more than belonged to him, and accordingly he chose his company, who were for the most part divines, such as were most eminent in his time, as Tillotson, &c. I dare say they profited more in his company than he in theirs. I have touched his felicity: his infelicity was a *penchant* toward the anti-court, or, rather, republican party, and consequently must be a favourer of non-conformity, for opposites to government of all kinds seem to make but one party."

In the annals of the English bench no one has filled a more prominent station than Sir George Jefferies, whose very name has passed into a by-word, significative of every quality which can disgrace the judicial character. In a former volume* we presented to our readers the able and vivid portrait of this odious man,

* *Retros. Rev.* v. ii. p. 251.

which Roger North has drawn; and we shall, therefore, on the present occasion, confine ourselves to some anecdotes of him collected from other sources. Jefferies was descended from a Welsh family of some consideration; his grandfather having been one of the judges of North Wales. He was educated at Westminster school, from whence, without having received the benefit of a residence at either of the Universities, he removed to the Temple, and applied himself assiduously to the study of the law; "though in an obscure and mean apartment, his allowance being only forty pounds a year, and that from an old grandmother, while his father, upon pretence of the numerousness of his family, but more indeed out of a near and covetous nature, scarce contributed ten pounds a year more towards his clothing; a very scanty income put together for the support and carrying of a young gentleman through so genteel and expensive a study."* The scantiness of his fortune at this time was, we are told, supplied by Jefferies's own ingenuity, "which ever suggested some shifts or other to him," until he began to support himself by his practice.

It has been asserted, that Jefferies was never regularly called to the bar, but that "having by some means or other, got a bar gown on his back," he began to practice with considerable success. He even braved the plague for the sake of briefs; and in the year 1666 came into notice at the Kingston assizes, at which, on account of the pestilence, very few counsel had the boldness to make their appearance.

Having given some manifestations of qualities highly favourable to the views of the court, Jefferies was selected as a person worthy of promotion; and he was accordingly appointed a Welsh judge, and knighted. His next elevation was to the chief justiceship of Chester, in the year 1680, and in the same year he was made sergeant and a baronet. The office of recorder was also conferred upon him by the city of London, in return for which favour he is said to have been one of the chief advisers of the crown, in the case of the *Quo warrantos* against the corporation of that city; and on the death of Sir Edmund Saunders, who had been raised to the bench expressly with a view to the settlement of that question, Jefferies was, in September, 1683, sworn lord chief justice of the King's Bench. The temper and qualities of Jefferies now began to develop themselves more fully, and the subserviency which had marked his former conduct was changed into haughtiness and insolence. When at the bar, a certain decency of carriage was necessarily observed by him, but now that, raised to the bench, there was no superior to check the ebullitions of his insolent passion, he indulged in the most disgraceful language; "so much Billingsgate towards the prisoners at the bar," observes a legal biographer, "cannot be paralleled in history." Roger North has left us a few specimens of the licks which he used to give with the rough side of his tongue, and to these we shall add a few more by way of illustrating the

manners of the bench at this period. The trial of Sir S. Barnadiston (ix. *State Trials*, 1353,) affords a good instance, both of the style of language used by Sir George Jefferies, and of the court principles which he professed. In adverting to the trial of Russel and Sidney, "names," to use the words of Mr. Fox, "ever dear to every English heart;" the chief justice expressed himself with an inhuman and disgusting irony which nothing can surpass.

"Then here is as I said, the sainting of two horrid conspirators; here is the Lord Russel sainted, that blessed martyr, my Lord Russel, that good man, that excellent protestant, he is lamented! and what an extraordinary man he was, who was fairly tried and justly convicted and attainted for having a hand in this horrid conspiracy against the life of the king, and his dearest brother his Royal Highness, and for the subversion of the government. And here is Mr. Sidney sainted! What an extraordinary man he was! Yes, surely, he was a very good man, because you may some of you remember, or have read the history of those times, and know what share Mr. Sidney had in that black and horrid villany, that cursed treason and murder, the murder, I mean, of King Charles I., of blessed memory, a shame to religion itself, a perpetual reproach to the island we live in, to think, that a prince should be brought, by pretended methods of law and justice, to such an end at his own palace. And it is a shame to think that such bloody miscreants should be sainted and lamented, who had any hand in that horrid murder and treason; and who, to their dying moments, when they were on the brink of eternity, and just stepping into another world, could confidently bless God for their being engaged in that good cause, (as they call it,) which was the rebellion which brought that blessed martyr to his death. It is high time for all mankind, that have any Christianity, or sense of heaven or hell, to bestir themselves to rid the nation of such caterpillars, such monsters of villany as these are."

When the counsel for Baxter (who had been imprisoned for his *Paraphrase on the New Testament*) moved for further time to prepare for trial, the chief justice told him, that "he would not give him a minute more to save his life;" adding, "that they had to do with other sorts of persons, but now they had a saint to deal with, and he knew how to deal with saints as well as sinners. Yonder (he continued) stands Oates in the pillory, (as he actually did, in New Palace Yard) and says he suffers for the truth; and so says Baxter; but if Baxter did but stand on the other side of the pillory with him, I would say, two of the greatest rogues and rascals stood there." Baxter was tried soon afterwards; but Jefferies brow-beat his counsel and witnesses to such an excess, that they were almost terrified from their duty. The taunting and ironical style adopted by him, in speaking of Russel and Sidney, was employed again with great effect on the trial of Baxter, whom the chief justice hated as a dissenter. On the prisoner attempting to address the court, Jefferies exclaimed,

"Richard, Richard! dost thou think we will hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one is as full of sedition (I might say treason,) as an egg is full of meat; hadst thou been whipt out of thy writing trade forty years ago it had been happy. Thou pretendest to be a preacher of the gospel of peace, and thou hast one foot in the grave; it is time for thee to begin to think what account thou intendest to give:

* "The Exhibition" allowed Francis North, afterwards Lord Keeper Guilford, by his father, was 60*l.* per annum. In addition to this, he had twenty pounds a-year from his grandfather, and picked some pence by court-keeping. (*Life of Lord Guilford*, i. 49.) In Sir John Fortescue's time, "no student could be maintained for less expenses by the year than twenty marks." (*Fortescue De Laudibus*, &c. c. 49.)

but leave thee to thyself and I see thou wilt go on as thou hast begun; but, by the grace of God, I'll look after thee.—I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty Don; and a doctor of the party (looking to Dr. Bates) at your elbow, but by the grace of Almighty God I will crush you all." (xi. *State Trials*, 500.)

The man upon whom this scurrilous attack was made was a learned and pious person, to whom the bishopric of Hereford had been offered by Clarendon, but refused on account of conscientious scruples. "He was a man," says Mr. Fox, in his historical work, "of exemplary character, always remarkable for his attachment to monarchy, and for leaning to moderate measures in the differences between the church and those of his persuasion." We may imagine, when a person of this character was thus scandalously treated by Jefferies, what his conduct was when prisoners of less consideration stood before him. The real offence which Baxter had committed in the eyes of his judge, was his venturing to dissent from the church of England. A presbyterian was this judge's especial abhorrence. Thus, on the trial of the Lady Alice Lisle, when the prisoner, speaking of Mr. Hicks, said, that she did not in the least suspect him to be in the army, being a presbyterian minister, that used to preach and not to fight, the chief justice uttered a furious anathema against such schismatics.

"But I will tell you, there is not one of those lying, snivelling, canting presbyterian rascals, but one way or other had a hand in the late horrid conspiracy and rebellion; upon my conscience, I believe it; and would have been as deep in the actual rebellion, had it had any little success, as that other fellow Hicks; their principles carry them to it; presbytery has all other of villany in it; nothing but presbytery could lead that fellow Dunne to tell so many lies as he has here told; for show me a presbyterian, and I will engage to show a lying knave." (xi. *St. Tr.* 359.)

The manner in which Jefferies was accustomed to comport himself towards the counsel of the prisoners who were tried before him, may be seen by a reference to Baxter's trial. It is to be observed, that the only report of this trial was taken by the friends of the accused; but, on the face of it, there is every mark of authenticity.

"Mr. Wallop (Baxter's counsel) said, that 'he conceived the matter depending, being a point of doctrine, it ought to be referred to the bishop his ordinary; but if not, he humbly conceived that the doctrine was innocent and justifiable, setting aside the *inuendos*, for which there was no colour, there being no antecedent to refer them to (that is, no bishop or clergy of the church of England named) * * * * * 'My lord,' says he, 'I humbly conceive, the bishops Mr. Baxter speaks of, as your lordship, if you have read church history, must confess, were the plagues of the church and the world.'—'Mr. Wallop, (says the lord chief justice) I observe you are in all these dirty causes, and were it not for you gentlemen of the long robe, who should have more wit and honesty than to support and uphold these factious rogues by the chin, we should not be at the pass we are at.'—'My lord, (says Mr. Wallop) I humbly conceive that the passages accused are natural deductions from the text.'—'You humbly conceive!' (says Jefferies) and I humbly conceive! Swear him, swear him!'—'My lord, (saith he) under favour, I am counsel for the defen-

dant; and, if I understand either Latin or English, the information now brought against Mr. Baxter upon so slight a ground, is a greater reflection upon the church of England than any thing contained in the book he is accused for.' Says Jefferies to him, 'sometimes you humbly conceive, and sometimes you are very positive; you talk of your skill in church history, and of your understanding Latin and English; I think I understand something of them as well as you; but, in short, I must tell you, that if you do not understand your duty better, I shall teach it you;' upon which Mr. Wallop sat down." (xi. *St. Tr.* 498.)

The iniquities committed by Jefferies in the West, after Monmouth's rebellion, must be too deeply imprinted upon the indignant memory of every one, to require any details of them in this place. In reading the dark pages of our history, which disclose these transactions, it is difficult to determine whether Jefferies or his employer is most justly entitled to our execration. It appears that James was accustomed to call this bloody progress of the chief justice, "Jefferies's campaign." "My lord chief justice," he observes in one of his letters, "has almost done his campaign—he has already condemned several hundreds, some of which are already executed, more are to be, and the rest sent to the Plantations." It has been properly remarked, by the late learned editor of the *State Trials*, that his majesty's brutality, in calling Jefferies's circuit a campaign, is somewhat extenuated by the fact, that the chief justice actually had, upon that occasion, a military commission—(see *Ralph*, 888.) And, in confirmation of that circumstance, we have likewise the authority of Roger North. "After he (Monmouth) was beaten at Sedgmore, the lord chief justice Jefferies performed his memorable expedition in the West, armed not only with a commission of Oyer and Terminer, but also an authority to command the forces in chief, as General of the West, for so he was styled."—(*Life of Lord Guilford*, v. ii. p. 200.)

We have not space to follow Jefferies through the whole of his iniquitous course, but we must not omit to mention the opinion entertained by him of his brother judges. We are told, in the *Diary* of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, that in a confidential conversation which he held with Jefferies, then chancellor, on the affair of the bishops, Jefferies asserted that most of the judges were rogues. Soon afterwards, upon another occasion, he expressed himself in similar terms, at the same time calling chief justice Wright a beast. —(See *Diary*, p. 52.)

We shall only add the concluding scene of Jefferies's life, as given by the writer of the *Lives of the Chancellors*.

"The Lord Jefferies' fate, as well as that of his master, King James, came on apace: for the Prince of Orange being landed, advanced towards London without opposition, and the king having taken the seal from the chancellor, left him in the lurch, and withdrew privately on the 10th of December, in the dead of the night, down the Thames, in order to go for France. The great seal was afterwards found by a fisherman, in the Thames; and the chancellor now without protection, having rendered himself obnoxious to most people, and being perfectly hated by the nation, on Monday, between three and four in the morning, withdrew; and having, in disguise, got down safe to Wapping, put himself on board a collier, which was pretended to be

bound for Newcastle, but indeed was designed for Ham-
burgh; but some persons having notice thereof by the
means of the mate, they went to a justice for a warrant
to apprehend him, but he thought fit to put them off,
whereupon they applied themselves forthwith to the
lords of the council, who granted them a warrant, and
they went immediately to search the ship; but on Tues-
day night, not thinking himself safe on board the col-
lier, in which he was to pass, he lay in another ship
hard by, so that those who came that day to search for
him, missed of him on board, but had information given
them that he was hard by, at a little peddling ale-house,
where accordingly they found him, being the sign of
the *Red Cow*, in Anchor and Hope Alley, near the King
Edward Stairs; from whence they immediately hurried
him in a coach, guarded with several blunderbusses, to
the Lord Mayor's, where the crowd was so great, and
the rabble so numerous, all crying out together, *Ven-
geance! Justice! Justice!* that the Lord Mayor was
forced to come out into his balcony, and, with his hat
in his hand, desired the people to go away and keep
the peace, and did promise them that he had already
sent to the lords of the council about the matter, and
that they should have justice done them, and that, in
the meantime, their prisoner should be safely guarded;
whereupon the people withdrew, and soon after, my
lord, under a strong guard, was sent to the lords of the
council, who committed him to the Tower, where he
continued to the 18th April, 1689, when he was freed
by death from his earthly confinement. He had, for
some years before, been subject to terrible fits of the
stone, which in all probability now accelerated his
death; though others gave out that he abandoned him-
self to excessive drinking, thinking to support his sink-
ing spirits by it, and that that helped forward to put a
period to his life. He was buried privately in the
Tower, the Saturday night following, by an order his
relations got from King William."—(*Lives of the Chan-
cellors*, i. 185.)

On reviewing the characters of the persons who,
between the restoration and the revolution, filled the
highest judicial situations in this country, it is impos-
sible not to be struck with the want of public prin-
ciple, and too frequently of private virtue, which the
majority of them exhibit. At every period of our
history, the bench has displayed a decided inclination
to support the prerogative; an inclination which has
been in general manifested with modesty and discre-
tion; but in the reign of Charles II. and his succes-
sor, the judges did not hesitate openly to throw them-
selves into the arms of the Court. It was not a bias
in favour of the Crown which they exhibited; they
became the eager and shameless advocates of its
most unconstitutional pretensions. Immediately upon
the return of Charles, the bench was indeed, as we
have already remarked, filled with men of some
moderation and honesty. The picture given by Cla-
rendon may perhaps be considered somewhat over-
charged:—"All the courts of Westminster Hall were
presently filled with grave and learned judges, who
had either deserted their profession or practice during
the rebellious times, or had given full evidence of
their affection to the king and the established laws in
many weighty instances: and they were then quickly
sent in their several circuits, to administer justice to
the people, according to the old forms of law, which
was universally received and submitted to with all
possible joy and satisfaction. * * * Denied it cannot
be, that there appeared sooner than was thought pos-

sible, a general settlement of the civil justice of this
kingdom; that no man complained without remedy,
and every man dwelt again under the shadow of his
own vine, without any complaint of injustice and
oppression."—(*Clarendon's Life*, v. ii. p. 42.)

Clarendon was well aware, that the attempt to
establish the high prerogatives of the throne upon
the ruins of the judgment-seat, must necessarily be
unsuccessful; and he therefore employed his influence
to preserve some degree of purity in the administra-
tion of the laws. His disgrace, however, removed
the only restraint upon the corrupt measures of the
Court, and Westminster Hall soon exhibited the
spectacle of a bench of judges holding *durante bene
placito*, and for the most part scrupulously attentive
to the nature of their tenure. The consequence of
this system has been so well described by Mr. Booth,
afterwards Lord Delamere, that we shall venture to
repeat the passage:—"Our judges have been very
corrupt and lordly, taking bribes, and threatening
juries and evidence, perverting the law to the highest
degree, turning it upside down, that arbitrary power
may come in upon their shoulders. The cry of their
unjust dealings is great, for every man has felt their
hand." The creed of the crown lawyers of this day
is to be found in the writings of Roger North:—"I
must needs say, that the prerogative of the Crown is
a doctrine so constantly recommended in the law
books, that a man cannot be an honest, learned law-
yer, but he must be, in the popular sense, a prero-
gative man, and, in every sense, a hater of what they
call a republic."—Acting under the influence of these
principles, it is not surprising that the judges should
have "turned the law upside down, that arbitrary
power might come in upon their shoulders." The
state of England, at this period, is so well described
in the following paragraph, that with it we shall con-
clude the present article.

"No man who wished well either to the church, or
the laws of England, was safe from the informations of
mercenary wretches: fictitious conspiracies were every
day hatched, and judges and juries were so corrupted,
that the one gave their opinions, and the other their
verdicts according to the directions they received from
Court. No man was safe in his innocence, nor secure
in his property; and trials and proceedings, which
should have been exactly consonant to law and reason,
to justice and mercy, were become only a mere solemn
and ceremonious method of completing our ruin. It
hath been thought an offence against the very law of
nations, to poison a fountain of which even an enemy
was to drink: how great a crime then must it be, and
how near a kin to sacrilege, to corrupt the laws which
are the very fountains and springs of political life, and
to make them the instruments of oppression and wrong,
which should be our greatest security and relief."—(*A
Charge given at the General Quarter Sessions of the
Peace for the County of Surrey, by the Hon. Hugh
Hare*, 1692.)

From the Quarterly Review.

HALLAM'S INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE.

*Introduction to the Literature of Europe, in the Fifteenth,
Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.* By Henry Hal-
lam. Vol. 1. 8vo. London. 1837.

It is no less extraordinary than fortunate that this

work should have been reserved for Mr. Hallam. The history of literature might appear a field in which the true lovers of letters would delight to expatiate; we should expect to find it crowded with aspirants for distinction, or industrious labourers in this work of love. It is a study which might be pursued by the tranquil scholar in the happy seclusion of his library; and stands almost entirely aloof from those jealousies and collisions which may deter the modest, and disturb the peace of the more adventurous writer, in other departments of history. Political animosities live in the descendants of the different parties; the great principles of attachment to monarchical and republican institutions keep up a perpetual agitation; the opinions, the passions, the interests of men, are constantly awake, to watch with jealous hostility all heretical aberrations from their respective creeds. The historical characters of antiquity, still more those of modern times, have their ray of accusers or purgators, of haters or admirers, who resent either the high-coloured or the depreciating estimate of their several favourites. But the jealousies of literary men are personal, and expire with them; few form a permanent and exclusive sect. The body of their fame is not contested, like that of Patroclus, by rival armies; it is either left to the dogs and kites, or peaceably entombed by the pious gratitude of posterity. Though there is nothing which may not become a cause of strife in this contentious world, men's tastes are less quarrelsome than their political opinions; and the peaceful literary historian, while he would command the general gratitude, as guiding the student through the immense and almost trackless wilderness of literature, would thus more rarely come into collision with prejudice or angry jealousy.

The disappointment of every student, anxious to obtain a compendious and lucid view of the progress of the human mind, particularly during the fertile and eventful period of the centuries named in Mr. Hallam's title-page—no less than the survey of the various authors who have devoted themselves to this branch of study, contained in his preface—will show that Europe has not yet produced one impartial and comprehensive work, representing the gradual development of the human imagination and intellect in the different nations which contribute to the literature of the western world. For, in fact, the History of European Literature ought to be *one* work; the well-arranged and harmonious cast, if we may so speak, of one mind. The vast scheme projected in Germany, but completed only in one or two of its divisions, assigned each leading department to one distinguished individual—as, poetry to Bouterwek, philosophy to Tenneman, classical literature to Heeren. But among the important uses and advantages of such a work, would undoubtedly be the general view of the simultaneous progress of the various branches of literature—their mutual aid, or their interference with each other—the causes and authors of their predominance. Independent of the difficulty of strictly defining each particular province, the associates in such a plan, like the writers of the Bridgewater Treatises, would be constantly trenching on each other's ground; either perplexing the reader by conflicting views; or, by the repetition of the same information under a different form, adding unnecessarily to the bulk of the collection. A master hand would at last be necessary—that office, indeed, in the German project was as-

signed to Eichhorn)—armed with supreme authority, against which the several rulers of the different provinces could not be permitted to rebel; to compress the whole into uniformity, to condense the divergent rays into one luminous and consistent body. English literature is not merely without a work of these high pretensions, but singularly barren even in the subsidiary histories of the different departments of knowledge. If we except the admirable Essays of Dugald Stewart and Sir James Mackintosh, prefixed to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, we know not that we could point out one readable treatise which traces fairly and fully the development of any one branch even of our own literature.

Yet, when we consider the combination of qualities requisite to endow an historian, we say not now of his native literature—and even that would demand talents and accomplishments of rare extent and variety—but of the literature of Europe, we can scarcely be surprised that the self-sufficiency of arrogant pretension, as well as the diffidence of modest merit, should be overawed by the magnitude and difficulties of the task. The vigour of mind, which can explore the abstrusest depths of philosophy, must meet with the fine sensibility to the beauties of eloquence and poetry:—

“Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur
Majestas et amor”—

—laborious diligence in collecting materials, with dexterous skill in harmonizing and arranging them;—the vast range of knowledge requisite for compiling a useful and instructive book, with the more delicate art of writing an agreeable one.

Let us glance rapidly, as our space alone permits, yet somewhat more particularly, at the acquirements indispensable to an historian of European literature. He must be a scholar in the old and genuine sense of the word. The study of the learned languages exercised so great an influence over every department of letters;—so much of the higher literature of a certain period was written in Latin;—even poetry had learned to speak a language, foreign indeed to the mass of mankind, but so familiarized as almost to be vernacular with the educated classes;—that the historian of literature, who has not a full command of this kind of knowledge, is not merely disqualified to pass judgment on the merits or influence of individual writers, but will be entirely unfit to examine the effects of this predominant and almost exclusive custom of writing and thinking in Latin on the general mind of Europe. Even if, with regard to the Latin poetry, his ignorance shall assume the language of contempt, his view of the imaginative literature of certain periods will be altogether imperfect and unsatisfactory.

“In the present age,” observes Mr. Hallam, “it is easy to anticipate the supercilious disdain of those who believe it ridiculous to write Latin poetry at all, because it cannot, as they imagine, be written well. I must be content to assert, that those who do not know when such poetry is good, should be as slow to contradict those who do, as the ignorant in music to set themselves against competent judges.”—p. 598.

An extensive acquaintance with modern languages is no less indispensable, both in order to introduce the writers who may command notice, with an authority,

improperly assumed by those who only know them through the deadening medium of translation; and likewise, to call in aid whatever valuable estimate of its native literature each country may possess. All are not so poor in this respect as England; and one reason why we have less justice done to us by continental writers is, that we have not done justice to ourselves.

The term literature is of vast and almost indefinite extent. It comprehends, in its widest range, theology, law, medicine, science. Though even the highest ideal notion of a literary historian will not demand a thorough and professional mastery of all those subjects,—yet, as constituent parts of the great plan, as elements of the general intellectual development, continually mingled up and crossing each other in infinitely various ways, they must all be studied with care,—no one of them can be excluded without essential injury to the whole circle of knowledge. The writer must, at least, be able to give the main results from those who have composed separate accounts of the progress of each, with sufficient intelligence not to mislead; with that just discrimination of their importance which may enable him to blend them up in due proportion with his general design.

In the more general branches of literature, to a certain degree in theology, at least in works on religious subjects, in philosophy, in history, in eloquence, in works of imagination, a closer insight is necessary for a fair and authoritative estimate. The literary historian has, in a certain sense, to assign to each writer of every period his proper station and dignity; to promote or to degrade, to confirm or to abrogate the judgment of contemporaries. His taste must be no less multifarious than his erudition; he must have patience and strength of understanding to sound the depths of philosophy, while he must be keenly alive to the passion, and feeling, and imagery, and be gifted with a fine ear for the melodies of verse. He has to summon up the mighty dead from the cloister, the university, the study, the hall of justice, the observatory, the theatre, the Vaucuse, the court of the prince, where the popular poet exercised his art. The theologian and the poet, the jurist and the dramatist, the scholar and the bold idiomatic writer of his own tongue, the metaphysician and the romance writer, the lexicographer and the ballad-maker; Luther and Ariosto, Bartolus and the free writers of the Italian comedy, Erasmus and Hans Sachs, Ficinus the Platonist, and the author of *Amadis de Gaul*, *Budæus* and the minstrels of the Spanish *Cancionero*, all must successively and in rapid transition pass in review; each receive his duly-measured and carefully-balanced meed of praise or blame; and take his rank according to his relative merits as to his own age, and the general advancement of letters.

Mr. Hallam speaks with diffidence not unbecoming the most learned and accomplished man, of his own qualifications as a literary historian of Europe. For our own part, judging solely from the substantial and recognized excellence of his former writings, we could not have selected a name in modern English literature, which we should more cordially rejoice to see prefixed to the announcement of such a work. For diligence in research and scrupulous accuracy, a wide range of knowledge and masculine independence of judgment, that name is a sufficient guarantee. Mr. Hallam is among the few modern authors who have

not lost in depth what they have gained in extent of surface. He is of the old race—we would not willingly say, one of the last representatives—of our scholarlike writers; yet he has manifestly advanced with the rapid stream of modern literature, at least as far as most of his contemporaries. He appears from the present volume to have extended his acquaintance with modern languages. We do not remember any reference in his former books to German authorities; but we do now find him acknowledging great obligations to the laborious writers of that country—without whose assistance, indeed, a work of this nature would be very incomplete. Meiners, Heeren, Bouterwek, Heinsius, the Schlegels, contribute with André, Tiraboschi, with Bayle and Nicéron, Warton, and the various biographical dictionaries, to the fulness and particularity of this valuable book. But while Mr. Hallam's readers have a perfect right to rely on these credentials of extensive and well-arranged information, and sound judgment as to those grave questions which are allied to historical fact, and to the progress of general knowledge—in one respect this volume may surpass their expectations. Those who know Mr. Hallam only by his former works, in which questions of purely literary taste occurred but rarely, will be no less delighted perhaps than surprised, to find this laborious diligence allied with the most ardent admiration of the original, the imaginative, and the harmonious, in the poetry of all countries: they will find themselves passing from the inevitable dryness of a paragraph relating to the progress of grammatical studies, to a burst of eloquence, called forth by the magic of some great bard of Italy or of England. The characteristic of Mr. Hallam's criticism is the union of a vigorous common sense, with a just appreciation of the elevated, the noble, and the original, in poetry. He is superior to the vanity of calling forth some undistinguished writer from the crowd, in order to display his own ingenuity in vindicating his title to a higher place; or his own originality, by contemptuously reversing the general judgment of mankind. He is just and generous to all, but not so prodigal as to leave little distinction between the different gradations of merit. He advances no new canons. He is entangled in no speculative theory, such as, in many works of modern criticism, at first dazzles us by an appeal to our depth of thought; and leaves us dissatisfied at last in finding that we have been mystified rather than instructed. Mr. Hallam is philosophical without philosophizing—his is the plain and perspicuous philosophy of a strong mind, which never plunges beyond its depth; and is content with clearly stating his impressions without subtly analysing or refining upon them to excess. There is, besides, a kind of manly amenity throughout the volume, as of a mind dealing with subjects calmer and less allied to exciting passions than Mr. Hallam's former works, where the fray of political opinion struck out at times, expressions not without rigour, and judgments not free from severity. In the present volume we have been struck with the union of independence and candour—of respect for common opinions, with the fair assertion of the freedom of his own—which on certain rather delicate subjects, the characters, for instance, of some of the reformers, it is not easy to maintain. The general tone is decisive without being dictatorial; plain, but not peremptory. He who differs from others

with such perfect command of temper, has a right to more than patient hearing, to something of deferential respect to his matured and recorded judgments.

It is not easy in a brief and limited article to give a just notice of a work, the great merit of which is, and ought to be, the close condensation of a vast and various mass of knowledge in a few pages. Ours must be the review of that which itself is a powerful, compressed, and comprehensive review. If we should select a few of the subjects on which the author has treated, for more detailed examination, we should either dilute his pregnant pages, or take, as it were, an unfair advantage, by transgressing those bounds which his self-denial has rigidly prescribed to himself. On some minor points we may differ, but, in general, we should find it difficult to state the grounds of our difference without entering upon a long and perhaps uninteresting dissertation. Where we attempt an outline, then, it must be very slightly drawn; the selection of subjects, upon which we offer our observations, where there is so much to interest and to instruct, must at least have the appearance of chance or caprice.

Mr. Hallam commences with an introductory chapter, containing the first dawn of letters in Europe, after the extinction of classical Latin in Boethius—the universal domination of the scholastic philosophy—the formation of the modern languages—the revival of classical learning, chiefly under the influence of Petrarch. Of the early part of this period it may be generally said that Latin was the language of prose, the vernacular tongues that of poetry; during the fourteenth century, popular fiction and some graver branches of knowledge began to take the form of prose. But the Latin had sunk to the lowest state of barbarism. The exclusive possession of a very narrow caste, confined to subjects altogether alien to the modes of thinking and forms of expression prevalent in the purer ages of Latinity, uncorrected by the study of better models in the writings of antiquity, it had become an hybrid and ungrammatical dialect, in which the initiate in the several sciences, scholastic divinity, law, and medicine, carried on their general intercourse, and trained their respective scholars. But since the doom of Latin, as a common language, was sealed; as it had ceased to be the vernacular dialect of men, it was well, perhaps, that it had sunk to so low a state, and retired within the confined domain of a very limited oligarchy. The premature revival and general prevalence of classical studies just at this period, might have checked the free development of the modern languages, and withdrawn some of their earlier cultivators within its less useful and fertile province. Petrarch, if Latin had continued more intelligible to the popular ear, might have sung of Laura in the artificial and lifeless language of his Africa. But poetry, the primary agent in civilization, had resumed its office. What Homer and her other minstrels had been to Greece, the disseminators and conservators of a common language, intelligible alike to Dorian, Æolian, or Ionian, a general standard which, notwithstanding its infinite diversity of dialects, maintained Greek as one language; such, in a great degree, were some of the earlier poets in the modern languages of Europe. The spirit of song brooded over the chaos of various dialects and idioms which prevailed, and reduced them, may we venture the fanciful expression, to an Heptatone harmony—the seven-stringed lyre of Euro-

pean poetry began to breathe its softening notes to the popular ear. "By the year 1400 we find a natural literature subsiding in several European languages, three spoken in the Spanish peninsula, the French, the Italian, the German, and the English. Our own tongue, though it had latterly acquired much copiousness in the hands of Chaucer and Wicliffe, both of whom lavishly supplied it with words of French and Latin derivation, was but just growing into a literary existence. The German, as well as that of Valencia, seemed to decline." At the precise period, indeed, to which this passage from Mr. Hallam refers, the first splendid burst of poetry—the Epic or Homeric age, as it were—had passed away, and was not immediately replaced by a new race of bards who could win the general ear, and prolong the empire of poetry over the general mind. It had discharged its primary function in all the various languages, which if it had not created, it had at least consolidated, regulated, harmonized; to which it had habituated the popular ear, and established something like a standard of grammatical form and expression, to be perfected at length into a national language.

Spain already possessed, in that which was afterwards called Castilian, her great poem of the Cid,* and some, though perhaps not many, of the fine old romantic ballads which form her Cancionero. Portugal had her own poets. Mr. Hallam quotes a curious volume (printed by Lord Stuart of Rothesay) of Portuguese song, as early as the twelfth century. The third Spanish language of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, was called the Valencian, but in fact was the Provençal of the south of France, perhaps the eldest barbarian daughter of the Latin, the language of the Troubadours and their *gay science*. This language had gradually retreated from before the French, into the kindred provinces of northern Spain, and there maintained its independence for several centuries. The Valencian, therefore, might claim the Provençal poets as its parents; their lays of love, and their religious satires, were the groundwork and chief part of its literature. The chivalrous romances of the Trouvours, and the poems of Wace, had given a promise of freedom, invention, and occasional picturesqueness, by no means fulfilled by the later poetry of France; and France, even then, by the fatal influence of the long-drawn allegory of the Roman de la Rose (translated by our Chaucer, and imitated in its form in other countries), threw a languor, something of a chilling torpor, over the spirit of national song among her neighbours. Towards the close of the fourteenth century, the best poetry of France, as in later periods, was in her prose. In the vivid and picturesque narrative, the chivalrous tone, the truth of delineation, we may add, perhaps, the invention of old Froissart, we have more of the stirring life, the character, the nationality, almost the form of the true Epic, than has appeared either before or since in the poetry of France. Germany could boast of her Heldenbuch, and her Nibelungen-lied,—poems manifestly of more ancient date than chivalry, of which their more rude and simple, if we may so speak, heroic manners have no trace. She had also her long array of Minne-singers, her bards of hall and bower, who in evil hour were superseded by

* We need hardly remind our readers of Mr. Frere's admirable versions from this poem, printed in the appendix to Mr. Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid."

her burgher poets, the Meister-singers of the guilds or fraternities.

"Meantime a new race of poets, chiefly burghers of towns, sprung up about the reign of Rodolph of Hapsburgh, before the lays of the Minne-singers had yet ceased to resound. These prudent, though not inspired, votaries of the muse, chose the didactic and moral style as more salutary than the love songs, and more reasonable than the romances. They became known in the fourteenth century by the name of Meister-singers, but are traced to the institutions of the twelfth century, called Singing-schools, for the promotion of popular music, the favourite recreation of Germany. What they may have done for music I am unable to say: it was in an evil hour for the art of poetry that they extended their jurisdiction over her. They regulated verse by the most pedantic and minute laws, such as a society with no idea of excellence but conformity to rule would be sure to adopt; though nobler institutions have often done the same, the Master-burghers were but prototypes of the Italian academicians. The poetry was always moral and serious, but flat. These Meister-singers are said to have originated at Mentz, from which they spread to Augsburg, Strasburg, and other cities, and in none were more renowned than Nuremberg. Charles IV., in 1378, incorporated them by the name of Meister-genossenschaft, with armorial bearings and peculiar privileges. They became, however, more conspicuous in the sixteenth century; scarce any names of Meister-singers before that age are recorded; nor does it seem that much of their earlier poetry is extant."—vol. i. pp. 52, 53.

Italy ripened more slowly; but, when once mature, she broke forth with all the rapid luxuriance and vigour of southern vegetation,—she bore at once her earliest flower and her richest fruit. Dante and Petrarch were almost the creators, as well as the unrivalled models, each in his style, of real Italian poetry. It might seem that in Italy Latin maintained a more vigorous struggle for its ascendancy; or that the various dialects required a master hand, not so much in this case to form them into one national tongue, as to assert the predominance of the Tuscan, from henceforth to be the accredited literary language of Italy. The first efforts indeed of Italian poetry were provincial, chiefly Sicilian, and but for the commanding influence of Dante and Petrarch, the Peninsula might have had as many separate literatures as provinces. Her modern Goldonis and Melis, instead of being what Ramsay and Burns are to English poetry, might have been the successors and heirs of a distinct race of writers.

After Italy, England could boast in Chaucer the greatest poet of these ages. But Chaucer's excellence lay in fertile and graceful invention; and in the vivid and humorous delineation of manners—(the peculiar inheritance which our wealthy ancestors bequeathed to English poetry)—rather than in the high perfection of language or melody of verse. The foreign element, the French, with which Chaucer, or perhaps the fashion of the time, the Norman blood and the French wars, enriched our language, is not yet blended and harmonized; it lies, as it were, in separate and distinct masses, not yet having passed through the amalgamating process of common usage. The difficulties of Chaucer's versification are perhaps most reasonably traced to the uncertain state of pronunciation, or rather accentuation—the letters or syllables

which afterwards became mute, still retaining their proper sound, as in French and in other languages.

It is remarkable, we have said, and it was a singularly happy circumstance in the development of European literature, that the first creative impulse of poetry was over in most of these nations, before the revival of classical learning absorbed the general mind of the educated classes. Poetry might have suffered some constraining and chilling effect, from that which could confer only pure and unmingled benefit on the development of prose. Even if it had retained its independent originality of language, of imagery, of sentiment, it might have become too much enamoured of the beautiful but uncongenial forms of the classics; Virgil, instead of being transformed into the romantic companion of Dante, through the wild regions which expanded before the fancy of the Christian poet, might have been the stately and unapproachable model to which he would have paid the homage of servile imitation. Petrarch happily chose to perfect, by his own translucent language, unrivalled harmony, and exquisite tenderness, the fanciful graces, the amatory idealism of the Provençal poets, rather than to rival the elegies of Ovid or Tibullus. But the style of which the classic writers furnished such inimitable models, was the great thing wanting to prose. It is indeed after all, extraordinary, that in Italy, where these studies were pursued with the greatest zeal and success, they should have produced such little effect. Order, distribution, selection, the harmonious structure of periods, found their way but slowly into Italian prose. It required a long process of classical training before Machiavelli broke up its involved and long-drawn periods into a more terse and compressed manner; nor had even the example of Machiavelli the influence which might have been expected, in the general formation of an Italian prose style.

It is impossible to compress, and unnecessary to follow, Mr. Hallam's luminous account of the state of Latin erudition and the revival of Greek at the commencement of the fifteenth century; or his view of the early progress of science during the same period. The following observations relating to the last point, are, however, especially worthy of our reader's attention:—

"It is an interesting question, What were the causes of this enthusiasm for antiquity which we find in the beginning of the fifteenth century?—a burst of public feeling that seems rather sudden, but prepared by several circumstances that lie farther back in Italian history. The Italians had for some generations learned more to identify themselves with the great people that had subdued the world. The fall of the house of Swabia, releasing their necks from a foreign yoke, had given them a prouder sense of nationality; while the name of Roman Emperor was systematically associated by one party with ancient tradition; and the study of the civil law, barbarously ignorant as its professors often were, had at least the effect of keeping alive a mysterious veneration for antiquity. The monuments of ancient Italy were perpetual witnesses; their inscriptions were read; it was enough that a few men like Petrarch should animate the rest; it was enough that learning should become honourable, and that there should be the means of acquiring it. The story of Ricci, familiar to every one, is a proof what enthusiasm could be kindled by ancient recollections. Meantime

the laity became better instructed; a mixed race, ecclesiastics, but not priests, and capable alike of enjoying the benefices of the church or of returning from it to the world, were more prone to literary than theological pursuits. The religious scruples which had restrained churchmen in the darker ages from perusing heathen writers, by degrees gave way, as the spirit of religion itself grew more objective, and directed itself more towards maintaining the outward church in its orthodoxy of profession, and in its secular power, than towards cultivating devout sentiments in the bosom.

"The love of Greek and Latin absorbed the minds of these Italian scholars, and effaced all regard to every other branch of literature. Their own language was nearly silent; few condescended so much as to write letters in it; as few gave a moment's attention to physical science, though we find it mentioned, perhaps as remarkable, in Victorin of Feltre, that he had some fondness for geometry, and had learned to understand Euclid. But even in Latin they wrote very little that can be deemed worthy of remembrance, or even that can be mentioned at all. The ethical dialogues of Francis Barbaro, a noble Venetian, on the married life (*de re uxoria*), and of Poggio on nobility, are almost the only books that fall within this period, except declamatory invectives or panegyrics, and other productions of circumstance. Their knowledge was not yet exact enough to let them venture upon critical philology; though Niccoli and Traversari were silently occupied in the useful task of correcting the text of manuscripts, faulty beyond description in the later centuries. Thus we must consider Italy as still at school, active, acute, sanguine, full of promise, but not yet become really learned, or capable of doing more than excite the emulation of other nations."—vol. i. pp. 141—144.

The Spanish ballads, which chiefly belong to the period from 1400 to 1440, bring us back to what, with many readers, will be "metal more attractive."—Mr. Hallam pauses to consider the characteristics of modern *romantic* poetry. He assigns, with other writers, chivalry, gallantry, and religion, as the three great leading elements which distinguish modern from classical poetry. The effect of gallantry towards women is developed in the following passage:—

"The popular taste had been also essentially affected by changes in social intercourse, rendering it more studiously and punctiliously courteous, and especially by the homage due to women under the modern laws of gallantry. Love, with the ancient poets, is often tender, sometimes virtuous, but never accompanied by a sense of deference or inferiority. This elevation of the female sex through the voluntary submission of the stronger, though a remarkable fact in the philosophical history of Europe, has not, perhaps, been adequately developed. It did not originate, or at least very partially, in the Teutonic manners, from which it has sometimes been derived. The love-songs again, and romances of Arabia, where others have sought its birth-place, display, no doubt, a good deal of that rapturous adoration which distinguishes the language of later poetry, and have, perhaps in some measure, been the models of the Provencal troubadours; yet this seems rather consonant to the hyperbolical character of oriental works of imagination, than to a state of manners where the usual lot of women is seclusion, if not slavery. The late editor of Warton has thought it sufficient to call 'that reverence and adoration of the female sex which has descended to our own times, the

offspring of the Christian dispensation.' But until it can be shown that Christianity establishes any such principle, we must look a little farther down for its origin.

"Without rejecting, by any means, the influence of these collateral and preparatory circumstances, we might ascribe more direct efficacy to the favour shown towards women in succession to lands, through inheritance or dowry, by the later Roman law, and by the customs of the northern nations; to the respect which the clergy paid them (a subject which might bear to be more fully expanded;) but, above all, to the gay idleness of the nobility, consuming the intervals of peace in festive enjoyment. In whatever country the charms of high-born beauty were first admitted to grace the banquet or give brilliancy to the tournament,—in whatever country the austere restraints of jealousy were most completely laid aside,—in whatever country the coarser, though often more virtuous, simplicity of unpolished ages was exchanged for winning and delicate artifices,—in whatever country, through the influence of climate or polish, less boisterousness and intemperance prevailed,—it is there that we must expect to find the commencement of so great a revolution in society."—vol. i. pp. 176, 177.

We apprehend that the error of the very able editor of Warton is, that of assigning an influence too direct and immediate to Christianity. Christianity was the first principle of that which, in chivalrous gallantry, assumed an highly artificial form. The equalization of the sexes, as that of ranks, arose out of the common hope of immortality, the blessing of Christian faith, imparted without respect of persons to both. The Roman law itself softened, and became more generous to the female sex, after the reign of Constantine. The respect paid to women by the clergy, though abused, even in the days of the Apostles—(we allude to a passage in St. Paul, certainly not expressed in the tone of chivalrous gallantry)—and still more so in the less pure and disinterested ages of the church, was almost an inevitable consequence of the elevation of the female character, the natural homage to the importance with which they were endowed by the new dispensation. It would be curious to inquire how far the worship of the Virgin, though both in time and in place far more extensive, coincident in its universality and general predominance with the growth of chivalrous respect for women, may have contributed to this result. To the strictly evangelical Christian, who studies his faith in the gospel alone, there is something in the part assigned to the females, in the sacred narrative, which instils a kind of involuntary respect, if not veneration. The thought which has been embodied in the well-known line,

"Last by the cross and earliest by the tomb,"

is inseparately mingled up with that solemn and mysterious scene, and cannot fail to blend with all the sacred feelings which it inspires. But when that intuitive homage had grown into prostrate deification, when the whole Christian world united to hymn the

"Vergine bella, che di sol vestita,
Coronata di stelle, al sommo Sole
Piacesti sì, che in te sua luce nascesse;"—

when, too, gallantry so constantly spoke the language of religion, and devotion of gallantry, this may have

been at least one of the subsidiary causes which contributed to the high-toned adoration of the female character. For, after all, it was a poetical and highly aristocratical sentiment. It was not so much to *woman*, as to the high-born beauty, the lady-love, who presided in the tournament, and shone in hall or bower, that gallantry assumed its respectful tone. If, in fact, the offspring of Teutonic manners, it ought to appear, where Mr. Hallam justly observes it is not to be found, in *Beowulf* in the oldest Teutonic fragments, or in the *Nibelungen Lied*. In these poems, "love may appear as a natural passion, but not as a conventional idolatry." If again it were the genuine and immediate offspring of Christianity, it ought certainly to have been more general throughout the Christian world, more equably disposed through society, and developed at an earlier period. Though it appears occasionally in the earlier romances, usually called Breton or Armerican, and sometimes elevates the tone of the Provençal poetry—it reaches this height in *Amadis*, and the prose romances of that class. But as *Amadis* is undoubtedly Portuguese, and the same manners prevailed no doubt, through the whole Peninsula, the courtly Saracens of Spain may have contributed very much to the predominant fashion. In this sense, there may be some truth in its Arabian origin; for probably the manners of the court of Cordova or Grenada, were as far removed from those of the Arabian desert, or of the fierce warriors of Medina, as those of the Frankish monarchs, or the Counts of Toulouse, from the Germans of Tacitus, or the Goths of Jornandes. All these causes, then, remotely contributed to its origin; but its mature development (as far, indeed, as it actually existed beyond the regions of poetic romance) must be ascribed to a very peculiar and artificial state of society; it was poetry, poetry which entered, at least in some degree, into real life, and exercised a lasting influence upon manners. The south of France may be considered its native province, and the manners of France retained its influence, till, like other feudal prejudices, it was cast off by the vulgar violence of democratic revolution—when the "days of chivalry" came to an end.

Mr. Hallam considers the year 1440 as "nearly coincident with the complete development of an ardent thirst for classical, and especially Grecian, literature in Italy, as the year 1400 was with its first manifestation." It cannot be denied that this exclusive devotion of the general mind to classical studies, was accompanied by almost a general dearth of original production. This was more decidedly the case in Italy than elsewhere. The genealogy of sonnetteers from Petrarch to Lorenzo de' Medici, was never interrupted; but there are few names which are heard of beyond the general collections of poetry, and very few single pieces which stand out from the general monotony of thought and expression, which prevails throughout those closely printed volumes, to which the youthful passion for Italian poetry has tempted us of yore to devote some idle time, in hope of gleaningsome neglected beauty, some exquisite turn of thought, or some new grace of expression. The chivalrous poems, the descendants of the early popular prose romance, the *Reali di Francia*, and the progenitors of the *Orlando Innamorato* and *Orlando Furioso*, were as yet cold and prolix, without much fertility of invention, without gaiety, fire, richness of imagery, or

harmonious flow of verse. But we overleap this period, as relates to other countries as well as Italy; nor can we pause to examine the author's luminous view of the origin, the first and at the same time, the most perfect effects of printing. This question has recently called forth several volumes in Germany, unnoticed by Mr. Hallam. We must confess that we have not examined them so deliberately as to decide whether they contain much new or valuable matter. Mentz, however, asserts the claim of Gutenberg with all the ardour of local patriotism, and is about to erect a statue to his memory in some public place.

We transport ourselves at once to the villa of Lorenzo de' Medici. Classical learning had now, as it were, performed some of its more servile but necessary drudgery. Valla's celebrated though imperfect treatise, *de Elegantia lingue Latine*, the translations from the Greek by the exiles from Constantinople and their scholars, the first efforts of grammar and lexicography, had paved the way for those who were to move with freer step through the walks of classical literature. Scholarship, from a recluse and almost monastic vocation, began to mingle up with the pursuits of men of the world; it became an elegant accomplishment of the highest; it began to associate itself with the modern languages; to instil its order, taste, and purity, into original and imaginative minds, by no means chilling the energies, or restraining the fancy, when it would pour itself out in its native tongue; and calling forth many specimens of Latin poetry which, in ease, correctness, and elegance, come nearer to the classical models than most of the compositions of declining Rome. Politian was a poet in both languages. In Italian we do not think him equal to Lorenzo himself—some of whose sonnets are peculiarly sweet and graceful; whose "*Ambra*" is a flowing and agreeable piece of descriptive poetry; and whose "*Carnival Songs*," in Mr. Hallam's language, "display a union of classical grace and imitation with the native raciness of Florentine gaiety." We subscribe to Mr. Hallam's estimate, both of the faults and excellences of Politian's Latin poetry. His great merit appears to us, that he led the way to that approximation to better models, which harmonized and purified the verse of the best Latin poets of modern Italy, while he kept it free from that servile imitation, that mosaic working of Virgilian or Ovidian words and phrases, into which more diffident or less original writers of Latin poetry are apt to degenerate.

We cannot refrain from extracting, though at some length, Mr. Hallam's enthusiastic and high-wrought description of Lorenzo at his villa on the "slope of Fiesole." He has caught some of the brightest hues of poetry, without departing from the sober dignity of prose:—

"Lorenzo de' Medici sought in ancient learning something more elevated than the narrow, though necessary, researches of criticism. In a villa overhanging the towers of Florence, on the steep slope of that lofty hill crowned by the mother city, the ancient Fiesole, in gardens which Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Landino, and Politian at his side, he delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment.

"Never could the sympathies of the soul with outward nature be more finely touched; never could

more striking suggestions be presented to the philosopher and the statesman. Florence lay beneath them; not with all the magnificence that the later Medici have given her, but, thanks to the piety of former times, presenting almost as varied an outline to the sky. One man, the wonder of Cosmo's age, Brunelleschi, had crowned the beautiful city with the vast dome of its cathedral; a structure unthought of in Italy before, and rarely since surpassed. It seemed, amidst clustering towers of inferior churches, an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head; like Rome itself, imposing, unbroken, unchangeable, radiating in equal expansion to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent curves to heaven. Round this were numbered, at unequal heights, the Baptistery, with its gates worthy of Paradise; the tall and richly-decorated belfry of Giotto; the church of the Carmine, with the frescos of Masaccio; those of Santa Maria Novella, beautiful as a bride, of Santa Croce, second only in magnificence to the cathedral, and of St. Mark; the San Spirito, another great monument of the genius of Brunelleschi; the numerous convents that rose within the walls of Florence, or were scattered immediately about them. From these the eye might turn to the trophies of a republican government that was rapidly giving way before the citizen-prince who now surveyed them; the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the signiory of Florence held their councils, raised by the Guelph aristocracy, the exclusive, but not tyrannous faction that long swayed the city; or the new and unfinished palace which Brunelleschi had designed for one of the Pitti family, before they fell, as others had already done, in the fruitless struggle against the house of Medici; itself destined to become the abode of the victorious race, and to perpetuate, by retaining its name, the revolutions that raised them to power.

"The prospect, from an elevation, of a great city in its silence, is one of the most impressive, as well as beautiful, we ever behold. But far more must it have brought home thoughts of seriousness to the mind of one who, by the force of events, and the generous ambition of his family, and his own, was involved in the dangerous necessity of governing without the right, and, as far as might be, without the semblance of power; one who knew the vindictive and unscrupulous hostility which, at home and abroad, he had to encounter. If thoughts like these could bring a cloud over the brow of Lorenzo, unfit for the object he sought in that retreat, he might restore its serenity by other scenes which his garden commanded. Mountains bright with various hues, and clothed with wood, bounded the horizon, and, on most sides, at no great distance; but embosomed in these were other villas and domains of his own, while the level country bore witness to his agricultural improvements, the classic diversion of a statesman's cares. The same curious spirit which led him to fill his garden at Careggi with exotic flowers of the east, the first instance of a botanical collection in Europe, had introduced a new animal from the same regions. Herds of buffaloes, since naturalized in Italy, whose dingy hide, bent neck, curved horns, and lowering aspect, contrasted with the greyish hue and full mild eye of the Tuscan oxen, pastured in the valley, down which the yellow Arno steals silently through its long reaches to the sea."—pp. 243, 245.

There is no greater temptation to the author of a literary history than the departure from the general estimate of mankind concerning individual writers. The pride which delights in originality of opinion—the honest sense of justice, which is indignant at the

unfair distribution of glory—the base and the noble motive mingle together at times to betray the judgment. Clever men aspire to the fame of discoveries in the darkness of past times—to draw forth some obscure name, and to resent, as it were, the injurious silence of posterity, as to its transcendent merits. To many, the paradoxes of taste have an unspeakable charm; he who can see that to which all the world is blind, must be endowed with transcendent acuteness of vision. On the other hand, the literary historian is pledged, in some degree, to revise the sentences of past times; he is untrue to his high office if he acquiesces, without examination, in the common opinion, and timidly submits merely to record and sanction the popular and accredited judgment. One of the great merits of Mr. Hallam's book is the calm and equitable line which he maintains between these conflicting forces—the proud disdain, or the servile deference, for established opinion. There is one case, indeed, where novelty of opinion is a welcome and acknowledged duty—where the silence of contemporaries, or of immediate posterity, has been from ignorance, not want of judgment—where either the author himself, or his friends, have not done justice to his memory by withholding valuable manuscripts from publication. Thus it seems to have been with Lionardo da Vinci, already one of the greatest names of his age and country—as one of the unequalled fathers of his art, and a scientific writer on its rules; but who, it appears, ought before this time to have assumed his rank as one of the boldest and most original thinkers—as one of those prophets who have been gifted with a premature foreknowledge of the future revelations of philosophy. He who has gazed with wonder and admiration on the intense depth of feeling, the glowing expression of character, as well as the wonderful breadth and vigour of colourings in the paintings of Lionardo, will be no less gratified than surprised at this modern accession to his fame.

"His greatest literary distinction is derived from those short fragments of his unpublished writings that appeared not many years since; and which, according at least to our common estimate of the age in which he lived, are more like revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a single mind, than the superstructure of its reasoning upon any established basis. The discoveries which made Galileo, and Kepler, and Mästlin, and Maurolycus, and Castelli, and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, the very theories of recent geologists, are anticipated by Da Vinci, within the compass of a few pages, not perhaps in the most precise language, or on the most conclusive reasoning, but so as to strike us with something like the awe of preternatural knowledge. In an age of so much dogmatism he first laid down the grand principle of Bacon, that experiment and observation must be the guides of just theory in the investigation of nature. If any doubt could be harboured, not as to the right of Lionardo da Vinci to stand as the first name of the fifteenth century, which is beyond all doubt, but as to his originality in so many discoveries, which, probably, no one man, especially in such circumstances, has ever made, it must be on an hypothesis, not very untenable, that some parts of physical science had already attained a height which mere books do not record. The extraordinary works of ecclesiastical architecture in the middle ages, especially in the fifteenth century, as well as those of Toscanelli and Fioravanti, which we have mentioned, lend some countenance to this opinion; and it is said to be

confirmed by the notes of Fra Mauro, a lay brother of a convent near Venice, on a planisphere constructed by him, and still extant. Lionardo himself speaks of the earth's annual motion, in a treatise that appears to have been written about 1510, as the opinion of many philosophers in his age."—vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

We must add, that the authorities adduced by Mr. Hallam fully bear out this splendid eulogy.

As the field of literature expands, it becomes, at the same time, more difficult to select, and more necessary to dwell on, insulated points in the comprehensive work of our author. The great religious strife was now about to commence; its slow but not silent approach, its secret and pervading influence, when it had begun to work upon the opinions, the interests, the passions of men, may be traced in every branch of literature. It is singular to observe it, partly in connexion, partly in contrast, with that department of letters which might seem most remote from such grave and solemn matters; too high in the airy regions of imagination to be disturbed by any impulse from actual and contemporary life. Italian poetry might almost seem to have taken refuge in the romances of the elder chivalry from the distracting and unimaginative polemics of the day; and so in some respects perhaps was the case. Though there were many exceptions of profound and serious spirits, who brought an impetuous earnestness, a depth and intensity of thought to such questions,—in Italy the general mind was either too gay and light, or too much preoccupied by its passion for classical literature, to enter with any general or absorbing interest into the awful conflict. While Luther was agitating men's minds with religious passions and lessons—while his awakening pamphlets were stirring up the depths of the human heart—Italy, even the Pope himself, was listening to the wild adventures of Ariosto's paladins; her printers were busily multiplying editions of the Orlando.

The earliest, however, of the more celebrated among these romantic poems, the *Morgante* of Pulci, strongly indicates the state of the Italian mind previous to the outbreak of the Reformation. Religious opinion, like every thing else, was in a loose and floating state; the spirit of innovation had not yet awakened the fears or the jealousies of its conservators; the established creed was not taken under the austere protection of an affrighted hierarchy: there was no Inquisition, for there was no Reformation. Pulci, who laughs at everything, laughs upon religious topics with as broad and unscrupulous humour as on profane subjects; he plunges into religious controversies with a bold and careless irreverence, inexplicable to the feelings and judgments of another age and another country.

Pulci's own age took no very serious offence at that, which a few years later, and in a less-privileged person than a poet of a humorous vein, would have been of fearfully serious consequence to the peace or even the life of the author. Ariosto, when he ventures on allusions to such subjects, subdues himself to a more guarded and quiet irony. Yet, even in Pulci himself, there is a kind of incongruity, a wild revelry in all sorts of strange and interdicted opinions, which moves the wonder of the reader best instructed in the spirit of the times. There is, in fact, a freedom of burlesque and parody in southern nations which seems unintelligible to the more serious North. The Aristophanic comedy, though Aristophanes him-

self was of the party of the established religion in Athens, does not even spare the god in honour of whose festival it was performed. In some other writings, there is a blending up of the elements of the comic and the serious, not only as in the Shaksperian drama, where ludicrous and tragical incident and character are constantly intermingled, but in the whole tone and essence of the poem. And this, though the comic and the whimsical predominates, appears to us the case with Pulci. We should so far differ from Mr. Hallam, as to doubt whether, in any part of his poem, "he had an intention of bringing religion into contempt." We should question altogether whether he had any deliberate design or intention at all. He surrendered himself with a sort of carnival license to the caprice or fancy of the moment, followed out and embodied his whimsical thoughts as they occurred; sometimes, as his subject developed itself, melting, as in the passage which Mr. Hallam points out, to real pathos; sometimes almost rising, as towards the end of the poem, in some of the circumstances of the Roncesvalles battle, into grandeur. In short, Pulci's poem is, to the more serious chivalrous romances, what the satiric drama was to the tragic trilogies of Greece.

We rejoice to find that Mr. Hallam does justice to the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo. Boiardo was likewise a writer of sonnets and of lyric poetry, a Latin poet, and, we believe, the first translator of Herodotus. Though Boiardo was by no means successful in any of these works, they deserved notice as connected with the character of this remarkable man. We must add, that we have always, we will not quite say, believed, but wished to believe, a different version of the story, alluded to by Mr. Hallam, of the Count of Scandiano borrowing the sonorous names, the Mandricardos and Gradassos of his verse, from the peasants on his own estate. It is said (we cannot immediately call to mind our authority,) that he was sorely perplexed for a name to accord with the fiercest and proudest of his pagans, and was riding rather disconsolately through his domains, when he heard one peasant call another by the name of Rodomonte. The noble poet galloped back to his castle, set the bells ringing, and ordered the castle to be illuminated to celebrate this fortunate event. Having differed in this important point with Mr. Hallam, we must express our cordial assent to his praise of the *Innamorato*, for boldness and novelty of design, for that inventive felicity, which taught him to associate the wonders of the newly discovered and gorgeous East, the Cathay of Marco Polo, with his western Paladins. Europe and Asia were first mingled by Boiardo in the romantic war. The terrors of the Tartar invasions, which spread forth from the remotest east, and might not yet be exhausted, with the vague rumours of immense cities, and monarchs on thrones of gold and ivory, are blended with the adventures of Archbishop Turpin's heroes, the knights of Charlemagne's court; and over all is thrown an air of genuine romance and of remote antiquity, which rarely disturbs us by the introduction of modern allusions, and is entirely withdrawn from the passions and opinions of his time. Boiardo alone writes in the serious tone of a bard of the old chivalrous times; if his execution had been equal to his conception—if his ruder language and inharmonious verse had not tempted a less congenial mind to remodel his work, and thus throw a dim uncertainty over his fame,

as well as changed the character of his poem—the original author of the Orlando Innamorato would have maintained a much higher rank among the poets of modern Europe.

On Ariosto we admire the just and discriminating as well as ardent, language of Mr. Hallam. We only regret that our limits compel us in some degree to curtail this brilliant and elaborate criticism.

"Ariosto has been, after Homer, the favourite poet of Europe. His grace and facility, his clear and rapid stream of language, his variety and beauty of invention, his very transitions of subject, so frequently censured by critics, but artfully devised to spare the tediousness that hangs on a protracted story, left him no rival in general popularity. Above sixty editions of the Orlando Furioso were published in the sixteenth century. There was not one, says Bernardo Tasso, of any age, or sex, or rank, who was satisfied after more than a single perusal. If the change of manners and sentiments have already in some degree impaired this attraction, if we cease to take interest in the prowess of Paladins, and find their combats a little monotonous, this is perhaps the necessary lot of all poetry, which, as it can only reach posterity through the medium of contemporary reputation, must accommodate itself to the fleeting character of its own time. This character is strongly impressed on the Orlando Furioso; it well suited an age of war, and pomp, and gallantry; an age when chivalry was still recent in actual life, and was reflected in concentrated brightness from the mirror of romance.

"It has been sometimes hinted as an objection to Ariosto, that he is not sufficiently in earnest, and leaves a little suspicion of laughing at his subject. I do not perceive that he does this in a greater degree than good sense and taste permit. The poets of knight-errantry might in this respect be arranged in a scale, of which Pulci and Spenser might stand at the extreme points; the one mocking the absurdities he coolly invents, the other, by intense strength of conception, full of love and faith in his own creations. Between these Boiardo, Ariosto, and Berni take successively their places; none so deeply serious as Spenser, none so ironical as Pulci. It was not easy in Italy, especially after the Morgante Maggiore had roused the sense of ridicule, to keep up at every moment the solemn tone which Spain endured in the romances of the sixteenth century; nor was this consonant to the gaiety of Ariosto."—p. 420.

After vindicating Ariosto for building on the foundation of Boiardo—chiefly by the example of the Iliad, which "was only a fragment of the tale of Troy," one episode and portion of the great Cycle of the war of Ilium—Mr. Hallam thus proceeds—

"The inventions of Ariosto are less original than those of Boiardo, but they are more pleasing and various. The tales of old mythology and of modern romance furnished him with those delightful episodes we all admire, with his Olimpia and Bireno, his Ardanete and Geneura, his Cloridan and Medoro, his Zerbino and Isabella. He is more conversant with the Latin poets, or has turned them to better account than his predecessor. For the sudden transitions in the middle of a canto or even a stanza, with which every reader of Ariosto is familiar, he is indebted to Boiardo, who had himself imitated in them the metrical romancers of the preceding age. From them also, that justice may be rendered to those nameless rhymers, Boiardo drew the individuality of character, by which the heroes were distinguished, and which Ariosto has not been so careful to preserve. His

Orlando has less of the honest simplicity, and his Astolfo less of the gay boastfulness, than had been assigned to them in the cyclos.

"Corniani observes of the style of Ariosto, what we may all perceive on attending to it to be true, that he is sparing in the use of metaphors, contenting himself generally with the plainest expression; by which, if he loses something in dignity, he gains in perspicuity. It may be added, that he is not very successful in figurative language, which is sometimes forced and exaggerated. Doubtless this transparency of phrase, so eminent in Ariosto, is the cause that he is read and delighted in by the multitude, as well as by the few; and it seems also to be the cause that he can never be satisfactorily rendered into any language less musical, and consequently less independent upon an ornamental dress in poetry, than his own, or one which wants the peculiar advantages, by which conventional variances in the form of words, and the liberty of inversion, as well as the frequent recurrence of the richest and most euphonious rhymes, elevate the simplest expression in Italian verse above the level of discourse. Galileo, being asked by what means he had acquired the remarkable talent of giving perspicuity and grace to his philosophical writings, referred it to the continual study of Ariosto. His similes are conspicuous for their elaborate beauty; they are familiar to every reader of this great poet; imitated, as they usually are, from the ancients, they maintain an equal strife with their models, and occasionally surpass them. But even the general strain of Ariosto, natural as it seems, was not unpremeditated, or left to its own felicity; his manuscript at Ferrara, part of which is shown to strangers, bears numerous alterations, the *pentimenti*, if I may borrow a word from a kindred art, of creative genius."—pp. 423-425.

Mr. Hallam appears by no means inclined to disguise the faults of Ariosto. Something, however, ought to have been said, and no one would have said it in a more natural and unaffected tone of moral dignity than Mr. Hallam, on the too luxurious colouring of some passages, the strange and fantastic indelicacy of others, in the Furioso. For this, we conceive, even more than the change of manners, causes Ariosto to be less read than formerly. He proceeds:—

"The Italian critics love to expatiate in his praise, though they are often keenly sensible to his defects. The variety of style and of rhythm in Ariosto, it is remarked by Gravina, is convenient to that of his subject. His rhymes, the same author observes, seem to spring from the thoughts, and not from the necessities of metre. He describes minutely, but with much felicity, and gives a clear idea of every part; like the Farnesian Hercules, which seems greater by the distinctness of every vein and muscle. Quadrio praises the correspondence of the sound to the sense. Yet neither of these critics is blindly partial. It is acknowledged indeed by his warmest advocates, that he falls sometimes below his subject, and that trifling and feeble lines intrude too frequently in the Orlando Furioso. I can hardly regret, however, that in the passages of flattery towards the house of Este, such as that long genealogy which he deduces in the third canto, his genius has deserted him, and he degenerates, as it were wofully, into prosaic tediousness. In other allusions to contemporary history, he is little better. I am hazarding a deviation from the judgment of good critics when I add, that in the opening stanzas of each canto, where the poet appears in his own person, I find generally a deficiency of vigour and originality, a poverty of thought and of emotion, which is also very far from unusual in the speeches of his cha-

acters. But these introductions have been greatly admired.

"Many faults of language in Ariosto are observed by his countrymen. They justly blame also his inobservance of propriety, his hyperbolical extravagance, his harsh metaphors, his affected thoughts. These are sufficiently obvious to a reader of reflecting taste; but the enchantment of his pencil redeems every failing, and his rapidity, like that of Homer, leaves us little time to censure before we are hurried forward to admire. The Orlando Furioso, as a great single poem, has been very rarely surpassed in the living records of poetry. He must yield to three, and only three, of his predecessors. He has not the force, simplicity, and truth to nature of Homer, the exquisite style and sustained majesty of Virgil, nor the originality and boldness of Dante. The most obvious parallel is Ovid, whose Metamorphoses, however, are far excelled by the Orlando Furioso, not in fertility of invention, or variety of images and sentiments, but in purity of taste, in grace of language, and harmony of versification."—pp. 425, 426.

Italy had thus surrendered itself to the spell of this new enchanter. The poetry of Ariosto was the occupation of its light and festive hours; in its graver studies it soared to the heights of the Platonic philosophy with Ficinus, or sounded the depths of the Cabala with Picus of Mirandola, or plunged with Ponopnatus into wilder and more dangerous speculations. Popes, cardinals, princes, the burgher sovereigns of the few free cities that remained, in their serene and undisturbed enjoyment of chivalrous poetry and pagan philosophy, might seem almost unconscious of the revolution which was passing beyond the Alps in literature, as well as in graver matters.

A few of the more devout in the highest ranks of the church and the state (as Professor Ranke has shown in his *History of the Popes*) returned to severer studies, and at first closely approximated in some of their opinions to the reformers of the north; and, indeed, the spirit of inquiry once awakened in Italy, it advanced in speculative daring far beyond the bounds which arrested the reformers of the north. But it was, in fact, a small lettered aristocracy which embraced the anti-papal doctrines; these in Italy never reached the body of the people. Mr. Hallam has stated the curious discovery of Signor Panizzi, that Berni, the re-writer of the Orlando Innamorato, had embraced such opinions. In general, however, the literature of Italy stood entirely aloof from these questions, which began to absorb all the activity of the public mind in Germany and France, and, at a somewhat later period, in England. Some of the best Latin poets of Italy, Sanazzaro and Vida, occasionally chose Christian, and even Catholic, subjects. Sanazzaro's *De Partu Virginis* bears strong indications of the prevailing classical taste: and, at any rate, these were exceptions to the general tone of Italian literature. The Latin poems of Fracastorius, the beautiful lyrics of Flaminio, the elegies of Naugerius, the other didactic pieces of Vida, the piscatory eclogues of Sanazzaro; the early Italian dramatic pieces, both the tragic and the comic; the prose works of the greatest master who had yet written in Italian, Machiavelli, give few indications of the contest which absorbed almost all the productive energy of the intellect in some parts of Europe. The new Italian school of Boscan and Garcilasso in Spain, on the commencement of her fertile comedy,

in like manner maintains its independence of religious strife: and in our own country, Surrey and Wyatt seem to have taken advantage of a calm moment, before the gathering, or rather the bursting, of the storm, to infuse something of the grace and harmony of Petrarch into English verse. But in Germany theology laid its strong hand on literature, and almost bound it to its exclusive service. Poetry began to speak only in religious hymns. The curious poem of Theuerdank, we may observe, though published only in 1517, belongs to a somewhat earlier period. A recent editor of this work has re-opened the question of its authorship, and adduces some strong reasons for believing that the groundwork, at least, of the poem belongs to the emperor Maximilian; and that Pfünzing, the poetical burgher of Nuremberg, had only the honourable office of completing and preparing for the press the unfinished composition of his imperial master. Classical learning was at first inclined to devote itself to the advancement of the Reformation, till the Reformation, somewhat contemptuously, spurned its alliance, and appealed to the uncultivated intellect, and, it must be acknowledged, too frequently to the passions of the ignorant. But into this beaten field it is impossible for us to enter. We pass with regret Mr. Hallam's observations on Erasmus and some other distinguished names of the period; we pause only to extract his character of Luther.

"In the history of the Reformation Luther is incomparably the greatest name. We see him, in the skilful composition of Robertson, the chief figure of a group of gowmsmen, standing in contrast on the canvass with the crowned rivals of France and Austria, and their attendant warriors, but blended in the unity of that historic picture. This amazing influence on the revolutions of his own age, and on the opinions of mankind, seems to have produced, as is not unnatural, an exaggerated notion of his intellectual greatness. It is admitted on all sides, that he wrote his own language with force and purity; and he is reckoned one of its best models. The hymns in use with the Lutheran church, many of which are his own, possess a simple dignity and devoutness, never, probably, excelled in that class of poetry, and alike distinguished from the poetry of Sternhold or Brady, and from the meretricious ornament of later writers.

"But, from the Latin works of Luther few readers, I believe, will rise without disappointment. Their intemperance, their coarseness, their inelegance, their scurrility, their wild paradoxes, that menace the foundations of religious morality, are not compensated, so far at least as my slight acquaintance with them extends, by much strength or acuteness, and still less by any impressive eloquence. Some of his treatises, and we may instance his reply to Henry VIII., or the book "against the falsely-named order of bishops," can be described as little else than bellowing in bad Latin. Neither of these books display, as far as I can judge, any striking ability. It is not to be imagined; that a man of his vivid parts fails to perceive any advantage in that close grappling, sentence by sentence, with an adversary, which fills most of his controversial writings; and in scornful irony he had no superior. His epistle to Erasmus, prefixed to the treatise *De servo arbitrio*, is bitterly insolent in terms as civil as he could use. But the clear and comprehensive line of argument which enlightens the reader's understanding, and resolves his difficulties, is always wanting. An unbound-

ed dogmatism, resting on an absolute confidence in the infallibility, practically speaking, of his own judgment, pervades his writings; no indulgence is shown, no pause allowed, to the hesitating; whatever stands in the way of his decisions, the fathers of the church, the schoolmen and philosophers, the canons and councils, are swept away in a current of impetuous declamation; and as everything contained in Scripture, according to Luther, is easy to be understood, and can only be understood in his sense, every deviation from his doctrine incurs the anathema of perdition. Jerome, he says, far from being rightly canonized, must, but for some special grace, have been damned for his interpretation of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans. That the Zwinglians, as well as the whole church of Rome, and the Anabaptists, were shut out by their tenets from salvation, is more than insinuated in numerous passages of Luther's writings. Yet he had passed himself through several changes of opinion. In 1518, he rejected auricular confession; in 1520, it was both useful and necessary; not long afterwards, it was again laid aside. I have found it impossible to reconcile, or to understand, his tenets concerning faith and works; and can only perceive, that if there be any reservation in favour of the latter, not merely sophistical, of which I am hardly well convinced, it consists in distinctions too subtle for the people to apprehend. These are not the oscillations of the balance in a calm understanding, conscious of the difficulty which so often attends the estimate of opposite presumptions, but alternate gusts of dogmatism, during which, for the time, he was as tenacious of his judgment as if it had been uniform.

"It is not impossible that some offence will be taken at this character of his works by those who have thought only of the man; extraordinary as he doubtless was in himself, and far more so as the instrument of mighty changes on the earth. Many, of late years, especially in Germany, without holding a single one of Luther's more peculiar tenets, have thought it necessary to magnify his intellectual gifts. Frederick Schlegel is among these; but in his panegyric there seems a little wish to insinuate that the reformer's powerful understanding had a taint of insanity. This has not unnaturally occurred to others, from the strange tales of diabolical visions Luther very seriously recounts, and from the inconsistencies as well as the extravagance of some passages. But the total absence of self-restraint, with the intoxicating effects of presumptuousness, is sufficient to account for aberrations, which men of regular minds construe into actual madness. Whether Luther were perfectly in earnest as to his personal interviews with the devil, may be doubtful; one of them he seems to represent as internal."—pp. 513-516.

This is admirable; we admire the courage with which it is said, as well as the vigorous discrimination which it displays. Yet we think that there is something wanting to complete the truth of the picture: in the first place, few of those who have exercised a powerful religious influence over their age claim a high place in the history of mere literature. To confine ourselves to two instances:—the published remains of Savonarola only excite our wonder that the Florentine preacher should ever have stirred the minds of his countrymen with such commanding awe. In Florence, if any where, we should have expected that pure Athenian taste, diffused throughout society, which would have required the eloquence of a Demosthenes,—that eloquence which speaks almost as vividly to posterity in written volumes, as of old to the ears of the listening people. Even his own fol-

lowers, if they do not suppress, are prudently silent about the published writings of our Whitefield. Luther wrote rudely to a rude age and a rude class of readers. It is in his moral courage, his inexhaustible activity, his indefatigable perseverance, not in his mental accomplishments, not in the profound and comprehensive philosophy which calmly investigates the depth of a subject, that we must recognise the great distinction of Luther. He wrote from his passions,—passions in general lofty and generous, but still passions. Had he been a calm and severe thinker, a dispassionate and philosophical writer, he never would have occupied what we may presume to consider his designated place in the religious history of mankind. The man was greater than the author. In most cases we study with interest the biography of a distinguished writer for the light which it throws on the character and composition of his works:—here the writings are chiefly read to illustrate the character of the author. Luther may be considered as an active and uncommonly powerful religious pamphleteer—opposing dogmatic innovation to the dogmatism of the established creed; for it is dogmatism alone which moves or satisfies the mass of mankind. The indistinct and indefinite in polemics is always ineffective. Where Luther hesitated and fluctuated, or took a middle ground, as in the sacramental question, there he was speedily supplanted by bolder and more decided asserters. Both Robertson, then, and Mr. Hallam, may be in the right. In the general history of the Reformation Luther may deservedly be the prominent, the central figure of the design; while the literary historian, calmly surveying his works, inquiring what perpetual, what indestructible book he has delivered as an inheritance to posterity, will be inclined to call in question that overweening fame which is attached to his name; may express some natural wonder that he exercised such unparalleled power over his age and country. But has Mr. Hallam done full justice even to the literary character of Luther? His great literary work is unquestionably the translation of the Bible. It created, we may almost say, the German language. The older poems, the Nibelungen and the Lays of the Minnesingers, had not performed the function exercised by the poets of Italy, Spain, and England, and to a certain degree, of France. They had not formed a standard of language intelligible throughout the country. Even Theuerdank is in a dialect; and in essaying another of the old German poems recently issued from the same press at Quedlinberg-Kutun, we found that we had to learn a new language. In this respect Luther was the Homer of Germany. The Bible consolidated at least the north of Germany into one nation; it was the common bond of nationality; and the Reformation—which seemed entirely to quench the spirit of invention throughout the whole land—which was succeeded by a long tract of total barrenness in the national literature—by this one gift more than compensated for the evil it had wrought. When the German was to have its late revival—a revival which took place almost within our own days—when it was again to burst forth with all the burning vigour of long-suppressed, long-suspended life—when it was to swarm, as it were, with native philosophers, poets, historians—writers in every branch and in every department of letters—the language of Luther's Bible was the great well of "German undefiled," which

not only afforded a powerful and copious vocabulary to the writer, but had prepared, as it were, the ear and the understanding of the reader in every class of society for the prose of the Kants and the Jacobis, and the poetry of the Schillers and the Goethes of the present age.

We cannot do justice to Mr. Hallam, if we were not to give some example of the manner in which he treats subjects more abstruse and remote from popular knowledge. It might seem that the reformation, instead of extinguishing, had merely pent up for a time the unextinguishable superstition of the human mind, which, however, found vent by other channels. In Germany particularly, thus suddenly and forcibly discovered from its usual associate, religion, it formed a strange and unnatural connexion with science. It has been observed by several writers, that the belief in witchcraft and other diabolical influences, seemed to take stronger root in Protestant countries, to lead to public acts of greater cruelty and absurdity, than before the reformation. There remained a craving for the preternatural, which, deprived of its accustomed aliment, sought to corrupt everything sound and wholesome into its food. Germany was not so prolific as England in purely religious fanaticism. Her mere dreamy enthusiasm was mixed up with her medicine and her metaphysics, at least as much as with her theology. The combination between coherent reasoning, and at times extraordinary powers of intellect, with almost insane extravagance, is even more startling in these philosophical visionaries; it enforces the suspicion of knavery and imposture even more strongly than in the authors of wild religious sects. In them it is more impossible justly to discriminate the proportions of philosopher, of madman, and of charlatan, which are blended together in the strange and conflicting character. The succession of these men in Germany has never been interrupted; it has sometimes, as in Jacob Behmen, mingled itself with religious dreamery, sometimes spoken a purely medical language; but from Paracelsus to the Homoio-pathists, it has never been extinct, and has never wanted believing and admiring votaries. Mr. Hallam thus describes one of the earliest and most remarkable progenitors of this race:—

“While Ramus was assaulting the stronghold of Aristotelian despotism, the syllogistic method of argumentation, another province of that extensive empire, its physical theory, was invaded by a still more audacious, and we must add, a much more unworthy innovator, Theophrastus Paracelsus. Though few of this extraordinary person's writings were published before the middle of the century, yet as he died in 1541, and his disciples began very early to promulgate his theories, we may introduce his name more appropriately in this than in any later period. The system, if so it may be called, of Paracelsus had a primary regard to medicine, which he practised with the boldness of a wandering empiric. It was not unusual in Germany to carry on this profession; and Paracelsus employed his youth in casting nativities, practising chiromancy, and exhibiting chemical tricks. He knew very little Latin, and his writings are as unintelligible from their style as their substance. Yet he was not without acuteness in his own profession; and his knowledge of pharmaceutic chemistry was far beyond that of his age. Upon this real advantage he founded those extravagant theories, which attracted many ardent minds in the sixteenth century, and were afterwards woven into new schemes of fanciful philo-

sophy. His own models were the oriental reveries of the Cabala, and the theosophy of the mystics. He seized hold of a notion which easily seduces the imagination of those who do not ask for rational proof, that there is a constant analogy between the macrocosm, as they call it, of external nature, and the microcosm of man. This harmony and parallelism of all things, he maintains, can only be made known to us by Divine revelation; and hence all heathen philosophy has been erroneous. The key to the knowledge of nature is in the Scriptures only, studied by means of the Spirit of God communicating an interior light to the contemplative soul. So great an obscurity reigns over the writings of Paracelsus, which, in Latin at least, are not originally his own, for he had but a scanty acquaintance with that language, that it is difficult to pronounce upon his opinions, especially as he affects to use words in senses imposed by himself; the development of his physical system consisted in an accumulation of chemical theorems, none of which are conformable to sound philosophy.

“A mixture of fanaticism and imposture is very palpable in Paracelsus, as in what he calls his Cabalistic art, which produces by imagination and natural faith, ‘per fidem naturalem ingenitam,’ all magical operations, and counterfeits by these means whatever we see in the external world. Man has a sidereal as well material body, an astral element, which all do not partake in equal degrees; and therefore the power of magic, which is in fact the power of astral properties, or of producing those effects which the stars naturally produce, is not equally attainable by all. This actual element of the body survives for a time after death and explains the apparition of dead persons; but in this state it is subject to those who possess the art of magic, which is then called necromancy.

“Paracelsus maintained the animation of everything; all minerals both feed and render their food. And besides this life of every part of nature, it is peopled with spiritual beings, inhabitants of the four elements, subject to disease and death like man. These are the silvains (sylphs,) undines, or nymphs, gnomes, and salamanders. It is thus observable that he first gave these names, which rendered afterwards the Rosicrucian fables so celebrated. These live with man, and sometimes, except the salamanders, bear children to him; they know future events, and reveal them to us; they are also guardians of hidden treasures, which may be obtained by their means. I may perhaps have said too much about paradoxes so absurd and mendacious; but literature is a garden of weeds as well as flowers; and Paracelsus forms a link in the history of opinion, which should not be overlooked.”—pp. 541—543.

From this cloudy and mystic twilight, it will be a singular transition to the clear and piercing light in which Machiavelli has placed the secret springs of human action, and laid open the worst realities of our nature. Is not Machiavelli, in a few words, the expression of the Italian mind; not without fine and noble enthusiasm, but habituated to oppose craft to power, the noble energies of intellectual acuteness to brute force? Such, in fact, appears to be Mr. Hallam's view; it is impossible to be more fair at once to the excellences and the sins of Machiavelli's celebrated treatise. We quote only two passages, because we are anxious to reserve some space for the observations on the Discorsi, Machiavelli's greater, but at the same time, less known work.

“None of the explanations assigned for the motives of Machiavel in *The Prince* is more groundless than

one very early suggested, that by putting the house of Medici on schemes of tyranny, he was artfully luring them to their ruin. Whether this could be reckoned an excuse, may be left to the reader; but we may confidently affirm that it contradicts the whole tenor of that treatise. And, without palliating the worst passages, it may be said that few books have been more misrepresented. It is very far from true, that he advises a tyrannical administration of government, or one likely to excite general resistance, even to those whom he thought, or rather knew from experience, to be placed in the most difficult position for retaining power, by having recently been exalted to it. The Prince, he repeatedly says, must avoid all that will render him despicable or odious, especially injury to the property of citizens, or to their honour. This will leave nothing to guard against but the ambition of a few. Conspiracies, which are of little importance while the people are well affected, become unspeakably dangerous as soon as they are hostile. Their love, therefore, or at least the absence of their hatred, is the basis of the governor's security, and far better than any fortresses. A wise prince will honour the nobility, at the same time that he gives content to the people. If the observance of these maxims is likely to subvert a ruler's power, he may be presumed to have designed the ruin of the Medici. The first duke in the new dynasty of that house, Cosmo I., lived forty years in the practice of all Machiavel would have advised, for evil as well as good; and his reign was not insecure."—pp. 558, 559.

Mr. Hallam proceeds to describe that which is of darker taint in *The Prince*. He concludes with this paragraph:—

"The eighteenth chapter, on the manner in which princes should observe faith, might pass for a satire on their usual violations of it, if the author did not too seriously manifest his approbation of them. The best palliation of this, and of what else has been justly censured in Machiavel, is to be derived from his life and times. These led him to consider every petty government as in a continual state of self-defence against treachery and violence, from its ill-affected citizens, as well as from its ambitious neighbours. It is very difficult to draw the straight line of natural right in such circumstances; and neither perhaps the cool reader of a remote age, nor the secure subject of a well-organized community, is altogether a fair arbiter of what has been done or counselled in days of peril and necessity; relatively, I mean, to the persons, not to the objective character of actions. There is certainly a steadiness of moral principle and Christian endurance, which tells us that it is better not to exist at all, than to exist at the price of virtue; but few indeed of the countrymen and contemporaries of Machiavel had any claim to the practice, whatever they might have to the profession, of such integrity. His crime, in the eyes of the world, and it was truly a crime, was to have cast away the veil of hypocrisy, the profession of a religious adherence to maxims which at the same moment were violated."—p. 560.

We transcribe without mutilation the remarks on the Discourses of Machiavelli. It is well for society, with its present manifest tendencies, to consider the influence of democracy in all its bearings. It is true that great wisdom is required to apply the lessons of ancient history, or of political writers so far removed from our own times, and living in a social state so different from our own as Machiavelli. But to the

calm and judicious mind, which can separate that which is universal and immutable, from that which is extraneous and temporary—which can frame and adapt the great leading principles to modern uses—they are not less worthy of study. But we break off, as well aware that we can add nothing to the authority of Mr. Hallam on such subjects.

"The discourses of Machiavel upon the first books of Livy, though not more celebrated than *The Prince*, have been better esteemed. Far from being exempt from the same bias in favour of unscrupulous politics, they abound with similar maxims, especially in the third book; but they contain more sound and deep thinking on the spirit of small republics, than could be found in any preceding writer that has descended to us; more probably, in a practical sense, than the Politics of Aristotle, though they are not so comprehensive. In reasoning upon the Roman government, he is naturally sometimes misled by confidence in Livy; but his own acquaintance with modern Italy was in some measure the corrective that secured him from the errors of ordinary antiquaries.

"These discourses are divided into three books, and contain 143 chapters with no great regard to arrangement; written probably as reflections occasionally presented themselves to the author's mind. They are built upon one predominant idea: that the political and military annals of early Rome having had their counterparts in a great variety of parallel instances which the recent history of Italy furnished, it is safe to draw experimental principles from them, and to expect the recurrence of similar consequences in the same circumstances. This reasoning, founded upon a single repetition of the event, though it may easily mislead us, from an imperfect estimate of the conditions, and does not give a high probability to our anticipations, is such as those intrusted with the safety of commonwealths ought not to neglect. But Machiavel sprinkles these discourses with thoughts of a more general cast, and often applies a comprehensive knowledge of history, and a long experience of mankind.

"Permanence, according to Machiavel, is the great aim of government. In this very common sentiment among writers accustomed to republican forms, although experience of the mischiefs generally attending upon change might lead to it, there is no doubt, a little of Machiavel's original taint, the reference of political ends to the benefit of the rulers rather than that of the community. But the policy which he seems for the most part to prefer, though he does not speak explicitly, nor always perhaps consistently, is one wherein the people should at least have great weight. In one passage he recommends, like Cicero and Tacitus, the triple form, which endeavours to conulate the power of a prince with that of a nobility and a popular assembly, as the best means of preventing that cycle of revolutions through which, as he supposes, the simpler institutions would naturally, if not necessarily, pass; from monarchy to aristocracy, from that to democracy, and finally to monarchy again; though, as he observes, it rarely happens that there is time given to complete this cycle, which requires a long course of ages—the community itself, as an independent state, being generally destroyed before the close of the period. "But, with this predilection for a republican polity, he yet saw its essential weakness in difficult circumstances; and hence observes that there is no surer way to ruin a democracy than to set it on bold undertakings, which it is sure to misconduct. He has made also the profound and important remark, that states are rarely either formed, or reformed, except by one man.

"Few political treatises can even now be read with more advantage than the Discourses of Machiavel; and in proportion as the course of civil society tends farther towards democracy, and especially if it should lead to what seems the inevitable consequence of democracy, a considerable subdivision of independent states, they may acquire an additional value. The absence of all passion, continual reference of every public measure to a distinct end, the disregard of vulgar associations with names or persons, render him, though too cold of heart for a very generous reader, a sagacious and useful monitor for any one who can employ the necessary methods of correcting his theorems. He formed a school of subtle reasoners upon political history, which, both in Italy and France, was in vogue for two centuries; and, whatever might be its errors, has hardly been superseded for the better by the loose declamation that some dignity with the name of philosophical politics, and in which we continually find a more flagitious and undisguised abandonment of moral rules for the sake of some idol of a general principle, than can be imputed to The Prince of Machiavel."

With these remarks we close our, of necessity, imperfect and somewhat desultory notice of Mr. Hallam's first volume—the most important single volume that it has for some years been our duty to comment upon. By this specimen Mr. Hallam will confirm the solid and substantial reputation which he had already gained with all the sound and mature judges of literary excellence. By his completion of the work with the same care and in the same spirit, he will enable English literature to boast of the first full, impartial, and general view of the simultaneous progress of letters in every part of Europe.

From the Retrospective Review.

HISTORY OF AUTOMATHES.

The Capacity and Extent of the Human Understanding; exemplified in the extraordinary Case of Automathes, a young Nobleman, who was accidentally left in his Infancy upon a desolate Island, and continued Nineteen Years in that solitary State, separate from all Human Society. A Narrative abounding with many surprising Occurrences, both useful and entertaining to the Reader. London: 1745.

"During my abode in my native county of Cumberland, in quality of an indigent curate, I used, now and then in summer, when the pleasantness of the season invited, to take a solitary walk to the seashore, which lies about two miles from the town where I lived. Here I would amuse myself, one while in viewing, at large, the agreeable prospect, which surrounded me; and another while (confining my sight to nearer objects) in admiring the vast variety of beautiful shells, thrown upon the beach, some of the choicest of which I always picked up, to divert my little ones upon my return. One time, among the rest, taking such a journey in my head, I sat down upon the declivity of the beach, with my face towards the sea, which was now come up within a few yards of my feet; when immediately the sad thoughts of the wretched condition of my family, and the unsuccessfulness of all endeavours to amend it, came crowding into my mind; which drove me into a deep melancholy, and ever and anon forced

tears from my eyes. I had not long continued in this pensive mood, ere I was diverted from it by the sight, as I imagined, of a small cylindrical trunk, about a foot long, rolling along with the tide, just below where I sat, with a key tied to the handle. I stepped into the water, to seize the supposed prize, which, upon opening, I found to contain nothing but a kind of written journal, rolled up, belonging (as I then conjectured) to some shipwrecked mariner; but, notwithstanding all the care that had been taken to keep it dry, a great part (of the beginning especially) seemed to be quite obliterated with the salt water; the leaves would not bear opening, without being torn to pieces: so that, though my curiosity was sufficiently raised to know what was contained in a manuscript, which had fallen after so strange a manner into my hands, yet, I was forced, for that time, to return it into its former receptacle, and wait till a fitter opportunity offered."

Such is the simple introduction to the history of Automathes. The manuscript thus discovered he contrives with some difficulty to decipher, and he learns from it, that it was written by a Benedictine monk, who, with others, was driven from the island of Japan, in 1614. This monk having been wrecked off the coast of America, is fortunate enough to gain the shore of a country which is designated as Soteria, where he meets with the singular subject of these memoirs, from whose relation he has written them down. This volume was written by John Kirkby, who acted as tutor to Gibbon for about eighteen months. This historian informs us, that "distress forced him to leave the country," and he adds, "his learning and virtue introduced him to my father, and at Putney he might have found at least temporary shelter, had not an act of indiscretion again driven him into the world. One day, reading prayers in the parish church, he most unluckily forgot the name of King George: his patron, a loyal subject, dismissed him with some reluctance, and a decent reward; and how the poor man ended his days I have never been able to learn. Mr. John Kirkby is author of two small volumes; *The Life of Automathes*, (London, 1745.) and an *English and Latin Grammar*, (London, 1746.) which, as a testimony of gratitude, he dedicated (Nov. 5, 1745,) to my father. The books are before me: from them the pupil may judge the preceptor; and upon the whole, his judgment will not be unfavourable. The *Grammar* is executed with accuracy and skill, and I know not whether any better existed at the time in our language; but the *Life of Automathes* aspires to the honours of a philosophical fiction." The object of the book is, as intimated in the title-page, to show the extent to which the human understanding can proceed in the acquisition of knowledge and the enlargement of ideas unassisted by human intelligence, and uncheered by human converse. Not, as the author says, that he attributes those acquirements to the effect of our own capacity alone, any more than if he had had the most complete education which the world can afford.

"I have given you a brief history of my life, and the manner of my attainment of knowledge from my infancy, till the time of my entrance into human society; which happened towards the end of my twenty-first year, after I had continued in the island about nineteen years and ten months; and it is now near eleven years since. Through all which, I would have it well observed, that I attribute those acquirements no more to

the effect of my own capacity alone, than if I had the most complete education which the world could afford. For I have all the reason in the world to believe, that if I had been left entirely to myself, after my father's departure from me, I should have been little better than my dumb companions. From whence I cannot but conclude, 'That man, by nature, depends as much after his birth upon the care and instruction of others, to bring him to act agreeably to his rational character, as he before depended upon the action of others to give him his birth.' And, if so, I think it may easily be made appear, 'that all nations of men, how distantly soever placed from each other, do actually derive their education from a supernatural original, and that ever since their first appearance in the world.'"

This proposition he attempts to prove principally by showing that it is quite beyond the ability of human nature in itself to make such advances in education by experience, and that it is to be deduced from the agreement in the education of all mankind. Amongst the examples of agreement there are two which will, probably, excite a smile in our reader: "How comes it else," asks the worthy author, "that no people have been discovered at any time, but what are trained to walk always in an erect posture only;" he might as well have asked, "How comes it then, that no people have been discovered at any time but what are without tails?" a fact in which, we verily believe, although the real and *bona fide* existence of this quadrupedal ornament has not wanted learned advocates. "Again," proceeds the speculative philosopher,

"What reason can be assigned for the universal concurrence of all mankind, in attempting to express their thoughts by no other means than that of speech, by articulate sounds of the voice, made by the motion of the lips and tongue? By what means could it happen, that the tongue, at least, should have any share at all in this; when the same thing may be demonstrated to be capable of being as fully performed, and more easily taught, by the bare turning or modulating the voice; which is said to be experimented in China?"

The father of Automathes, a nobleman of Soteria, being banished from the kingdom by the contrivance of his enemies, embarks aboard a ship, with his wife and son, then just born—the ship is wrecked—all the crew, except the father and mother of Automathes, and himself, endeavour to save themselves in a boat, and perish; the hero's family stay with the wreck, and escape. They are carried to a desert island, where, in the course of seven months, the mother dies. After her death Automathes, having observed the manner in which the kid of a hind obtained nourishment from its mother, and the kid having luckily died when he wanted a nurse, takes the same course, and is fed by its milk. The father beginning to feel the extreme desolateness of his situation, strains his eyes over the sea in hope of discovering land, that he might again feel the pleasure of mixing in human society; he succeeds, and refits an old boat belonging to the wrecked ship; and whilst he is spreading his sails, intending to take his infant son with him, the wind rises, and he is wafted over the waves without the possibility of resistance [he must have been but an indifferent sailor;] leaving his son on the island. Automathes himself had no recollection of this early part of his life. Besides the milk of the hind, he became acquainted with the use of fruits, from observ-

ing the fowls of the air eat them, and with roots, from remarking that his dog, the only living thing which escaped with them from the wreck, subsisted upon them. The first occasion of reflection to the young islander, arises from a natural incident, related in a striking and forcible manner.

"The first time I remember myself to be brought to serious reflection, though, doubtless, I had reflected upon many things before, happened on this manner: one remarkably hot day, I had wandered something farther than common from my cottage; and, going to a lake to quench my thirst, I was surprised with the appearance of a creature, as I thought, in the lake, of a shape very different from anything I ever yet had seen; which, when I stooped to the water, seemed to leap upwards at me, as if in a design to pull me down to it. Terrified at the supposed danger, I started backwards, and fled with all possible haste to a neighbouring wood for shelter, where I skulked for some time, before I durst look out again, to see whether or no I was pursued. At length, my thirst returning, and perceiving no farther appearance of harm, I took courage to visit another part of the lake, where I hoped to drink with less disturbance. But, no sooner did I stoop down to the water again, than I was scared back with a like spectacle, as before. And this second disappointment made the place become so dreadful to me, that I thought my greatest safety was, in being at the farthest remove from it.

"It may, perhaps, be thought strange, that I should all this while be so afraid of nothing but my own shadow. But this, I suppose, was the first time I ever had beheld it in the water, or, at least, had taken notice of it; all the other fountains and rivulets I had hitherto seen, though sufficiently clear and transparent, having been either too shallow, or too rapid, to cast a reflection deep enough to fall under my observation. But, not long after, I grew better acquainted with such appearances.

"I cannot, though, forget the deep impression, which this affright left upon me; an impression so strong, that, for several weeks after, I durst hardly look out of my cottage, always imagining, that this terrible phantom was in search of me; and my sleep was, for some time afterwards, disturbed with fearful starts and dreams. But time wore this off, and the continual sight of no danger emboldened me to walk about, as usual: only the lake was a long while after frightful to me, whenever I came near it.

"This accident seemed, as it were, to rouse me out of my hitherto stupid condition into a sense of myself; which first broke forth in such inward expostulations as these: *What am I? How came I here?* Upon which I would every now-and-then run over in my mind all the transactions which occurred, of my past life, to the present time. And so intent was I on these contemplations, that I became heedless of everything else; and, as I walked along, would often stumble and fall over whatever came in my way. But my mind was taken off from this thoughtfulness concerning herself, as her curiosity prevailed towards other things; which now began to drive me abroad more than usual, to take notice of every object falling in my way. And this, I conjecture, might happen about the ninth or tenth year of my age."

He afterwards sees the image of the dog, and again of himself in the water; and comes to the conclusion that it is his shadow. This circumstance first surprised him into the notion of the existence of other creatures of his own species; for he had observed, that all the

creatures in the island produced similar creatures: he concluded that the dog and himself, two solitary animals, had been produced in the same way. And, when he compared the structure of his cottage (which his father had built) with the regular apartments of the beavers, he guessed it must have been built by his predecessors. He begins to reason upon the sea; which he conceives to be a great lake surrounded with hills: he examines the instruments in his cottage, different in shape and consistence from anything in the island: he notices the fragment of a boat, and finally concludes, that he and his dog had by its means been conveyed to the island. Thence sprung a longing for the society of his own species, and he became melancholy.

"But I was effectually directed from these ungrateful thoughts, when I came to apply more closely to the study of nature, which every where presented me with fresh scenes of wonder; and the more I observed, still the more was my curiosity increased. The first thing which drew my attention was, how the ground brought forth its fruits, by which all living creatures were nourished, and seemed to receive their whole essence. I observed the manner how the trees, the grass, and the flowers grew; each yielding its proper seed for new clothing to their mother earth on their decay. The beautiful texture also, which appeared in each individual, gave me no small delight. And, in time, I learned how these successive renewals of nature exactly corresponded with the motions of the sun, at whose annual approach the woods and meadows put on a smiling green, and the flowers shot forth their heads, and at his removal to the more southern climates, all things seemed to fade and droop, as if they only lived in hopes of his return, which never failed at the fixed time. I marked the agreement between the moon and tide, and the revolutions of the lesser heavenly luminaries were the subject of my nocturnal contemplations. I also employed some time in considering the figure, situation, and beautiful variety of the colours in the rainbow. I discovered the necessity of rain and the solar heat, to ripen the fruits of the earth; and the use of morning and evening dews, to supply the absence of the former, was likewise known to me. I considered the admirable structure of the bodies of every species of animal within my observation; how appositely they were framed to serve their several purposes and ways of living, and what surprising art and foresight they shewed for the preservation of themselves and their young. In fine, I beheld the marks of wisdom wherever I cast my eyes. An universal harmony and alternate dependence appeared through all parts of the creation; the most neglected things, when duly examined, being not without their manifest use. In short, I was every where surprised with an apparently wise design, where the least design of all was expected."

From nature he proceeded to nature's God; and he goes on somewhat too rapidly, except on the supposition of supernatural communication. He studies the economy of the beavers—is dazzled with the flash of lightning, and astounded with the roar of the thunder—he contemplates and meditates upon the luminaries which sparkle in the heavens, and becomes a natural astronomer. The occurrence which gave him the strongest emotion, was the death of his dog, occasioned by the fall of a tree which had been gnawed by the beavers. The effect of this accident is thus related.

"Affrighted at the accident, I ran, without any regard to my own safety, and catching him up in my arms carried him a little distance off, and laid him upon the grass. Here, examining what mischief he had received, I could perceive no visible breach in his body, save a little skin rubbed from one of his knees; but I guessed at the greatness of his hurt, by supposing the like to have befallen myself.

"After I had continued some time looking on, I grew impatient to see him rise again upon his feet, and fawn upon me as usual; for I had never yet seen the dead body of any animal, no, not to my remembrance, of the smallest insect; and his motionless condition made me at first conclude him to be only asleep. But after I found all endeavours in vain to bring him to himself, my confusion increased, and I began to suspect that the body was not only bereft of sense and motion for the present, but was also rendered incapable of performing the functions of life ever after: for I considered, from my own experience, that every degree of violence impressed upon me was usually followed with a proportionable degree of pain, which was an utter enemy of sleep. I reasoned moreover with myself, that a greater force with the same instrument, or the same force with a different instrument, might have been capable to separate every member of the body from its fellow, or, at least, to have reduced it into a state as unlike what it was, and as incapable of recovering its former condition, as I had seen a flower, or blade of grass, after I had bruised it between my fingers. And in the end I became thoroughly convinced that this must be the case of my companion, whom I was now to expect no more conversation with; but in a short time must behold his body mingled with the earth, like what I constantly saw happen to every thing which received its growth from thence. But when I came to apply these melancholy reflections to myself, it is not in my power to make you sensible of the uncommon emotions which arose within my breast; and when I suspected that my ceasing to live might be no other than a ceasing for ever to exist, which seemed to be the case of the dog now before me; this struck me with such a horror and amazement, that, for some time, I seemed as if driven into the very condition I so much dreaded.

"When I was partly recovered out of this consternation, the day drawing to an end, I left the carcass upon the grass, and retired to my cottage with a mind sufficiently disordered, and the dreadful apprehensions always running in my head of what was to befall me hereafter, would suffer me to take no rest the greatest part of that night."

He next examines, with more attention than he had ever before bestowed, the contents of his cottage, and is particularly engaged with an old chest. The contents display considerable variety; a mirror, a fan painted with human figures, mathematical instruments, and books; from the first, which he breaks, he learns what causes the reflexion; he cannot read the books, it is true, but one of them bring a mathematical one, with figures, he is enabled, with their assistance, to learn the science. The most striking incident in the book, and the most naturally told, is the discovery of fire, which leads him to the discovery of conscience.

"One evening, as I was cutting down the reliques of an old rotten tree within my inclosure, whose situation did not please me, accidentally missing my aim I struck the hatchet against a stone, which occasioned sparks to fly forth in abundance. After I had removed this with-

out my pales, in my return I beheld some of the chips lying close by the remaining stump to send up a vapour, something like what I had seen arise in the morning from the dewy savannahs, but far more gross and dense, as well as more quick in its ascent; and, as I approached nigher, I perceived the flame, which immediately brought to mind the ignis fatuus and glow-worms heretofore: but when I came to handle this, as I had done the worms, the pain it gave made me draw in my fingers with a great deal more speed than I put them forth; and by-and-by the flame, catching hold of the stump of the tree, began to burn with some vehemence. I stood wondering how this strange thing came here, which I took at first to be a living animal from its creeping along the ground, and seeming to catch at and consume every thing in its way: and I was well nigh confirmed in this belief by the fall of some drops of rain, at every one of which, as at the receipt of so many blows, it appeared to recoil back, and send forth its complaints as if from a sense of the injury it received; but I changed this opinion when I beheld the sparks flying from it, and observed the sudden increase made from the smallest of these, wherever it met with proper materials, which brought to mind the sparks struck from the hatchet, from whence I immediately concluded all this to proceed.

"I spent some time in making experiments upon this wonderful phenomenon: I observed its emission of light and heat, like the sun and stars; from which resemblance of its effects I concluded the resemblance of their natures. I took notice also, how apt several sorts of matter were to be destroyed by it, while others it affected no otherwise than as it heated them for the present, or discoloured them with its smoke; but water it seemed always to abhor: and I pleased myself one while with supplying it with fuel, and anon quenching it again with water from the brook; till at last, by pouring on too much, I quite extinguished it.

"My thoughts were mostly that night employed upon this new discovery; and on the morrow I took the hatchet and sword to try farther experience upon the tree now lying without the south-west side of my inclosure; where, at the first trial with my instruments one against another, I got fire, which presently set the tree all in a blaze. I pleased myself awhile with the sight; but this was soon over, and my heart began to quake, when I beheld it out of my power to extinguish it; and, catching hold of a large coppice of trees which stretched along to the sea at north-west, it in a moment set up such huge pillars of fire and smoke, that it threatened to lay the whole island in ashes. And doubtless the mischief would have been vastly more, had not the wind at that time chanced to blow from the land, and by that means preserved my inclosure and cottage, which must otherwise have inevitably fallen with the first in this dreadful ruin.

"I was in the utmost consternation to see the devastation I had caused, my ears being quite stunned with the incessant roaring of the flames, and crackling of the large trees, mixed with the loud yells of the beasts and fowls, all endeavouring to escape as far as possible from a sight so terrible: and so great was the combustion, that it was fairly visible to my father in the other island. But when I came to think of the injuries this indiscreet piece of curiosity must bring upon my fellow-creatures, and imagined I heard the cries of several helpless animals perishing in the flames; O heavens! with what horror was I seized! I ran round the flames in the most distracted manner, without the least regard to my own safety; still pouring forth the most bitter lamentations, till, at last, through very anguish of

spirit I fell all along upon the ground, and could bear up no longer; my resentments being all the same, as if I had occasioned the destruction of so many of my own species.

"The fire continued burning that whole day, and the greatest part of the night following; during all which time I could not keep my eyes from it, continually showing the utmost tokens of rage and despair, for having been the author of so much mischief. At length, when it had destroyed all before it to the shore, for near a mile distance, it began to abate for want of proper matter to supply it; and a great quantity of rain falling next morning quite extinguished it.

"But though the fire was extinguished, so was not my trouble. This accident raised a tumult in my bosom, as much beyond my own power to appease, as it was beyond my power to quench the flames which occasioned it: for it gave me the first sad experience of the severe lashes of a self-condemning conscience; a trouble to which all my other griefs were comparatively as nothing. I had hitherto experienced no afflictions but such only as proceeded from things without; things upon which the soul had no real, at least, no lasting dependence: so that whenever she obtained a better knowledge of her own state, it would not fail either to show her the vanity of them at present, or, however, give her the comfortable hopes (if not the assurance) of their removal hereafter. But this was a wound given to the soul herself, and, consequently, a more perfect knowledge of herself was the way to add to her misery, by making her more sensible of the great evil of the loss of innocence; a loss which could never be retrieved by any ability in herself, and which must needs proportionally deprive her of the favour of God. And whenever I reflected upon the wretched havoc which, by this fact, I had made in the workmanship of God's hand, and considered the intolerable injuries I had done to so many of my fellow-creatures, I could not but tremble to think how justly I had provoked our common Creator."

There are several pretty little incidents in the book, in addition to those we have quoted:—the discovery of the light of the glow-worm; the intercourse between Automathes and the beavers, which is of a very agreeable sort, and full of the author's own kind disposition, besides many other pleasant touches of description and feeling. On the fan, which he had found in his cottage, Automathes first saw the semblance of the human figure; it was this elegant toy that awakened in his heart a longing for the society of his own species, a burning desire to see something like himself: by his minute examination of the fan, and his own observation of the animal kingdom, he had already pictured on his mind a distinction of sexes. He was one day partially gratified by a vision of a female: it was his mother, whom he supposed had been the instrument employed by heaven in his education, and who was now come on the completion of the task, to afford a sensible manifestation of herself, as if intending to take her final adieu of him in this life, when she had, as it were, executed her commission, and was about to return into the mansion of rest. Shortly afterwards a ship arrives off the island, and, to his great surprise and delight, a company lands from the vessel, the motions of whom are watched with intense interest by Automathes, who at last marches amongst them a naked savage, and finds his father, who is revealed to him by that sort of mysterious sympathy which accompanies

the relation of parent and child, at least in novels and romances.

The father, it appears, had been driven on another desert island, where he had remained until this very time, when he was discovered by the crew of this ship who were countrymen and acquaintances, and upon whom he had prevailed to accompany him to the island on which he had left his son. Gibbon says that our author has blended the *History of Robinson Crusoe* with the Arabian Romance of *Hai Eb'n Yockdan*. This does not appear to us to be the case; it bears no resemblance to the former; the outline is entirely borrowed from the Arabian work, which was translated into Latin by Pocock, and afterwards into English by George Ashwell. The history of Automathes possesses considerable advantage, as a romance, over that of *Hai Eb'n Yockdan*, which is filled with philosophical speculations on the subject of the human mind, but unminged with the pleasant episodes and lively fancy of the *History of Automathes*. There is also this difference between the two fictions, namely, that the progress of *Hai Eb'n Yockdan*, in the attainment of knowledge, is accompanied with a ferocious indifference to the sufferings of the animals around him, whom he considers as his enemies in his pursuit of information. In his acquirements, too, he had nothing but his own unaided reason for his guide. Automathes, on the contrary, at first imagines that all animals are endowed with the same feelings, and are influenced by the same resentments as himself: he never attempts to destroy life in the meanest of the animal tribes, and his sole food consisted of fruits and vegetables. The former is the most philosophical, but also the most wearisome; the latter is the most entertaining, and the most amiable. Automathes, indeed, bears the marks of having been written by a mild and gentle spirit, who had some peculiar notions about the superintending care of divine intelligences; and who, if not a profound philosopher, was, at least, an agreeable writer. Indeed, we have been induced to notice his work, not from its scientific but its romantic character, which may be summed up in a few words.—If it does not display either much genius or invention, it is full of amiable and humanizing feeling; is, in the descriptive parts, frequently beautiful; and, in the reflections, sensible and judicious.

From Frazier's Magazine.

THE ROCKITE: AN IRISH TALE.

All the world knows the parish and village of Ardinnan. No demur, good reader! we can prove our assertion. In the first place, there is not a man, woman, or child in the county of Tipperary, that does not know the pleasant meadows and pretty girls of Ardinnan. Tipperary, in its turn, is celebrated throughout Ireland for light heels and heavy shillelaghs; and show us, if you can, the spot on the globe that has not heard of the Emerald Isle. Ergo, all the world knows the parish of Ardinnan. Having digested this morsel of logic as you may, we proceed.

It was about one o'clock on a beautiful morning in July, mass was over, and the men, women, and children of the aforesaid parish were abroad in the sunshine, like a swarm of bees, enjoying themselves, according to their several tastes, in that luxury of idleness or sport which a fine holiday in summer confers

upon the care-hating Irish peasant. Along the roadside, near the village, might be seen groups of the responsible folks of the parish—strong* farmers and their wives—the men with their loose great-coats unfastened at the throat, partly because of the heat of the weather, and partly to exhibit the clean linen shirt, which their careful spouses, vain of their own lace-edged caps and India silk neck-handkerchiefs, eyed with complacent pride. There they sat in the shade of a hawthorn hedge, talking of the crops, the tithes, Father Sweeney's sermon touching his Easter dues, and the rale leathering that bould Daniel O'Connell gave to the Bishop of London (and more power to him!) afore the king himself, in the house of parliament:—the never-failing black *hudeen* regularly passing from mouth to mouth in the brief intervals of the conversation. In a neighbouring pasture field, a shoal of gossons, active, wiry imps, with bare red shins, and short yellow leather unmentionables, significantly named *puckawns*, were engaged at a game of *hurley* or *bat*; and on the sunny slope of a wild *knock*,† the favourable trysting place of love-stricken village youths and damsels, the keen eye of the observer might discover, almost hidden amongst the luxuriant golden blossomed furz, many an enamoured couple, whispering those words that draw two stranger hearts together by bonds stronger and closer than the ties of blood. There, in the brief but bright moments of a life, too often wasted in misdirected energies and broken hopes, the youthful peasant—whose present possessions and future prospects are generally limited to half an acre of potato-garden, the grazing of a cow upon a barren and over-stocked mountain, and the good-will of the "master's" steward to obtain for him a few week's work as a labourer during the harvest—unmindful of the warning voice of prudence, madly rushes to his ruin. His ardent temperament prompts him to love, and his generous nature rarely permits him to do so but with honourable intentions. He marries—the consequences are obvious. Poverty crosses his threshold, and the fiend, Misery, haunts his hearth-stone. He becomes desponding or reckless; and a few short years beholds him the tenant of an early grave, or a hardened outlaw, paying the dread penalty of the violated laws of his country. Such, alas! is the sad picture—sadder, because it but too faithfully depicts the condition of a people whose best dispositions and noblest qualities have become as poison in their cup of life.

It was in perfect keeping with this national character, that, on the day we have mentioned, Edmund Delany, a young good-looking fellow, who had little to boast of beside his good looks, should be found in the most sequestered part of the *knock*, seated on the smooth turf, with one arm lovingly circling Moynah Daly's waist, and the other aiding, by its impressive action, the eloquent appeals his lips were making to the blushing and delighted girl. As we are enabled to give a great portion of their interesting conversation to our readers, from an "authentic source," we shall do so without alteration or curtailment.

"Ah, then, Moynah, darling!" whispered Edmund, observing his companion's eyes following the rapid motions of one of those beautiful small blue butterflies, as it fluttered from flower to flower—now poisoning on

* Strong, in this sense, means, in Ireland, comfortable.
† A hill, or eminence, overgrown with brushwood.

the feathery crown of the dandelion, and now burying its tiny body in the golden chalice of a buttercup—
 “Ah, then, Moynah, darling! a’n’t it a blessed life, that *dauney* crather’s, with nothing in life to trouble him, but to fly about all his days wherever he pleases. And whisht! sarra one but there’s another of them—come to help him in his divarsion—his sweetheart, I’ll be bound, for see how loving they fly off together. Moynah, *asthore ghal*, I wish we were them two butterflies.”

“What puts that thought in your head, Eamun? Is it for the sake of the wings that you’d wish to be a butterfly? You know I daren’t trust you with them, for fear’d you’d take flight some morning, and never come back to your own Moynah again,” replied she, patting his cheek, with a smile that belied her suspicious words. Edmund folded her to his bosom, and for some moments spoke not. At length he said:

“I was thinking, Moynah, when I saw them two happy things sporting in the blessed sunshine, that, if we had our rights, it’s like them we’d be ourselves, wandering about among the sweet posies, ating and drinkin’ of what God sends alike to all, without being heart-scalded with the minister for his *tides*, or the agit for his rent.”

“Eamun, an’ would not that be a life of sin and idleness? You know that we are all sent into the world to gain our bread by honest industry.”

“Not *all*, Moynah,” interrupted Edmund, quickly—“not *all*. What does Squire Wilson do for his living? Hasn’t he the best of roast and biled at his table every day! Don’t he ride about on his long-tailed horse, or drive in his elegant coach? Don’t he walk upon soft carpets, as if it would bemean his shoes to touch the ground? Don’t he lie down in his warm bed with an easy mind, and get up with a light heart?”

“If Squire Wilson has an easy mind, Eamun, it is because he is a good man. It’s little happiness riches bring in this world or the next.”

“And hasn’t he,” continued the young man, heedless of Moynah’s remark, but straining her still closer in his arms—“hasn’t he the wife of his heart, to smile into his face, and to lay her head upon his buzzum. Moynah, darling, lane your cheek nigher to my heart—there—there, *avourneen*. Hasn’t he *her*, I say, to laugh with him in his joy, and to *murn* with him when sorrow darkens his door?”

Eamun could feel the warm tears dropping from Moynah’s eyes upon his bosom.

“Yes,” he added, “*he* has all this; while I, because I am poor, must live alone in the world. Even you, Moynah, that I love better than life itself, *you* are afraid to face poverty with me.”

“Eamun,” replied the innocent girl, raising her bright blue eyes, rendered brighter by their tears, reproachfully to her lover, “I am *not* afraid to face poverty or hardship with you; and *that* was a hard saying of yours to one that loves you as I do. But why should we bring distress upon one another, when we can wait a little longer! We are both young—too young, Eamun, to know much about the ways of the world. Let us wait, *asthore*, an’ the blessed Saint Bridget that helps poor sinners like us in their trouble, will raise us out of ours. I went a pilgrimage to her holy well last Lady-day; and they say if a girl does that, and says ten *pather-an-aves*,* fast-

ing, to the saint, that her prayer will be granted. So you see, Eamun, dear, we have only to wait quietly, and the time will come.

“The time *will* come, and *it is come*,” exclaimed Edmund, vehemently, “when the villains that have trampled upon us, and fattened upon our hearts’ blood, will be brought low.”

“What do you mean, Eamun? Your looks frighten me—I never saw you so before.”

“Nothing, Moynah—nothing to signify. But mind I tell you there will be a change in the world afore long. Hasn’t Pastorni prophess’d it as plain as Mike Dooley the schoolmaster’s nose, that *ould* Ireland is to have her own again.”

“Eamun, dear Eamun!” said Moynah, earnestly, “tell me who has been putting these wild thoughts into your head? But I know it is since you and Shawn Gow have grown so thick together that you began to talk this way.”

“Shawn Gow is an honest pathriot, Moynah—he knows how they have been ground to the arth, and racked, and harrassed for hundreds of years; and he has *them* to back him that will see us rightified, though, for rasons of their own, they’re backward in coming forrard at this present.”

“By all accounts, Eamun, Shawn Gow is a man that it’s best not to meddle or make with. They say he’s a captain among the Rockites.”

“Well,” replied Edmund, laughing, “where’s the harm in that? Many a decent boy—ay, and some that you don’t hate, Moynah—have stood up for their country amongst Captain Rock’s men.”

“Mother of Heaven!” exclaimed the agitated girl, “can it be possible that *you* have joined the villains that’s going about murdering, and burning, and destroying?”

“Whisht, Moynah!—you need not spake so loud,” and Edmund glanced cautiously around; “I did not say that *I* was one of them; but still if I did—why—you persave—”

“Say no more, Eamun—I see they have drawn you into their nets and have broken my heart. Can I ever again hold this hand of yours between mine, when may-be, it has been the means of bringing misery upon some unfortunet family? Can I hope for happiness with you, when the stain of blood shall lie upon your head? No, Eamun, if you love me, quit those terrible men, whose dark doings will end in public shame.”

“Pooh, Moynah,” replied he, pettishly, “this is all the fine talk you have been picking up at Squire Wilson’s.”

“I have never larned any thing there that was not for my own good; and it would be the black heart that could forget all the kindness that the squire and the young ladies showed to me, when I lay lonely and dessolet in the faver last summer.”

“Yes; but he’s a hard landlord, Moynah.”

“He’s a just one, Eamun, and never presses those that he sees willing to do their best; and (though I never told you afore, because he charged me not) he determined to give you Tom Connor’s old hill farm at a low rent next Michaelmas, which he said would enable you to maintain a wife decently.”

“Moynah, did Squire Wilson mean that?”

“Indeed, Eamun, he did, and more; for he promised me a heifer and a pig, to help our little stock when we began housekeeping.”

* Paternosters and ave-Marias.

"*Diaoul!*" muttered he, "why did I not know this afore?"

"Afore what, Eamun?"

"Nothing, nothing; but if I knew *that*, I'd be——"

"Edmund Delany, there is something on your mind, and you refuse to tell it to me. Now, listen, I have loved, and I still love, you next to my God. I do not blush to tell you so, for until this minute you have deserved it, and there is no shame in innocent love. Take your choice, then, between Moynah Daly's affection, and that secret which I know concerns the safety of the squire or his family."

"Moynah," he replied, surprised at the sudden energy of her manner, "would you have me break my oath—my solemn oath?"

"Better break it than bring deeper guilt on your head, Eamun."

"Why, then, it's a thousand pities you warn't made a lawyer, Moynah; it's you that would bother the best of them with your cute sayings. I know I was foolish and wicked when I took on with them; but they made me b'lieve it was all for the glory of ould Ireland we war joined, and that there was no harm in destroying our inimies by fire or sword. But it never lay asy on my conscience; and it was the Saver himself that put it in your heart to open my eyes to my wicked coorses. So, Moynah, darling, in the name of God, I'll tell you all! and I hope He will forgive me if there's sin in it. But mind, Moynah, if this should ever be discovered, I'm a dead man if I had a thousand lives."

Edmund then, placing his mouth close to his mistress's ear, told her in a whisper the secret that she desired to become possessed of.

"The black villains!" she exclaimed, when he had concluded—"the black, bloody-minded villains!—To-night, you say, Eamun?"

"To-night. But, whist!—what noise is that! Oh, 'tis only a wran hopping through the bushes! How it made my heart jump, lest it might have been some of them hearkening to what I was saying."

"There is no time to be lost, Eamun," said Moynah, rising; "I must leave you now: but this evening, at sunset, meet me at the chapel-gate."

"I will, *ma cuilleen dhas*—God be with you, *asthore machree*—give us another kiss, for luck. There, now—I feel a dale happier than I did this many a day. Mind yourself, *ahannah*, down the hill—go asy, now. Saver! how she runs! She'll kill herself—she'll be down! No, she's off as light as a deer. Whew! Isn't she the darlint of a girl to love!"

Thus saying, Edmund, having watched the graceful form of Moynah bounding down the knock until it was lost to his sight, turned his steps towards the village, and, revolving in his mind the critical situation in which he was placed between Moynah Daly and his lawless associates, continued to walk on until he reached the forge, where Shawn Gow, whom we have already alluded to, exercised his public profession of parish horse-shoer, and his less ostensible one of chief armourer and pike-head manufacturer to Captain Rock's forces. On week days, the forge of Shawn Gow was the rendezvous of all the idlers of the village, who assembled to hear news and discuss politics; and if by chance they could lay hold on Mike Dooley, the schoolmaster, to read to them one of Dan O'Connell's "Letters to the People," from the "Pilot," time, business, and private concerns,

were forgotten in the all-engrossing topic of public wrongs. Then would the indignant blacksmith, with poised hammer (reminding one of the picture Shakspeare has drawn in "King John" of another news-mongering son of Vulean,) harangue his gaping auditors, till, in the heat of his argument, he suffered his iron to cool on the anvil; and while the unshod steed stood at the door with half-closed eyes—marveling, perhaps, but not repining at the delay, which respited him from "the lumber of the wheels,"—his master might be seen in angry disputation with a *bodagh*,* who had left his plough in the furrow, until his return with a newly sharpened plough-share from the smithy. But, this being Sunday, a scene of a different description was passing in Shawn Gow's forge: the clank of the sledge-hammer did not echo from its mud-walls, nor did the bright sparks chase each other as they descended through the sod-covered roof; but the war of tongues was as loud as ever. And as Edmund entered the hovel, he beheld it crowded with men; some strangers, but the greater number wild young fellows of his acquaintance—rustic *raoues* and bloods, whose chief accomplishments consisted in planting a shillelagh, with enviable dexterity, on an opponent's skull, or in being "a dead hand" at the game of *five-and-forty*.

As many of our readers may be ignorant of the science of this game, we can inform them that it is played with cards; though it seems rather problematic that Hoyle ever heard of it, as it is only known to flourish in the un-Crockfordised districts of the sister isle. Be that as it may, four well-matched antagonists were engaged, when Edmund entered, at this favourite game; and the prize for which they contested being nothing less than a subscription leg of mutton, temptingly suspended from the projecting handle of the forge bellows, the play excited a lively interest, not only in the minds of the players, but of the spectators. The door of the forge, taken from its hinges and laid upon the anvil, served for a table, around which a group of eager countenances watched the fluctuations of the game; and as the chances inclined in favour of one or other of the contending parties, the exultation of his backers vented itself in humorous gibes against his opponents, and vociferous plaudits for the lucky favourite.

"Well done, Mick, *ma bouchal!*" shouted a huge frieze-coated fellow, striking one of the players, who had just won a trick, a blow on the back that would felle an ox; "follow on that way, an' ye'll have the mate in your pot for supper!"

"Let him put *that* in his pipe and smoke it!" rejoined another bystander, as the ace of hearts† fell on Mick's king of trumps.

"And *there's* something to take the consate out of your ace!" added another, as the knave of trumps came down with his partner's hand. "Bill, *avick*, I'm afraid if you don't taste mate till you win the mutton, that it's a long Lent you'll be afther keeping."

At this moment Shawn Gow himself stalked into the forge, and, unceremoniously elbowing his way through the circle, said in a gruff voice,

"There's news from Dublin, boys!"

* A churl, in opposition to a gentleman.

† In this game the five of trumps, the knave of trumps, and the ace of hearts, are the three best cards.

"Is it good news?" asked one of the party.

"Go and ask,"* was the short reply.

The cards in an instant were huddled together, and the gamblers rushed towards the door; the winning party grumbling at the interruption which had snatched the mutton, as it were, from between their teeth, while those who were likely to be losers only congratulated themselves on getting out of the scrape so easily. Edmund alone lingered behind the others; which Shawn Gow observing, stopped short, and darting on him, from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, a suspicious glance, said,

"What's keeping you, Eamun Delany! Are you not for going with us? Its a meeting of immirgency, you know, and the captain and the boys will be out on business to-night."

"I don't feel right in myself to-day, Shawn; and there's an impression about my heart that I can't get shut of. I'm thinking it's cowl that ails me, so I'll get drop of burnt sperrits and go to bed," replied Delany.

"Go to the *diaoul*, if you like; the *work* can be done without such a *shingau*† as you." And, hitching his great-coat upon his shoulder, the blacksmith strode angrily away.

"There's mischief in that fellow's eye," thought Edmund, as he turned off to keep his appointment with Moynah Daly at the chapel-gate. What passed at that interview we are unable to record, but the result was that Edmund, instead of going out with "the captain and the boys" that night, returned home to dream of Moynah and a cabin-full of children and *bonniveens*.‡ From these delightful visions he was unceremoniously disturbed, about two o'clock on the following morning, by a loud knocking at the door. Starting from his pallet, he recognised the harsh voice of Shawn Gow demanding admittance in no very gentle terms.

"Eamun Delany, *uiskil an dhurru*! open the door this minit, or I'll drive it in smithreens about the flure to you!"

"Who are you?" inquired Delany, as he hurried on his clothes, hoping to gain a little time.

"Open the door, and surrender, you traitor! if you don't want a dozen messengers to go for you from our muskets."

Edmund knew the last speaker to be the Rockite captain, and, feeling that resistance would be hopeless, he, with beating heart, withdrew the spade which served as a bar to the door, and opened it to the rude assailants. The moon, which had just risen, was shining with unclouded splendour, and enabled Edmund to distinguish the entire Rockite band drawn up within twenty paces of the cabin; a few steps in advance stood the captain, accoutred with a long cavalry sword and belt, a field officer's hat and feathers, a green frock-coat and epaulettes, a white shoulder-sash, and a short carbine thrown carelessly across his arm. Nearer still, Shawn Gow, armed with a heavy sledgehammer, seemed but waiting the signal to put his threat of smashing the door into execution.

Edmund, mustering all the courage he possessed,

walked, with apparent unconcern, into the centre of the space before the door. Saluting the captain, he coolly demanded what business he had with him.

"I understand that it is you we are to thank for the welcome we got at Squire Wilson's to-night. We knew for a certainty that there was not a grain of powder or shot in the house yesterday morning, and, to-night, when we called upon him to deliver up his arms to Captain Rock, we found that he wanted neither ammunition nor hands to use it; and, in consequence, two of my men have been wounded. What do you say to this?"

"I have nothing to say to it," replied Delany.

"Shoot the d—d informer!" cried the gang; and more than one musket was levelled at him.

"Knock the thraiter's brains out!" growled Shawn Gow, swinging the sledge-hammer round his head.

"Silence!" said the captain sternly: "let no man interrupt me. Shawn Gow put down that sledge. You, Martin Kavanagh and Tim Rooney, take the prisoner Delany between you; bring him to our quarters at the castle of Ballindunny; to-morrow night, at twelve o'clock, we will try him according to our laws; if he be guilty, his life shall pay for his treachery. Fall in there! Right shoulders forward—march!"

Without a word of remonstrance, Edmund suffered his hands to be bound behind his back; and, taking his place between the two men appointed to guard him, marched on with the party, indulging the hope that some fortunate chance would deliver him from the hands of the incensed outlaws. When they had nearly reached the castle of Ballindunny, the party were again halted, at a lonely cabin in an unfrequented *bohereen*.* Here they resigned their arms to the custody of an old woman, who deposited them in a recess, ingeniously contrived, behind the chimney; and then, having each received from her a large glass of poteen, they separated until the following night, when the whole band were summoned to attend at Delany's trial. Edmund, with his two guards, alone remained in the cottage with the old woman and her daughter, a laughing-eyed, fair-haired girl, of sixteen, after the others had departed. Viewing him in the light of an informer—a character, of all others, the most detested in Ireland—his companions rudely repulsed every attempt he made to enter into conversation with them, and contented themselves with doggedly watching him at a distance; but, in the eyes of the young girl, which were constantly turned towards him, Edmund thought he could discover some indications of sympathy for his misfortunes. He was, however, unable to improve the favourable impression he might have made upon her, as his guards were too vigilant to permit any conversation between them. After a hastily prepared meal, consisting of boiled potatoes, eggs, and milk, had been concluded, Edmund was directed to an inner room on the earthen floor, on which a truss of straw and a coarse counterpane were assigned him as a bed. Without undressing, he threw himself on this humble couch; and, notwithstanding the perilous situation in which he was placed, and the agitation of his mind, Nature asserted her rights, and he soon fell into a profound sleep. He might have been asleep about an hour, when a hand, laid lightly on his cheek, caused him to start, and he

* This was the secret mode of summoning the followers of Captain Rock to a meeting of emergency, which was always obeyed on the instant.

† A poor contemptible fellow.

‡ Little pigs.

* A lane, or by-road.

beheld, by the gray light of morning, which was now streaming through the small dim window of his apartment, Kathleen, the young girl of the house, making signs to him to be silent.

"Whist, *avick machree*, or they'll hear you," said she, in an almost breathless whisper. "I've ventured my life to stale to you unknowst. It's a quare thing to do—for one that's neither kith nor kin to me; but, when I saw you come in to-night I felt my heart warm to you, and I made a vow to the Blessed Virgin that I'd save you if I could."

"But I'm to get a fair thrial from the captain," replied Edmund, "and if they can prove nothing agin me, I suppose they'll give me my liberty."

"Liberty?" repeated Kathleen, with a faint laugh; "ay, the liberty of the grave. It is not to show you justice that they are going to thry you, *morowyah*,* but that you may be made an example an' a warnin' to those who would desert the band. You're in the hands of them that never spares or pities."

"What shall I do, then?" asked Edmund anxiously. "Can you help me to escape?"

"Escape! A cat couldn't escape without their hearing it" (pointing to the outer room;) "but I'll be near you when you are on your trial to-morrow night, and I may be able to give you a hint that will save your life. Don't notice or speak to me in the meantime. God bless you, *asthore*, and strengthen you to meet what's afore you."

Thus saying, she pressed his hand to her lips, and glided noiselessly out of the chamber; and Edmund was once more left to the society of his own thoughts.

The following day passed heavily on, the men still maintaining their gloomy silence—the old woman shuffling about the house, churning an old *cronthavert*†—and Kathleen sitting near the door, knitting diligently, without appearing to pay the least attention to any of the strangers. At length the evening began to close in, and the twilight gradually deepened around them, until Edmund could scarcely distinguish the features of his companions amidst the gloom; and then his heart began to sink, and distracting pictures of his beloved Moynah's sorrow, and of his own impending fate, flitted before him, until, wound to desperation by the nervous excitement of his mind, he almost wished that the bloody tragedy, of which he was to be the victim, was over, and that he was at rest in his cold grave. Weary, and exhausted by the very effort he made to confine his feelings to his own breast, Edmund welcomed the first knock at the door which announced the assembling of the Rockites as he would have done that of a deliverer, so ardently did he desire relief from the state of painful suspense he endured. Shawn Gow and the captain were the earliest attendants on that night; but, in a few minutes, the other members of the Rockite band began to pour in, until the apartment, which was one of considerable extent, was densely crowded. The captain, seating himself at the head of a long deal table, commenced the mockeries of the night by ordering Delany to be brought forward, and put on his trial, for breaking his oath "to be faithful to Captain Rock, to obey him willingly in all things for the advancement of Ireland, for the putting down of tithes, and for preventing land from being taken over any man's head."

* To make believe to do anything.

† A song hummed drowsily.

Shawn Gow acted as accuser on the occasion, and Mike Dooley assumed the office of secretary to the meeting. A few of the leading, or most desperate characters of the band, were accommodated with seats on a couple of rude forms, placed on either side of the table; and it required no great skill in physiognomy to divine, that, amongst such countenances, mercy or justice would weigh but little in favour of the accused. The president of this mock tribunal, after the accusation, as already stated, had been read, addressed a speech to the prisoner, in which he set forth the heinousness of the crime laid to his charge—the fact alone of his deserting the true cause, and showing mercy to heretics, whom he was bound to destroy, was alone sufficient to call down upon him the vengeance of God and man? but when he added to that the treachery of betraying the plans of the society, and causing the blood of his comrades to be spilt by the black *prodstants*, there could be no punishment too great for him. "And," said he, striking the table violently with his clenched fist as he concluded his harangue, "if you can't clear yourself of the villany that's laid at your door, Edmund Delany, I'll make your death a warnin' to all treacherous informers, and a terror to the whole world. So, spake up. Are you guilty—ay, or no?"

"If," replied the prisoner, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking steadily round on the fierce faces by which he was encompassed,—“if you mane, captain, that saving from destruction and death the innocent people that have never done me or mine wrong, then *I am guilty*. I have broken my oath, it is true; but I have saved my soul from the sin of blood. I warned Squire Wilson agin your visit; but I made him promise that he was only to *defend* his house, if you attacked it; though, if I plazed, I might as easily have you surrounded by a party of Peelers,* and every soul of you shot. But I did not seek that; all I wanted was to purtect them that was good to me. I have done it, and I am ready to stand by the consequences."

A loud murmur of disapprobation ran through the crowd, and it was some minutes before the united efforts of the captain and Shawn Gow could restore the meeting to order. In that interval, Kathleen, availing herself of the confusion, glided close to the prisoner, and slipped into his hand a fragment of slate, on which Edmund, watching his opportunity, contrived, unperceived, to decipher a few words which the courageous girl had traced on it. Whatever might have been their import, his brow brightened after he had perused them; and when the captain rose to pronounce upon him sentence of death he stopped him.

"I persave, captain," said he, "that I am to expect no mercy here: it's a hard thing to be cut off suddenly, and I so loth to die; but if it is to be, why there's no use making a *pillalieu* about it. The only comfort I have in my trouble is, that you'll all be follying me shortly; I've settled that, plaze God."

"What have you settled, you thraither!" roared Shawn Gow, enraged at the taunting tone of Delany.

"I've settled you, Shawn, and the captain there,—long life to him, and all of you. Do you think I'd be the *omadhawnt*† to come here without having a

* The Irish police force, as established under Sir R. Peel's act, are called *PEELERS* by the peasantry.

† A simpleton.

houl't upon you? No, no. The truth is, captain, jewel, there's a friend of mine, a particl'ar friend, that has all our names set down as reg'lar as Mike Dooley has them there in his muster-roll; and, you persave, we settled betune us that, if any sudden misfortune happened me—God keep us from harm this night,—that is, if I should be missing, or the like—you understand, why, then, my friend is to bring all your names, in a week from this day, to Squire Wilson, which might be rayther unpleasant, in the regard that the country would be too hot to hould you after it."

A general disposition to retreat towards the door began to manifest itself amongst the fellows who but a few minutes before were loudest in bravadoes and threats of vengeance. The captain, however, by his authority, recalled the fugitives; and, directing that Edmund should be removed into the adjoining room, the meeting resolved itself into a private committee.

In about a quarter of an hour, Edmund was reconducted before this self-constituted tribunal; but it was evident that his judges had become considerably softened in that time, and that a lenient spirit had suddenly sprung up amongst them towards the prisoner, who awaited confidently the decision of the "court." When he had reached the lower end of the table, the captain addressed him, in a half conciliating tone.

"Edmund Delany," said he, "you have admitted that you are guilty of treachery to your captain and comrades—"

"Black treachery!" growled Shawn Gow.

"I deny that," interrupted the prisoner. "If I acted a traitor's part, it's in Clonmel gaol ye'd all be this minute."

"Well," resumed the captain; "you can't deny but you broke your oath, and threw up your heels when we laste expected it—"

"Like Mulligan's ass at the hayrick," interposed the schoolmaster, by way of illustration.

"Yet, with all that, we have underness for your youth; and, though by the laws of Captain Rock you are bound to suffer death, we'll let you off asy, and only sintonce you to quit Ireland for ever in four days!"

"As to quitting the country," replied Edmund, "it's what I had laid out to do; for I know I'd be a marked man as long as I'd stay in it. But how am I to lave it in four days, without money or manes?"

"That need not trouble you," said the captain; your passage will be paid to New York; but you must neither see nor spake to a living sowl but the two men who will be sent with you to Waterford,—otherwise, your blood be upon your own head?"

Although Edmund longed to inform Moynah Daly of his situation, and to implore her to see him for the last time before he quitted his native land, he was afraid to draw the suspicions of the revengeful wretches upon her by expressing his wishes; and, trusting to the Providence that had hitherto rescued him from the imminent perils by which he was surrounded, he seemed to receive his mitigated sentence with suitable gratitude. Before, however, his pardon was finally confirmed, he was required to take an oath that he would not attempt to escape from his conductors; that as soon as he was on board the vessel that was to convey him to America, he was to write a letter to inform his friends of his safety, and impose upon them the strictest secrecy respecting his late associates; and, finally, that he would not attempt to return

to Ireland during his life. All these conditions Edmund complied with, and bound himself by a solemn oath to observe them. It may seem singular that, with Edmund's own admission of having broken his bond of fidelity to the Rockites, that they should place any reliance on his oath, in future; but they judged rightly, that the virtuous principle which made him violate the compact he had entered into with vice, was the best guarantee they could possess for his preserving his present vow with scrupulous integrity. The meeting separated soon after, and Edmund found himself once more under the surveillance of his two former guards, who now more than ever watched his motions with jealous vigilance; so closely, indeed, did they observe him, that it was with the utmost difficulty that Kathleen contrived to interchange a few words with him, while she pretended to be rummaging the drawer of a dresser near which he sat for the stocking that she had been knitting.

"Sorra be with the stocking, where can it be at all! Don't look this way, aroon, but hearken to what I'm saying. Wissha,—I've no more head nor a pin for mimory. Don't thry to escape, or your life a'n't worth a risk. Och, then, here it is, an purty way it's in,—all pult to pieces with that faggot of a kitten; see how she's tangled my wisted.* If you have any thing to say to me write it on the bit of slate I gev you, and slip it under the door before you go to bed."

Edmund, by a slight movement of his head, gave his young deliverer to understand that he would obey her directions; and, as soon as his guards had shut him up for the night in his little chamber, he took the slate from his pocket, and with a splinter broken from it wrote:—"Tell Moynah Daly that it is not my hard fortune, but the thoughts of parting with her that is breaking my heart. Say I loved her to the last." He then conveyed this novel billet under the door as directed, and betook himself to his bed.

At an early hour on the following morning, Edmund's companions aroused him, to prepare for his journey. He obeyed without hesitation; but when he ventured to question them as to the route they were to take, he was stopped short by Martin Kavanagh, the sternest of the two, with a caution not to repeat his inquiries.

"Our orders," said the fellow, "are to put you aboard a ship that's now ready to sail from Waterford to Amerikey. We are not to lose sight or hearing of you for one minnit while you remain on Irish ground. You shall be well treated; but if the vessel has sailed before we get to Waterford, or if you make the laste offer to escape, we have these"—and he produced a case of pistols from his breast—"to settle your business for you."

With this comfortable assurance, and these agreeable companions, did Edmund undertake his journey. Passing on his way out through the kitchen apartment, he encountered Kathleen,—her eyes were red with weeping; but, taking his hand with a smile, she bestowed on him the kindly *bannagthlagh*;† and as he stopped to thank her she whispered in his ear, "Moynah Daly shall be told all. Good bye—God bless you;" and rushing past him into the inner room, did not appear again.

It would be tedious were we to detail all the incidents that occurred during the journey—incidents of

* Worsted.

† God bless you.

no moment in the eyes of a common traveller; but to one whose life hung on less than a thread—on the caprice or fears of his companions—they were full of painful interest. Ten times a-day did Edmund hear the quick, sharp click of the pistol at his ear, at the approach of suspected footsteps; so that, had the slightest obstruction to their progress arisen, he possessed the singular satisfaction of knowing that his two kind friends would blow his brains out. The only relief he experienced during his perilous journey was in the company of a wild-looking, red-haired pedlar boy, who overtook them on the evening of the first day, at the village in which they passed the night. He had come, he said, from a distant part of the country, on one of Bianconi's stage-cars; but, his money running low, he purposed performing the remaining part of his journey on foot to Waterford. As the lad was a lively, humorous fellow, whose songs and drolleries might help to shorten the road, the Rockite guardians made no objection to his joining their party, particularly as they imagined that the appearance of the young pedlar would be the means of making them less obnoxious to suspicion. Each day, the playful manners of the boy gained insensibly on the travellers: he sung the plaintive melodies of their native hills with a sweetness that brought the tears to Edmund's eyes, and threw a shade of softened feelings over the iron visages of the half-savage Rockite conductors; then, suddenly shifting his ground, he would break forth into a merry ballad, or relate a humorous story, with such richness of point and expression as made the sides of the guards ache with laughter, and dispelled for the time the cloud of sadness that overcast the exiled man's brow. Thus they proceeded without interruption until the third morning, when they gained the summit of the hill that overhangs the old city of Waterford, which boasts especially of three things,—first, the most beautiful wooden bridge in the kingdom,—secondly, the oldest stone building in Ireland,—a tower said to be built by Reginald the Dane,—and thirdly, the motto of the city, "*Urbs intacta manet Waterfordia*," of which latter, like many other ancient virgins, they vaunt considerably. For a moment they paused to survey the really beautiful scene beneath them,—the city, with its gray weather-slatted houses, huddled together like an old French town, contrasted strongly with the graceful wooden bridge already mentioned, stretching across a noble river, from which a forest of slender masts shot tapering upwards. Then the bright verdure of the further shore, studded with white cottages and fair mansions; and, more distant still, a range of undulating hills, crowned with waving woods. After they had remained for several minutes silently gazing on this varied prospect, the travellers prepared to enter the city, but could no where discover the young pedlar; the guards hallooed and whistled without effect; it was plain he had given them the slip, and this suspicious circumstance made the men doubly anxious to bestow their charge according to their instructions. Fortunately for Edmund, they learned from the ship-agent in Waterford that the vessel they sought had that morning dropped down the river, but would lie off the harbour-mouth until evening, when some passengers who had been accidentally delayed were to go on board in boats. Calculating on being still in time, Edmund's fare was paid by his conduc-

tors to the agent and they received from him a receipt, which guaranteed him a passage in the event of his overtaking the vessel. On a hired vehicle, called a jaunting car, the party started for Dunmore, a packet station close to the entrance of the harbour; and on arriving there, they had the gratification to see the brig, with her foretop-sail backed to the mast, lying about two miles distant in the offing. They lost no time in procuring a boat, and in less than half an hour they ran along side the vessel, almost at the same instant with another boat that contained a single female. Edmund, however, was the first to reach the deck, and, turning to offer the assistance of his hand to the girl who was ascending, he staggered back in speechless wonder,—for beneath the deep hood of her blue cloak he discovered the features of *Moynah Daly*.

"I think it's the laste you might bid the time of day to a fellow-traveller, Eamun Delany," said she, with a peculiarly roguish smile. "Do you want to let on* that you don't remember Thomasheen, the pedlar boy?"

"Moynah, am I in my right senses? Thomasheen, the pedlar! No! it can't be—it's an impossibility!"

"It would be a quare thing that would be impossible to a woman, when she sets her mind on it; but may-be, Eamun, it was Dick Clancy's wig that bothered your eyes," she added, pulling from her pocket an old red wig; "there—Dick sold it to me for four hogs.† Didn't it desave you nicely?"

"In troth it's it that did, Moynah. So, then, Kathleen told you all that I desired her."

"Ay, indeed, did she, poor girl! Och! Eamun, you have the deludhin ways with us poor wake women. But sure you did'n't mane it; an' if the crather's heart was tindherly inclined to'ards you, it wasn't you was to blame."

"God sees," replied Edmund, taking Moynah's hand. "I never thought of mortal woman but yourself, Moynah. But tell me a *cailleen oge*,—what do you mane to do?"

"To follow you all the world over, Eamun, if you'll let me."

"But, Moynah, I'm a banished man—a poor friendless stranger on the wide world."

"Not while you have your own Moynah;" and the affectionate girl burst into tears.

"Moynah, Moynah—darling, we will never part!" exclaimed Edmund, folding her to his breast.

The sequel of the history may be shortly told. Edmund's two Rockite guards returned to Ardinnan with satisfactory proofs of Edmund's safety and happiness; while the lovers, who had so narrowly escaped the terrors of Rockite justice, looked back with no very strong feelings of regret to the "first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea." Nor were they so poor in worldly goods as Edmund believed; for the generosity of Squire Wilson, when he found that Moynah Daly was resolved to share her lover's exile, had supplied her with the means of purchasing a comfortable farm on the banks of the Ohio, where this happy couple may still be found, with a numerous family springing up around them like the young pine-trees of the forest.

* Pretend.

† Shillings.

SNARLEY YOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken is taught a secret.

We are anxious to proceed with our narrative, but we must first explain the unexpected appearance of Smallbones. When Corporal Van Spitter was requested by Vanslyperken to bring a pistol and cartridge, the corporal, who had not forgotten the hints thrown out by Vanslyperken during their last consultation, immediately imagined that it was for Smallbones's benefit. And he was strengthened in his opinion, when he learnt that Smallbones was to go on shore with his master after it was dusk. Now Corporal Van Spitter had no notion of the poor lad's brains being blown out, and when Mr. Vanslyperken went on deck and left the pistol, he went into the cabin, searched for it, and drew the bullet, which Vanslyperken, of course, was not aware of. It then occurred to the corporal, that if the pistol were aimed at Smallbones, and he was uninjured, it would greatly add to the idea, already half entertained by the substitutionist lieutenant, of there being something supernatural about Smallbones, if he were left to suppose that he had been killed, and had re-appeared. He, therefore, communicated his suspicions to the lad, told him what he had done, and advised him, if the pistol were fired, to pretend to be killed, and when left by his master, to come on board quietly in the night. Smallbones, who perceived the drift of all this, promised to act accordingly, and in the last chapter it will be observed how he contrived to deceive his master. As soon as the lieutenant was out of hearing, Smallbones rose, and leaving the bag where it lay, hastened back to Portsmouth, and came on board about two hours before Vanslyperken rang his bell. He narrated what had passed, but, of course, could not exactly swear that it was Vanslyperken who fired the pistol, as it was fired from behind, but even if he could have so sworn, at that time he would have obtained but little redress.

It was considered much more advisable that Smallbones should pretend to believe that he had been attacked by robbers, and that the ball had missed him, after he had frightened his master by his unexpected appearance, for Vanslyperken would still be of the opinion that the lad possessed a charmed life.

The state of Mr. Vanslyperken during the remainder of that night was pitiable, but we must leave the reader to suppose, rather than attempt to describe it.

In the morning the corporal came in, and after asking after his superior's health, informed him that Smallbones had come on board, that the lad said that the robbers had fired a pistol at him, and then knocked him down with the butt end of it, and that he had escaped but with the loss of the bag.

This was a great relief to the mind of Mr. Vanslyperken, who had imagined that he had been visited by the ghost of Smallbones during the night: he expressed himself glad at his return, and a wish to be left alone, upon which the corporal retired. As soon as Vanslyperken found out that Smallbones was still alive, his desire to kill him returned, although, when

he supposed him dead, he would, to escape from his own feelings, have resuscitated him. One chief idea now whirled in his brain, which was, that the lad must have a charmed life; he had floated out to the Owers light and back again, and now he had had a pistol-bullet passed through his skull without injury. He felt too much fear to attempt any thing against him for the future, but his desire to do so was stronger than ever.

Excitement and vexation brought on a slow fever, and Mr. Vanslyperken lay for three or four days in bed; at the end of which period he received a message from the admiral, directing him to come or send on shore (for his state had been made known) for his despatches, and to sail as soon as possible.

Upon receiving the message, Mr. Vanslyperken recollected his engagement at the house of the Jew Lazarus, and weak as he was, felt too much afraid of the results should he fail, not to get out of bed and go on shore. It was with difficulty he could walk so far. When he arrived he found Ramsay ready to receive him.

"To sail as soon as possible;—'tis well, sir. Have you your despatches?"

"I sent to the admiral's for them," replied Vanslyperken.

"Well then, be all ready to start at midnight. I shall come on board about a quarter of an hour before; you may go, sir."

Vanslyperken quailed under the keen eye and stern look of Ramsay, and obeyed the uncourteous order in silence; still he thought of revenge as he walked back to the boat and re-embarked in the cutter.

"What's this, Short?" observed Coble: "here is a new freak; we start at midnight, I hear."

"Yes," replied Short.

"Something quite new, any how:—don't understand it:—do you?"

"No," replied Dick.

"Well, now Jemmy's gone, I don't care how soon I follow, Dick."

"Nor I," replied Short.

"I've a notion there's some mystery in all this. For," continued Coble, "the admiral would never have ordered us out till to-morrow morning, if he did not make us sail this evening. It's not a man-of-war fashion, is it Dick?"

"No," replied Short.

"Well, we shall see," replied Coble. "I shall turn in now. You've heard all about Smallbones, heh! Dick?"

Short nodded his head.

"Well, we shall see; but I'll back the boy 'gainst master and dog too, in the long run. D—n his Dutch carcass, he seems to make but small count of English subjects, heh!"

Short leant over the gunwale and whistled. Coble, finding it impossible to extract one monosyllable more from him, walked forward, and went down below.

A little before twelve o'clock a boat came alongside, and Ramsay stepped out of it into the cutter. Vanslyperken had been walking the deck to receive him, and immediately showed him down into the cabin, where he left him to go on deck, and get the cutter under weigh. There was a small stove in the cabin, for the weather was still cold; they were advanced into the month of March. Ramsay threw off his coat, laid two pair of loaded pistols on the table, locked

the door of the cabin, and then proceeded to warm himself, while Vanslyperken was employed on deck.

In an hour the cutter was outside and clear of all danger, and Vanslyperken had to knock to gain admittance into his own cabin. Ramsay opened the door, and Vanslyperken, who thought he must say something, observed gloomily,

"We are all clear, sir."

"Very good," replied Ramsay; "and now, sir, I believe that you have despatches on board?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken.

"You will oblige me by letting me look at them."

"My despatches!" said Vanslyperken, with surprise.

"Yes, sir, your despatches; immediately, if you please—no trifling."

"You forget, sir," replied Vanslyperken, angrily, "that I am not any longer in your power, but on board of my own vessel."

"You appear not to know, sir, that you are in my power even on board of your own vessel," replied Ramsay, starting up, and laying his hand over the pistols, which he drew towards him, and replaced in his belt. "If you trust to your ship's company you are mistaken, as you will soon discover. I demand the despatches."

"But, sir, you will ruin me and ruin yourself," replied Vanslyperken, alarmed.

"Fear not," replied Ramsay; "for my own sake, and that of the good cause, I shall not hurt you. No one will know that the despatches have ever been examined, and——"

"And what?" replied Vanslyperken, gloomily.

"For the passage, and this service, you will receive one hundred guineas."

Vanslyperken no longer hesitated; he opened the drawer in which he had deposited the letters, and produced them.

"Now lock the door," said Ramsay, taking his seat.

He then examined the seals, pulled some out of his pocket, and compared them; sorted the letters according to the seals, and laid one corresponding at the heading of each file, for there were three different government seals upon the despatches. He then took a long Dutch earthen pipe which was hanging above, broke off the bowl, and put one end of the stem into the fire. When it was of a red heat he took it out, and applying his lips to the cool end, and the hot one close to the sealing-wax, he blew through it, and the heated blast soon dissolved the wax, and the despatches were opened one after another without the slightest difficulty or injury to the paper. He then commenced reading, taking memorandums on his tablets as he proceeded.

When he had finished, he again heated the pipe, melted the wax, which had become cold and hard again, and resealed all the letters with his counterfeit seals.

During this occupation, which lasted upwards of an hour, Vanslyperken looked on with surprise, leaning against the bulkhead of the cabin.

"There, sir, are your despatches," said Ramsay, rising from his chair: "you may now put them away; and, as you may observe, you are not compromised."

"No, indeed," replied Vanslyperken, who was struck with the ingenuity of the method; "but you have given me an idea."

"I will tell you what that is," replied Ramsay. "You are thinking, if I left you these false seals, you could give me the contents of the despatches, provided you were well paid. Is it not so?"

"It was," replied Vanslyperken, who had immediately been struck with such a new source of wealth; for he cared little what he did—all he cared for was discovery.

"Had you not proposed it yourself, I intended that you should have done it, sir," replied Ramsay; "and that you should also be paid for it. I will arrange all that before I leave the vessel. But now I shall retire to my bed. Have you one ready?"

"I have none but what you see," observed Vanslyperken. "It is my own, but at your service."

"I shall accept it," replied Ramsay, putting his pistols under his pillow, after having thrown himself on the outside of the bed-clothes, pulling his roque-laure over him. "And now you will oblige me by turning that ear out of the cabin, for his smell is any thing but pleasant."

Vanslyperken had no idea of his passenger so coolly taking possession of his bed, but to turn out Snarley yow as well as himself, appeared an unwarrantable liberty. But he felt that he had but to submit, for Ramsay was despotic, and he was afraid of him.

After much resistance, Snarley yow was kicked out by his master, who then went on deck not in the very best of humours, at finding he had so completely sold himself to those who might betray and hang him the very next day. "At all events," thought Vanslyperken, "I'm well paid for it."

It was now daylight, and the cutter was running with a favourable breeze; the hands were turned up, and Corporal Van Spitter came on deck. Vanslyperken, who had been running over in his mind all the events which had latterly taken place, had considered that, as he had lost the Portsmouth widow, he might as well pursue his suit with the widow Vandersloosh, especially as she had sent such a conciliating message by the corporal, and perceiving the corporal on deck, he beckoned to him to approach. Vanslyperken then observed, that he was angry the other day, and that the corporal need not give that message to the Frau Vandersloosh, as he intended to call upon her himself upon his arrival. Van Spitter, who did not know any thing about the Portsmouth widow, and could not imagine why the angry message had been given, of course assented, although he was fully determined that the widow should be informed of the insult. The question was now, how to be able to go on shore himself; and to compass that without suspicion, he remarked that the maid Babette was a very fine maid, and he should like to see her again.

This little piece of confidence was not thrown away. Vanslyperken was too anxious to secure the corporal, and he replied, that the corporal should go on shore and see her, if he pleased; upon which Corporal Van Spitter, made his best military salute, turned round on his heel, and walked away, laughing in his sleeve at having so easily gulled his superior.

On the third morning the cutter had arrived at her destined port. During the passage Ramsay had taken possession of the cabin, ordering every thing as he pleased, much to the surprise of the crew. Mr. Vanslyperken spoke of him as a king's messenger, but still Smallbones, who took care to hear what was

going on, reported the abject submission shown to Ramsay, by the lieutenant, and this was the occasion of great marvel; moreover, they doubted his being a king's messenger, for, as Smallbones very shrewdly observed, "Why, if he was a king's messenger, did he not come with the despatches?" However, they could only surmise, and no more. But the dog being turned out of the cabin in compliance with Ramsay's wish, was the most important point of all. They could have got over all the rest, but that was quite incomprehensible, and they all agreed with Coble, when he observed, hitching up his trowsers, "Depend upon it, there's a screw loose somewhere."

As soon as the cutter was at anchor, Ramsay ordered his portmanteau into the boat, and Vanslyperken having accompanied him on shore, they separated, Ramsay informing Vanslyperken that he would wish to see him the next day, and giving him his address.

Vanslyperken delivered his despatches, and then hastened to the widow Vandersloosh, who received him with a well-assumed appearance of mingled pleasure and reserve.

Vanslyperken led her to the sofa, poured forth a multitudinous compound composed of regret, devotion, and apologies, which at last appeared to have melted the heart of the widow, who once more gave him her hand to salute.

Vanslyperken, was all rapture at so unexpected a reconciliation: the name of the cur was not mentioned, and Vanslyperken thought to himself, "This will do—let me only once get you, my frau, and I'll teach you to wish my dog dead at your porch."

On the other hand the widow thought, "And so this atomy really believes that I would look upon him. Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see how it ends. Your cur under my bed, indeed, so sure do you never——. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken."

There is a great deal of humbug in this world that is certain.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In which we have at last introduced a decent sort of heroine, who, however, only plays a second in our history, Snarleylow being first fiddle.

BUT we must leave Mr. Vanslyperken, and the widow, and the Yung-frau, and all connected with her, for the present, and follow the steps of Ramsay, in doing which we shall have to introduce new personages in our little drama.

As soon as Ramsay had taken leave of Vanslyperken, being a stranger at Amsterdam, he inquired his way to the Golden Street, in which resided Mynheer Van Krause, syndic of the town, and to whom he had obtained his principal letters of introduction. The syndic's house was too well known not to be immediately pointed out to him, and in ten minutes he found himself, with the sailors at his heels who had been ordered to carry up his baggage, at a handsomely carved door painted in bright green, and with knockers of massive brass which glittered in the sun.

Ramsay as he waited a few seconds, looked up at the house, which was large and with a noble front to the wide street in face of it, not, as usual with most

of the others, divided in the centre by a canal running the whole length of it. The door was opened, and led into a large paved yard, the sides of which were lined with evergreens in large tubs, painted of the same bright green colour; adjoining to the yard was a small garden enclosed with high walls, which was laid out with great precision, and in small beds full of tulips, ranunculas, and other bulbs now just appearing above the ground. The sailors waited outside while the old grey-headed servitor who had opened the gate, ushered Ramsay through the court to a second door which led into the house. The hall into which he entered was paved with marble, and the staircase bold and handsome which led to the first floor, but on each side of the hall there were wooden partitions and half glass doors, through which Ramsay could see that the rest of the basement was appropriated to warehouses, and that in the warehouse at the back of the building there were people busily employed hoisting out merchandize from the vessels in the canal, the water of which adjoined the very walls. Ramsay followed the man upstairs, who showed him into a very splendidly-furnished apartment, and then went to summon his master, who, he said, was below in the warehouse, Ramsay had but a minute or two to examine the various objects which decorated the room, particularly some very fine pictures, when Mynheer Von Krause, made his appearance with some open tablets in his hand and his pen across his mouth. He was a very short man, with a respectable paunch, a very small head, quite bald, a keen blue eye, reddish but straight nose, and a very florid complexion. There was nothing vulgar about his appearance, although his figure was against him. His countenance was one of extreme frankness, mixed with considerable intelligence, and his whole manner gave you the idea of precision and calculation.

"You would—tyfel—I forgot my pen," said the syndic, catching it as it fell out of his mouth. "You would speak with me, mynheer! To whom have I the pleasure of addressing myself?"

"These letters, sir," replied Ramsay, "will inform you."

Mynheer Van Krause laid his tablets on the table, putting his pen across to mark the leaf where he had them open, and taking the letters, begged Ramsay to be seated. He then took a chair, pulled a pair of hand-glasses out of his pocket, laid them on his knees, broke the seals, and falling back so as to recline, commenced reading. As soon as he had finished the first letter, he put his glasses down from his eyes, and made a bow to Ramsay, folded the open letter the length of the sheet, took out his pencil, and on the outside wrote the date of the letter, the day of the month, name, and the name of the writer. Having done this, he laid the first letter down on the table, took up the second, raised up his glasses, and performed the same duty towards it, and thus he continued until he had read the whole six, always, as he concluded each letter, making the same low bow to Ramsay which he had after the perusal of the first. Ramsay, who was not a little tired of all this precision, at last fixed his eyes upon a Wouwermann which hung near him, and only took them off when he guessed the time of bowing to be at hand.

The last having been duly marked and numbered, Mynheer Van Krause turned to Ramsay, and said,

"I am most happy, mynheer, to find under my roof a young gentleman so much recommended by many valuable friends; moreover, as these letters give me to understand, so warm a friend to our joint sovereign, and so inimical to the Jacobite party. I am informed by these letters that you intend to remain at Amsterdam. If so, I trust that you will take up your quarters in this house."

To this proposal Ramsay, who fully expected it, gave a willing consent, saying, at the same time, that he had proposed going to a hotel; But Mynheer Van Krause insisted on sending for Ramsay's luggage. He had not far to send, as it was at the door.

"How did you come over?" inquired the host.

"In a king's cutter," replied Ramsay, "which waited for me at Portsmouth."

This intimation produced another very low bow from Mynheer Van Krause, as it warranted the importance of his guest; but he then rose, and apologising for his presence being necessary below, as they were unloading a cargo of considerable value, he ordered his old porter to show Mr. Ramsay into his rooms, and to take up his luggage, informing his guest that, it being now twelve o'clock, dinner would be on the table at half-past one, during which interval he begged Ramsay to amuse himself, by examining the pictures, books, &c., with which the room was well furnished. Then, resuming his tablets and pen, and taking the letters with him, Mynheer Van Krause made a very low bow, and left Ramsay to himself, little imagining that he had admitted an attainted traitor under his roof.

Ramsay could speak Dutch fluently, for he had been quartered two years at Middleburg, when he was serving in the army. As soon as the sailors had taken up his portmanteau, and he had dismissed them with a gratuity, the extent of which made the old porter open his eyes with astonishment, and gave him a favourable opinion of his master's new guest, he entered into conversation with the old man, who, like Eve upon another occasion, was tempted, nothing loth, for the old man loved to talk; and in a house so busy as the syndie's, there were few who had time to chatter, and those who had, preferred other conversation to what, it must be confessed, was rather prosy.

"Mein Gott, mynheer, you must not expect to have company here all day. My master has the town business and his own business to attend to: he can't well get through it all: besides, now is a busy time, the schuyts are bringing up the cargo of a vessel from a far voyage, and Mynheer Krause always goes to the warehouse from breakfast till dinner, and then again from three or four o'clock till six. After that he will stay above, and then he sees company, and hears our young lady sing."

"Young lady! has he a daughter then?"

"He has a daughter, mynheer—only one—only one child—no son, it is a pity; and so much money too, they say. I don't know how many stivers and guilders she will have by-and-by."

"Is not Madame Krause still alive?"

"No, mynheer, she died when this maiden was born. She was a good lady, cured me once of the yellow jaundice."

Ramsay, like all young men, wondered what sort of a person this lady might be; but he was too discreet to put the question. He was, however, pleased to hear that there was a young female in the house,

as it would make the time pass away more agreeably; not that he expected much. Judging from the father, he made up his mind, as he took his clothes out of his valise, that she was very short, very prim, and had a hooked nose.

The old man now left the room to allow Ramsay to dress, and telling him that if he wanted any thing, he had only to call for Kooops, which was his name, but going out, he returned to say, that Ramsay must call rather loud, as he was a little hard of hearing.

"Well," thought Ramsay, as he was busy with his toilet, "here I am safe lodged at last, and every thing appears as if it would prosper. There is something in my position which my mind revolts at, but stratagem is necessary in war. I am in the enemy's camp to save my own life, and to serve the just cause. It is no more than what they attempt to do with us. It is my duty to my lawful sovereign, but still—I do not like it. Then the more merit in performing a duty so foreign to my inclinations."

Such were the thoughts of Ramsay, who, like other manly and daring dispositions, was dissatisfied with playing the part of a deceiver, although he had been selected for the service, and his selection had been approved of at the court of St. Germain's.

Open warfare would have suited him better; but he would not repine at what he considered he was bound in fealty to perform, if required, although he instinctively shrank from it. His toilet was complete, and Ramsay descended into the reception-room: he had been longer than usual, but probably that was because he wished to commune with himself, or it might be, because he had been informed that there was a young lady in the house.

The room was empty when Ramsay entered it, and he took the advice of his host, and amused himself by examining the pictures, and other articles of *verf*, with which the room was filled.

At last, having looked at every thing, Ramsay examined a splendid clock on the mantelpiece, before the fine glass, which mounted to the very top of the lofty room, when, accidentally casting his eyes to the looking-glass, he perceived in it that the door of the room, to which his back was turned, was open, and that a female was standing there, apparently surprised to find a stranger, and not exactly knowing whether to advance or retreat. Ramsay remained in the same position, as if he did not perceive her, that he might look at her without her being aware of it. It was, as he presumed, the syndie's daughter; but how different from the person he had conjured up in his mind's eye, when at his toilet! Apparently about seventeen or eighteen years of age, she was rather above the height of woman, delicately formed, although not by any means thin in her person: her figure possessing all that feminine luxuriance, which can only be obtained when the bones are small, but well covered. Her face was oval, and brilliantly fair. Her hair of a dark chestnut, and her eyes of a deep blue. Her dress was simple to the extreme. She wore nothing but the white woollen petticoats of the time, so short, as to show above her ankles, and a sort of little jacket of fine green cloth, with lappets, which descended from the waist, and opened in front. Altogether, Ramsay thought that he had never in his life seen a young female so peculiarly attractive at first sight: there was a freshness in her air and appearance so uncommon, so unlike the general crowd. As she

stood in a state of uncertainty, her mouth opened, and displayed small and beautifully white teeth.

Gradually she receded, supposing that she had not been discovered, and closed the door quietly after her, leaving Ramsay for a few seconds at the glass, with his eyes fixed upon the point at which she had disappeared.

Ramsay of course fell into a reverie, as most men do in a case of this kind; but he had not proceeded very far into it before he was interrupted by the appearance of the syndic, who entered by another door.

"I am sorry to have been obliged to leave you to your own company, Mynheer Ramsay, so soon after your arrival; but my arrangement of time is regular, and I cannot make any alteration. Before you have been with us long, I trust that you will find means of amusement. I shall have great pleasure in introducing you to many friends whose time is not so occupied as mine. Once again let me say how happy I am to receive so distinguished a young gentleman under my roof. Did the cutter bring despatches for the States General, may I inquire?"

"Yes," replied Ramsay, "she did; and they are of some importance."

"Indeed!" rejoined Mynheer inquisitively.

"My dear sir," said Ramsay, blushing at his own falsehood, "we are, I believe, both earnest in one point, which is to strengthen the good cause. Under such an impression, and having accepted your hospitality, I have no right to withhold what I know, but with which others are not acquainted."

"My dear sir," interrupted Krause, who was now fully convinced of the importance of his guest, "you do me justice; I am firm and steadfast in the good cause. I am known to be so, and I am also, I trust, discreet; confiding to my tried friends, indeed, but it will be generally acknowledged that Mynheer Krause has possessed, and safely guarded, the secrets of the state."

Now, in the latter part of this speech, Mynheer Krause committed a small mistake. He was known to be a babler, one to whom a secret could not be imparted, without every risk of its being known; and it was from the knowledge of this failing in Mynheer Krause that Ramsay had received such very particular recommendations to him. As syndic of the town, it was impossible to prevent his knowledge of government secrets, and when these occasionally escaped, they were always traced to his not being able to hold his tongue.

Nothing pleased Mynheer Krause so much as a secret, because nothing gave him so much pleasure as whispering it confidentially into the ear of a dozen confidential friends. The consequence was, the government was particularly careful that he should not know what was going on, and did all they could to prevent it; but there were many others who, although they could keep a secret, had no objection to part with it for a consideration, and in the enormous commercial transactions of Mynheer Krause, it was not unfrequent for a good bargain to be struck with him by one or more of the public functionaries, the difference between the sum proposed and accepted being settled against the interests of Mynheer Krause, by the party putting him in possession of some government movement which had hitherto been kept *in petto*. Every man has his hobby, and usually pays dear for it, so did Mynheer Krause.

Now when it is remembered that Ramsay had opened and read the whole of the despatches, it may at once be supposed what a valuable acquaintance he would appear to Mynheer Krause; but we must not anticipate. Ramsay's reply was, "I feel it my bounden duty to impart all I am possessed of to my very worthy host, but allow me to observe, Mynheer, that prudence is necessary—we may be overheard."

"I am pleased to find one of your age so circumspect," replied Krause; "perhaps it would be better to defer our conversation till after supper, but in the meantime, could you not just give me a little inkling of what is going on?"

Ramsay had difficulty in stifling a smile at this specimen of Mynheer Krause's eagerness for intelligence. He very gravely walked up to him, looked all round the room as if he was afraid that the walls would hear him, and then whispered for a few seconds into the ear of his host.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Krause, looking up into Ramsay's face.

Ramsay nodded his head authoritatively.

"Gott in himmel!" exclaimed the syndic; but the bell for dinner rang a loud peal. "Dinner is on the table, mynheer," continued the syndic, "allow me to show you the way. We will talk this over to-night. Gott in himmel! Is it possible?"

Mynheer Krause led the way to another saloon, where Ramsay found not only the table prepared, but, as he had anticipated, the daughter of his host, to whom he was introduced. "Wilhelmina," said Mynheer Krause, "our young friend will stay with us, I trust, some time, and you must do all you can to make him comfortable. You know, my dear, that business must be attended to. With me, time is money, so much so, that I can scarcely do justice to the affairs of the state devolving upon me in virtue of my office. You must therefore join with me, and do your best to amuse our guest."

To this speech Wilhelmina made no reply, but by a gracious inclination of her head towards Ramsay, which was returned with all humility. The dinner was excellent, and Ramsay amused himself very well indeed until it was over. Mynheer Krause then led the way to the saloon, called for coffee, and, as soon as he had finished it, made an apology to his guest, and left him alone with his beautiful daughter.

Wilhelmina Krause was a young person of strong mind irregularly cultivated; she had never known the advantage of a mother's care, and was indeed self-educated. She had a strong tinge of romance in her character, and, left so much alone, she loved to indulge in it.

In other points she was clever, well read, and accomplished, graceful in her manners, open in her disposition to a fault, for, like her father, she could not keep a secret, not even the secrets of her own heart; for whatever she thought she gave utterance to, which is not exactly the custom in this world, and often attended with unpleasant consequences.

The seclusion in which she had been kept added to the natural timidity of her disposition—but when once intimate, it also added to her confiding character. It was impossible to see without admiring her, to know her without loving her; for she was Nature herself, and at the same time it her person one of Nature's master-pieces.

As we observed, when they retired to the saloon,

Mynheer Krause very shortly quitted them, to attend to his affairs below, desiring his daughter to exert herself for the amusement of his guest; the contrary, however, was the case, for Ramsay exerted himself to amuse her, and very soon was successful, for he could talk of courts and kings, of courtiers and of people, and of a thousand things, all interesting to a young girl who had lived secluded; and as his full-toned voice, in measured and low pitch, fell upon Wilhelmina's ear, she never perhaps was so much interested. She seldom ventured a remark, except it was to request him to proceed, and the eloquent language with which Ramsay clothed his ideas, added a charm to the novelty of his conversation. In the course of two hours Ramsay had already acquired a moral influence over Wilhelmina, who looked up to him with respect, and another feeling, which we can only define by saying that it was certainly any thing but ill-will.

The time passed so rapidly, that the two young people could hardly believe it possible that it was past six o'clock, when they were interrupted by the appearance of Mynheer Krause, who came from his counting-house, the labours of the day being over. In the summer time it was his custom to take his daughter out in the carriage at this hour, but the weather was too cold, and, moreover, it was nearly dark. A conversation ensued on general topics, which lasted till supper time; after this repast was over Wilhelmina retired, leaving Ramsay and the syndie alone.

It was then that Ramsay made known to his host the contents of the despatches, much to Mynheer Krause's surprise and delight, who felt assured that his guest must be strong in the confidence of the English government, to be able to communicate such intelligence. Ramsay, who was aware that the syndie would sooner or later know what had been written, of course was faithful in his detail: not so, however, when they canvassed the attempts of the Jacobite party; then Mr. Krause was completely mystified.

It was not till a late hour that they retired to bed. The next morning, the syndie, big with his intelligence, called upon his friends in person, and much to their surprise told them the contents of the despatches which had been received—and, much to his delight, discovered that he had been correctly informed. He also communicated what Ramsay had told him relative to the movements of the Court of St. Germain, and this unintentionally false intelligence was forwarded to England as from good authority. It hardly need be observed, that in a very short time Ramsay had gained the entire confidence of his host, and we may add also, of his host's daughter; but we must leave him for the present to follow up his plans, whatever they may be, and return to the personages more immediately connected with this narrative.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In which Jemmy Ducks proves the truth of Moggy's assertion, that there was no one like him before or since—Nancy and Jemmy serenade the stars.

As soon as Moggy landed at the Point with her dear darling duck of a husband, as she called him, she put his chest and hammock on a barrow, and had them wheeled up to her own lodgings, and then they went out to call upon Nancy Corbett to make their

future arrangements; Moggy proceeding in rapid strides, and Jemmy trotting with his diminutive legs behind her, something like a stout pony by the side of a large horse. It was in pedestrianism that Jemmy most felt his inferiority, and the protecting fond way in which Moggy would turn round every minute, and say, "Come along, my duck," would have been irritating to any other but one of Jemmy's excellent temper. Many looked at Jemmy as he waddled along, smiled, and passed on; one unfortunate nymph, however, ventured to stop, and putting her arms a-kimbo, looked down upon him, and exclaimed, "Vel, you are a nice little man," and then commenced singing the old refrain—

"I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him drum;"

when Moggy, who had turned back, saluted her with such a box on the ear that she made the drum of it ring again. The young lady was not one of those who would offer the other cheek to be smitten, and she immediately flew at Moggy and returned the blow; but Jemmy, who liked quiet, caught her round the legs, and, as if she had been a feather, threw her over his head, so that she fell down in the gutter behind him with a violence which was any thing but agreeable. She gained her legs again, looked at her soiled garments, scraped the mud off her cheek—we are sorry to add, made use of some very improper language, and finding herself in the minority, walked off, turning round and shaking her fist at every twenty paces.

Moggy and her husband continued their course as if nothing had happened, and arrived at the house of Nancy Corbett, who had, as may be supposed, changed her lodgings, and kept out of sight of Vanslyperken. Nancy was no stranger to Jemmy Ducks; so far as his person went, he was too remarkable a character not to be known by her who knew almost every body; and, moreover, she had made sufficient inquiries about his character. The trio at once proceeded to business; Jemmy had promised his wife to join the smugglers, and it was now arranged, that both he and his wife should be regularly enlisted in the gang, she to remain at the cave with the women, unless her services were required elsewhere, he to belong to the boat. There was, however, one necessary preliminary still to be taken, that of Jemmy and his wife both taking the oath of fidelity at the house of the Jew Lazarus; but it was not advisable to go there before dusk; so they remained with Nancy till that time, during which she was fully satisfied that in both parties the band would have an acquisition, for Nancy was very keen and penetrating, and had a great insight into human nature.

At dusk, to the house of Lazarus they accordingly repaired, and were admitted by the cautious Jew. Nancy stated why they had come; and there being at the time several of the confederates, as usual, in the house, they were summoned by the Jew to be witnesses to the oath being administered. Half a dozen dark-looking, bold men soon made their appearance, and recognised Nancy by nods of their heads.

"Who have we here, old father Abraham?" exclaimed a stout man, who was dressed in a buff jerkin and a pair of boots which rose above his knees.

"A good man and true," replied Nancy, taking up the answer.

"Why, you don't call that thing a man!" exclaimed the fierce-looking confederate with contempt.

"As good a man as ever stood in your boots," replied Moggy in wrath.

"Indeed: well, perhaps so, if he could only see his way when once into them," replied the man, with a loud laugh, in which he was joined by his companions.

"What can you do, my little man?" said another of a slighter build than the first, coming forward and putting his hand upon Jimmy's head.

Now Jimmy was the best-tempered fellow in the world, but, at the same time, the very best-tempered people have limits to their forbearance, and do not like to be taken liberties with by strangers: so felt Jimmy, who, seizing the young man firmly by the waistband of his trousers just below the hips, lifted him from the ground, and with a strength which astonished all present, threw him clean over the table, his body sweeping away both the candles, so they were all left in darkness.

"I can douse a glim anyhow," cried Jimmy.

"That's my darling duck," cried Moggy, delighted with this proof of her husband's vigour.

Some confusion was created by this manœuvre on the part of Jimmy, but candles were reproduced, and the first man who spoke, feeling as if this victory on the part of Jimmy was a rebuke to himself, again commenced his interrogations.

"Well, my little man, you are strong in the arms, but what will you do with your legs?"

"Not run away, as you have done a hundred times," replied Jimmy, scornfully.

"Now, by the god of war, you shall answer for this," replied the man, catching hold of Jimmy by the collar; but in a moment he was tripped up by Jimmy, and fell down with great violence on his back.

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed the rest, who took part with Jimmy.

"That's my own little duck," cried Moggy: "you've shown him what you can do, anyhow."

The man rose, and was apparently feeling for some arms secreted about his person, when Nancy Corbett stepped forward.

"Do you dare?" cried she; "take what you have received, and be thankful, or—" and Nancy held up her little forefinger.

The man slunk back upon the others in silence. The old Jew, who had not interfered, being in presence of Nancy, who had superior commands, now read the oath, which was of a nature not to be communicated to the reader without creating disgust. It was however such an oath as was taken in those times, and has since been frequently taken in Ireland. It was subscribed to by Jimmy and his wife without hesitation, and they were immediately enrolled among the members of the association. As soon as this ceremony had been gone through, Nancy and her protégées quitted the house, and returned to her lodgings, when it was agreed that the next night they should go over to the island, as Jimmy's services were required in the boat in lieu of Ramsay, whose place as steersman he was admirably qualified to occupy—much better, indeed, than that of a rower, as his legs were too short to reach the stretcher where it was usually fixed.

The next evening the weather was calm and clear;

and when they embarked in the boat of the old fisherman, with but a small portion of their effects, the surface of the water was unruffled, and the stars twinkled brightly in the heavens; one article which Jimmy never parted with was in his hand, his fiddle. They all took their seats, and the old fisherman shoved off his boat, and they were soon swept out of the harbour by the strong ebb tide.

"An't this better than being on board with Vanslyperken, and your leave stopped?" observed Moggy.

"Yes," replied the husband.

"And I not permitted to go on board to see my duck of a husband—confound his snivelling carcass!" continued Moggy.

"Yes," replied Jimmy, thoughtfully.

"And in company with that supernatural cur of his?"

Jimmy nodded his head, and then in his abstraction touched the strings of his violin.

They say that you are clever with your instrument, Mr. Salisbury," observed Nancy Corbett.

"That he is," replied Moggy; "and he sings like a darling duck. Don't you, Jimmy, my dear?"

"Quack, quack," replied Jimmy.

"Well, Mr. Salisbury, there's no boat that I can see near us, or even in sight; and if there was, it were little matter. I suppose you will let me hear you, for I shall have little opportunity after this!"

"With all my heart," replied Jimmy; who, taking up his fiddle, and playing upon the strings like a guitar, after a little reflection sang as follows:

Bless my eyes, how young Bill threw his shiners away,

As he drank and he danced, when he first came on shore;

It was clear that he fancied that with his year's pay,

Like the bank of old England, he'd never be poor.

So when the next day, with a southerly wind in

His pockets, he came up, my rhino to borrow;

"You're welcome," says I, "Bill," as I forked out the tin,

"But when larking to-day—don't forget there's to-morrow."

When our frigate came to from a cruise in the west,

And her yards were all squared, her sails neatly furled,

Young Tom clasp'd his Nancy so loved to his breast,

As if but themselves there was none in the world.

Between two of the guns they were fondly at play,

All billing and kissing, forgetting all sorrow;

"Love, like cash," says I, "Nan, may all go in a day,

While you hug him so close—don't forget there's to-morrow."

When a hurricane swept us smack smooth fore and aft,

When we dash'd on the rock, and we flounder'd on shore,

As we sigh'd for the loss of our beautiful craft,

Convinced that the like we should never see more;

Says I, "My good fellows," as huddled together,

They shiver'd and shook, each phiz black with sorrow,

"Remember, it's not to be always foul weather,

So with ill-luck to day, don't forget there's to-morrow!"

"And not a bad hint, neither, Mr. Salisbury," said Nancy, when Jimmy ceased. "You sailors never think of to-morrow, more's the pity. You're no better than overgrown babies."

"I'm not much better, at all events," replied Jimmy, laughing: "however, I'm as God made me, and so all's right."

"That's my own darling Jemmy," said Moggy; "and if you're content, and I'm content, who is to say a word, I should like to know! You may be a rum one to look at, but I think them fellows found you but a rum customer the other night."

"Don't put so much rum in your discourse, Moggy; you make me long for a glass of grog."

"Then your mouth will find the water," rejoined Nancy; "but, however, singing is dry work, and I am provided. Pass my basket aft, old gentleman, and we will find Mr. Salisbury something to wet his whistle." the boatman handed the basket to Nancy, who pulled out a bottle and glass which she filled, and handed to Jemmy.

"Now, Mr. Salisbury, I expect some more songs," said Nancy.

"And you shall have them, mistress; but I've heard say that you've a good pipe of your own; suppose that you give me one in return!—that will be but fair play."

"Not exactly, for you'll have the grog in the bargain," replied Nancy.

"Put my fiddle against the grog, and then all's square."

"I have not sung for many a day," replied Nancy, musing, and looking up at the bright twinkling stars. "I once sang, when I was young—and happy—I then sang all the day long; that was really singing, for it came from the merriness of my heart;" and Nancy paused. "Yes, I have sung since, and often, for they made me sing; but 'twas when my heart was heavy—or when its load had been for a time forgotten and drowned in wine. That was not singing, at least not the singing of by-gone days."

"But those times are by-gone, too, Mistress Nancy," said Moggy; "you have now your marriage lines, and are made an honest woman."

"Yes; and God keep me so, amen," replied Nancy mournfully.

Had not the night concealed it, a tear might have been seen by others in the boat to trickle down the cheek of Nancy Corbett, as she was reminded of her former life, as she again fixed her eyes upon the brilliant heavens. Each particular star appeared to twinkle brighter, as if they rejoiced to witness tears like those.

"You must be light o' heart now, Mistress Nancy," observed Jemmy soothingly.

"I am not unhappy," replied she, resting her cheek upon her hand.

"Mistress Nancy," said Moggy, "I should think a little of that stuff would do neither of us any harm; the night is rather bleak."

Moggy poured out a glass, and handed it to Nancy; she drank it, and it saved her from a flood of tears, which otherwise she would have been unable to repress. In a minute or two, during which Moggy helped herself and the old boatman, Nancy's spirits returned.

"Do you know this air?" said Nancy to Jemmy, humming it.

"Yes, yes, I know it well, Mistress Nancy. Will you sing to it?"

Nancy Corbett, who had been celebrated once for her sweet singing as well as her beauty, immediately commenced in a soft and melodious tone, while Jemmy touched his fiddle.

Lost, stolen, or stray'd
The heart of a young maid;
Whoever the same shall find,
And prove so very kind,
To yield it on desire,
They shall rewarded be,
And that most handsomely,
With kisses one, two, three.

Cupid is the crier.

King-a-ding, a-ding,

Cupid is the crier.

O yes! O yes! O yes!

Here is a pretty mess,
A maiden's heart is gone,
And she is left forlorn,
And panting with desire;
Whoever shall bring it me,
They shall rewarded be
With kisses one, two, three.

Cupid is the crier.

Ring-a-ding, a-ding,

Cupid is the crier.

'Twas lost on Sunday eve,
Or taken without leave,
A virgin's heart so pure,
She can't the loss endure,
And surely will expire;
Pity her misery.

Rewarded you shall be,

With kisses one, two, three.

Cupid is the crier,

Ring-a-ding, a-ding,

Cupid is the crier.

The maiden sought around,
It was not to be found,
She search'd each nook and dell,
Haunts she loved so well,
All anxious with desire;
The wind blew ope his vest,
When, lo! the toy in quest,
She found within the breast

Of Cupid, the false crier.

Ring-a-ding, a-ding-a-ding,

Cupid the false crier.

"Many thanks, Mistress Corbett, for a good song, sung in good tune, with a sweet voice," said Jemmy.

"I owe you one for that, and am ready to pay you on demand. You've a pipe like a missel thrush."

"Well, I do believe that I shall begin to sing again," replied Nancy. "I'm sure if Corbett was only once settled on shore in a nice little cottage, with a garden, and a black-bird in a wicker cage, I should try who could sing most, the bird or me."

"He will be by-and-by, when his work is done."

"Yes, when it is; but open boats, stormy seas, and the halter are heavy odds, Mr. Salisbury."

"Don't mention the halter, Mistress Nancy, you'll make me melancholy," replied Jemmy, "and I sha'n't be able to sing any more. Well, if they want to hang me, they need not rig the yard-arm; three handspikes as shears, and I shouldn't find soundings, heh! Moggy?"

Nancy laughed at the ludicrous idea; but Moggy exclaimed with vehemence, "Hang my Jemmy! my darling duck! I should like to see them."

"At all events, we'll have another song from him, Moggy, before they spoil his windpipe, which, I must say, would be a great pity; but, Moggy, there have been better men hung than your husband."

"Better men than my Jemmy, Mrs. Corbett! There never was one like him afore or since," replied Moggy, with indignation.

"I only meant of longer pedigree, Moggy," replied Nancy, soothingly.

"I don't know what that is," replied Moggy, still angry.

"Longer legs to be sure," replied Jemmy. "Never mind that, Moggy. Here goes, a song in two parts. It's a pity, Mistress Nancy, that you couldn't take one."

"When will you give up this life of wild roving?
When shall we be quiet and happy on shore?
When will you to church lead your Susan, so loving,
And sail on the treacherous billows no more?"

"My ship is my wife, Sue, no other I covet,
Till I draw the firm splice that's betwixt her and me
I'll roam on the ocean, for much do I love it—
To wed with another were rank bigamy."

"O William, what nonsense you talk, you are raving;
Pray how can a ship and a man become one?
You say so because you no longer are craving,
As once you were truly—and I am undone."

"You wrong me, my dearest, as sure as I stand here,
As sure as I'll sail again on the wide sea;
Some day I will settle, and marry with you, dear,
But now 'twould be nothing but rank bigamy."

"Then tell me the time, dear William, whenever
Your Sue may expect this divorce to be made:
When you'll surely be mine, when no object shall sever,
But lock'd in your arms I'm no longer afraid."

"The time it will be when my pockets are lined,
I'll then draw the splice 'twixt my vessel and me,
And lead you to church, if you're still so inclined—
But before, my dear Sue, 'twere rank bigamy."

"Thank you, Mr. Salisbury. I like the moral of that song; a sailor never should marry till he can settle on shore."

"What's the meaning of big-a-me?" said Moggy.

"Marrying two husbands or two wives, Mrs. Salisbury. Perhaps you might get off on the plea that you had only one and a half," continued Nancy, laughing.

"Well, perhaps she might," replied Jemmy, "if he were a judge of understanding."

"I should think, Mistress Nancy, you might as well leave my husband's legs alone," observed Moggy, affronted.

"Lord bless you, Moggy, if he's not angry, you surely should not be; I give a joke, and I can take one. You surely are not jealous!"

"Indeed I am though, and always shall be of any one who plays with my Jemmy."

"Or if he plays with any thing else!"

"Yes, indeed."

"Yes, indeed! then you must be downright jealous of his fiddle, Moggy," replied Nancy; "but never mind, you sha'n't be jealous now about nothing. I'll sing you a song, and then you'll forget all this." Nancy Corbett then sang as follows:—

Fond Mary sat on Henry's knee,
"I must be home exact," said he,
And see, the hour is come."

"No, Henry, you shall never go
Until me how to count you show,
That task must first be done."

Then Harry said, "As time is short,
Addition you must first be taught;—
Sum up these kisses sweet;

Now prove your sum by kissing me:—
Yes, that is right, 'twas three times three;—
Arithmetic's a treat.

"And now there is another term,
Subtraction you have yet to learn:
Take four away from these,
Yes, that is right, you've made it out,
Says Mary, with a pretty pout,
"Subtraction don't me please."

Division's next upon the list;
Young Henry taught while Mary kiss'd,
And much admired the rule;
"Now, Henry, don't you think me quick?"
"Why, yes, indeed, you've learn'd the trick;
At kissing you're no fool."

To multiply was next the game,
Which Henry, by the method same,
To Mary fain would show;
But here her patience was worn out,
She multiplied too fast, I doubt;
He could no farther go.

"And now we must leave off, my dear,
The other rules are not as clear,
We'll try at them to-night."
"I'll come at eve, my Henry sweet,
Behind the hawthorn hedge we'll meet,
For learning's my delight."

"That's a very pretty song, Mistress Corbett, and you've a nice collection, I've no doubt. If you've no objection, I'll exchange another with you."

"I should be most willing, Mr. Salisbury; but we are now getting well over, and we may as well be quiet, as I do not wish people to ask where we are going."

"You're right, ma'am," observed the old fisherman, who pulled the boat. "Put up your fiddle, master; there be plenty on the look-out, without our giving them notice."

"Very true," replied Jemmy, "so we break up our concert."

The whole party were now silent. In a quarter of an hour the boat was run into a cove, which concealed it from view; and, as soon as the fisherman had looked around to see the coast clear, they landed, and made haste to pass by the cottages; after that Nancy slackened her pace, and they walked during the night over to the other side of the island, and arrived at the cottages above the cave.

Here they left a portion of their burdens, and then proceeded to the path down the cliff which led to the cave. On Nancy giving the signal, the ladder was lowered, and they were admitted. As soon as they were upon the flat, Moggy embraced her husband, crying, "Here I have you, my own dear Jemmy, all to myself, and safe for ever."

CHAPTER XXX.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken treats the ladies.

On the second day after his arrival, Vanslyperken, as agreed, went up to the syndie's house to call upon Ramsay. The latter paid him down one hundred pounds for his passage and services, and Vanslyperken was so pleased, that he thought seriously, as soon as he had amassed sufficient money, to withdraw himself from the service, and retire with his ill-gotten gains; but when would a miser like Vanslyperken have amassed sufficient money! Alas! never, even if the halter were half round his neck. Ramsay then gave him instructions to Vanslyperken, advising him to call for letters previously to his sailing, and telling him that he must open the government despatches in the way to which he had been witness, take full memorandums of the contents, and bring them to him, for which service he would each time receive fifty pounds as a remuneration. Vanslyperken bowed to his haughty new acquaintance, and quitted the house.

"Yes," thought Ramsay, "that fellow is a low, contemptible traitor, and how infamous does treason appear in that wretch! but—I—I am no traitor—I have forfeited my property and risked my life in fidelity to my king, and in attempting to rid the world of an usurper and a tyrant. Here, indeed, I am playing a traitor's part to my host, but still I am doing my duty. An army without spies would be incomplete, and one may descend to that office for the good of one's country without tarnish or disgrace. But this sweet girl! Am I not a traitor to her already? Have not I formed visions in my imagination already of obtaining her hand, and her heart, and her fortune? Is not this treachery? Shall I not attempt to win her affections under disguise as her father's friend and partisan! But what have women to do with politics! Or if they have, do not they set so light a value upon them, that they will exchange them for a feather? Yes, surely when they love, their politics are the politics of those they cling to. At present, she is on her father's side; but if she leave her father and cleave to me, her politics will be transferred with her affections. But then her religion. She thinks me a Protestant. Well, love is all in all with women; not only politics but religion must yield to it; 'thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God,' as Ruth says in the Scriptures. She is wrong in politics, I will put her right. She is wrong in religion, I will restore her to the bosom of the church. Her wealth would be sacrificed to some heretic; it were far better that it belonged to one who supports the true religion and the good cause. In what way, therefore, shall I injure her? On the contrary." And Ramsay walked down stairs to find Wilhelmina. Such were the arguments used by the young cavalier, and with which he fully satisfied himself that he was doing rightly; and he argued the other side of the question, he would have been equally convinced, as most people are, when they argue without any opponent; but we must leave him to follow Vanslyperken.

Mr. Vanslyperken walked away from the syndie's house with the comfortable idea that one side of him was heavier than the other by one hundred guineas. He also ruminated; he had already obtained three hundred pounds, no small sum, in those days, for a

lieutenant. It is true that he had lost the chance of thousands by the barking of Snarleyvow, and he had lost the fair Portsmouth widow; but then he was again on good terms with the Frau Vandersloosh, and was in a fair way of making his fortune, and, as he considered, with small risk. His mother, too, attracted a share of his reminiscences; the old woman would soon die, and then he would have all that she had saved. Smallbones occasionally intruded himself, but that was but for a moment. And Mr. Vanslyperken walked away very well satisfied, upon the whole, with his *esse* and *posse*. He wound up by flattering himself that he should wind up with the savings of his mother, his half-pay, the widow's guilders, and his own property;—altogether, it would be pretty comfortable. But we leave him, and return to Corporal Van Spitter.

Corporal Van Spitter had had wisdom enough to dupe Vanslyperken, and persuade him that he was very much in love with Babette; and Vanslyperken, who was not at all averse to this amour, permitted the corporal to go on shore and make love. As Vanslyperken did not like the cutter and Snarleyvow to be left without the corporal or himself, he always remained on board when the corporal went, so that the widow had enough on hand—pretending love all the morning with the lieutenant, and indemnifying herself by real love with the corporal after dusk. Her fat hand was kissed and slobbered from morning to night, but it was half for love and half for revenge.

But we must leave the corporal, and return to Jimmy Ducks. Jimmy was two days in the cave before the arrival of the boat, during which he made himself a great favourite, particularly with Lilly, who sat down and listened to his fiddle and his singing. It was a novelty in the cave, any thing like amusement. On the third night, however, Sir Robert Barclay came back from Cherbourg, and as he only remained one hour, Jimmy was hastened on board, taking leave of his wife, but not parting with his fiddle. He took his birth as steersman, in lieu of Ramsay, and gave perfect satisfaction. The intelligence brought over by Sir Robert rendered an immediate messenger to Portsmouth necessary; and, as it would create less suspicion, Moggy was the party now intrusted in lieu of Nancy, who had been lately seen too often, and it was supposed, had been watched. Moggy was not sorry to receive her instructions, which were to remain at Portsmouth until Lazarus the Jew should give her further orders; for there was one point which Moggy was most anxious to accomplish, now that she could do it without risking a retaliation upon her husband, which was, to use her own expression, to pay off that snivelling old rascal, Vanslyperken.

But we must leave Moggy and the movements of individuals, and return to our general history. The Yungfrau was detained a fortnight at Amsterdam, and then received the despatches of the states-general and those of Ramsay, with which Vanslyperken returned to Portsmouth. On his arrival, he went through the usual routine at the admiral's and the Jew's, received his *douceur* and hastened to his mother's house, when he found the old woman, as she constantly prophesied, not dead yet.

"Well, child, what have you brought—more gold?"
 "Yes," replied Vanslyperken, laying down the one hundred and fifty guineas which he had received.
 "Bless thee, my son—bless thee!" said the old

woman, laying her palsied hand upon Vanslyperken's head. "It is not often I bless—I never did bless as I can recollect—I like cursing better. My blessing must be worth something, if it's only for its scarcity; and do you know why I bless thee, my Cornelius? Because—ha, ha, ha! because you are a murderer and a traitor, and you love gold."

Even Vanslyperken shuddered at the hag's address.

"What do you ever gain by doing good in this world? nothing but laughter and contempt. I began the world like a fool, but I shall go out of it like a wise woman, hating, despising every thing but gold. And I have had my revenge in my time—yes—yes—the world, my son, is divided into only two parts, those who cheat, and those who are cheated—those who master, and those who are mastered—those who are shackled by superstitions and priests, and those who, like me, fear neither God nor devil. We must all die; yes, but I sha'n't die yet—no, no."

And Vanslyperken almost wished that he could gain the unbelief of the decrepit woman whom he called mother, and who, on the verge of eternity, held fast to such a creed.

"Well, mother, perhaps it may be you are right—I never gained any thing by a good action yet."

Query. Had he ever done a good action?

"You're my own child, I see, after all; you have my blessing, Cornelius, my son—go and prosper. Get gold—get gold," replied the old hag, taking up the money, and locking it up in the oak chest.

Vanslyperken then narrated to his mother the unexpected interview with Smallbones, and his surmise that the lad was supernaturally gifted. "Ah, well," replied she, "those who are born to be hung will die by no other death; but still it does not follow that they will not die. You shall have your revenge, my child. The lad shall die. Try again; water, you say, rejects him? Fire will not harm him. There is that which is of the earth and of the air left. Try again, my son; revenge is sweet, next to gold."

After two hours' conversation, it grew dark, and Vanslyperken departed, revolving in his mind, as he walked away, the sublime principles of religion and piety in the excellent advice given by his aged mother. "I wish I could only think as she does," muttered Vanslyperken, at last; and as he concluded this devout wish, his arm was touched by a neatly-dressed little girl, who courted, and asked if he was not Lieutenant Vanslyperken, belonging to the cutter. Vanslyperken replied in the affirmative, and the little girl then said that a lady, her mistress, wished to speak to him.

"Your mistress, my little girl?" said Vanslyperken, suspiciously; "and pray who is your mistress?"

"She is a lady, sir," replied the latter. "She was married to Major Williams, but he is dead."

"Hah! a widow; well, what does she want? I don't know her."

"No, sir, and she don't know you; but she told me, if you did not come at once, to give you this paper to read."

Vanslyperken took the paper, and walking to the window of a shop, in which there was a light, contrived to decipher as follows:—

"Sir,—

"The lady who lived in Castle street has sent me

a letter, and a parcel to deliver up into your own hands, as the parcel is of value. The bearer of this will bring you to my house.

"Your very obedient,

"JANE WILLIAMS.

"Two o'clock."

"Where does your mistress live, little girl?" inquired Vanslyperken, who immediately anticipated the portrait of the fair widow set in diamonds.

"She lives in one of the public houses on the hard, sir, on the first floor, while she is furnishing her lodgings."

"One of the public houses on the hard; well, my little girl, I will go with you."

"I have been looking for you every where, sir," said the little girl, walking, or rather trotting by the side of Vanslyperken, who strided along.

"Did your mistress know the lady who lived in Castle street?"

"O yes, sir, my mistress then lived next door to her in Castle street, but her lease was out, and now she has a much larger house in William street; but she is painting and furnishing all so handsome, sir, and so now she has taken the first floor of the Wheat-sheaf till she can get in it again."

And Mr. Vanslyperken thought it would be worth his while to reconnoitre this widow before he closed with the Frau Vandersloosh. How selfish men are!

In a quarter of an hour Mr. Vanslyperken and the little girl had arrived at the public-house in question. Mr. Vanslyperken did not much admire the exterior of the building, but it was too dark to enable him to take an accurate survey. It was, however, evident, that it was a pot-house, and nothing more, and Mr. Vanslyperken thought that lodgings must be very scarce in Portsmouth. He entered the first and inner door, and the little girl said she would go up-stairs and let her mistress know that he was come. She ran up, leaving Mr. Vanslyperken alone in the dark passage. He waited for some time, when his naturally suspicious temper made him think he had been deceived, and he determined to wait outside of the house, which appeared very disreputable. He therefore retreated to the inner door to open it, but found it fast. He tried it again and again, but in vain, and he became alarmed and indignant. Perceiving a light through another keyhole, he tried the door, and it was open; a screen was close to the door as he entered, and he could not see its occupants. Mr. Vanslyperken walked round, and as he did so, he heard the door closed and locked. He looked on the other side of the screen, and, to his horror, found himself in company with Moggy Salisbury, and about twenty other females. Vanslyperken made a precipitate retreat to the door, but he was met by three or four women, who held him fast by the arms. Vanslyperken would have disgraced himself by drawing his cutlass, but they were prepared for this, and while two of them pinioned his arms, one of them drew his cutlass from its sheath, and walked away with it. Two of the women contrived to hold his arms, while another pushed him in the rear, until he was brought from behind the screen into the middle of the room, facing his incarnate enemy, Moggy Salisbury.

"Good evening to you, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy, not rising from her chair. "It's very kind

of you to come and see me in this friendly way—come, take a chair, and give us all the news.”

“Mistress Salisbury, you had better mind what you are about with the king’s officer,” cried Vanslyperken, turning more pale at this mockery, than if he had been met with abuse. “There are constables, and stocks, and jails, and whipping-posts on shore, as well as the cat on board.”

“I know all that, Mr. Vanslyperken,” replied Moggy, calmly; “but that has nothing to do with the present affair: you have come of your own accord to this house to see somebody, that is plain, and you have found me. So now do as you’re bid, like a polite man; sit down and treat the ladies. Ladies, Mr. Vanslyperken stands treat, and please the pigs, we’ll make a night of it. What shall it be? I mean to take my share of a bottle of Oporto. What will you have, Mrs. Slamkoe?”

“I’ll take a bowl of burnt brandy, with your leave, Mrs. Salisbury, not being very well in my inside.”

“And you, my dear?”

“O punch for me—punch to the mast,” cried another. “I’ll drink enough to float a jolly boat. It’s very kind of Mr. Vanslyperken.”

All the ladies expressed their several wishes, and Vanslyperken knew not what to do; he thought he might as well make an effort, for the demand on his purse he perceived would be excessive, and he loved his money.

“You may all call for what you please,” said Vanslyperken, “but you’ll pay for what you call for. If you think that I am to be swindled this way out of my money, you’re mistaken. Every soul of you shall be whipped at the cart’s tail to-morrow.”

“Do you mean to insinuate that I am not a respectable person, sir?” said a fierce-looking virago, rubbing her fist against Vanslyperken’s nose. “Smell that.”

It was not a nosegay at all to the fancy of Mr. Vanslyperken; he threw himself back, and his chair fell with him. The ladies laughed, and Vanslyperken rose in great wrath.

“By all the devils in hell,” he exclaimed, whirling the chair round his head, “but I’ll do you a mischief.”

But he was soon pinioned from behind.

“This is very unpolite conduct,” said one; “you call yourself a gentleman?”

“What shall we do, ladies?”

“Do,” replied another; “let’s strip him, and pawn his clothes, and then turn him adrift.”

“Well, that’s not a bad notion,” replied the others, and they forthwith proceeded to take off Mr. Vanslyperken’s coat and waistcoat. How much further they would have gone it is impossible to say, for Mr. Vanslyperken had made up his mind to buy himself off as cheap as he could.

Be it observed, that Moggy never interfered, nor took any part in this violence; on the contrary, she continued sitting in her chair, and said, “Indeed, ladies, I request you will not be so violent; Mr. Vanslyperken is my friend. I am sorry that he will not treat you, but if he will not, I beg you will allow him to go away.”

“There, you hear,” cried Mr. Vanslyperken; “Mrs. Salisbury, am I at liberty to depart?”

“Most certainly, Mr. Vanslyperken; you have my full permission. Ladies, I beg that you will let him go.”

“No, by the living jingo, not till he treats us,” cried one of the women; “why did he come into this shop, but for nothing else? I’ll have my punch afore he starts.”

“And I my burnt brandy.” So cried they all, and Mr. Vanslyperken, whose coat and waistcoat were already off, and fingers very busy about the rest of his person, perceived that Moggy’s neutrality was all a sham; so he begged to be heard.

“Ladies, I’ll do any thing in reason. As far as five shillings—”

“Five shillings!” exclaimed the woman; no, no—why a foremast man would come down with more than that. And you a lieutenant! Five guineas, now, would be saying something.”

“Five guineas! why, I have not so much money. Upon my soul, I hav’n’t.”

“Let us see,” said one of the party, diving like an adept into Vanslyperken’s trousers’ pocket, and pulling out his purse. The money was poured out on the table, and twelve guineas counted out.

“Then whose money is this?” cried the woman; “not yours on your soul; have you been taking a purse to-night? I vote we send for a constable.”

“I quite forgot that I had put more money in my purse,” muttered Vanslyperken, who never expected to see it again. “I’ll treat you, ladies—treat you all to whatever you please.”

“Bravo! that’s spoken like a man,” cried the virago, giving Vanslyperken a slap on the back which knocked the breath out of his body.

“Bravo!” exclaimed another, “that’s what I call handsome; let’s all kiss him, ladies.”

Vanslyperken was forced to go through this ordeal, and then the door was unlocked, but carefully guarded, while the several orders were given.

“Who is to pay for all this?” exclaimed the landlady.

“This gentleman treats us all,” replied the woman.

“Oh! very well—is it all right, sir?”

Vanslyperken dared not say no; he was in their power, and every eye watched him as he gave his answer; so he stammered out “yes,” as, in a fit of despair at the loss of his money, he threw himself into his chair, and meditated revenge.

“Give Mr. Vanslyperken his purse, Susan,” said the prudent Moggy to the young woman who had taken it out of his pocket.

The purse was returned, and in a few minutes, the various liquors and mixtures demanded made their appearance, and the jollification commenced. Every one was soon quite happy, with the exception of Mr. Vanslyperken, who, like Pistol, ate his leek, swearing in his own mind he would be horribly revenged.

“Mr. Vanslyperken, you must drink my health in some of this punch,” Vanslyperken compressed his lips, and shook his head. “I say yes, Mr. Vanslyperken,” cried the virago, looking daggers; “if you don’t, we quarrel—that’s all.”

But Vanslyperken argued in his mind that his grounds of complaint would be weakened, if he partook of the refreshment which he had been forced to pay for, so he resolutely denied.

“Won’t you listen to my arguments, Mr. Vanslyperken?” continued the woman. “Vell, then, I must resort to the last, which I never knew fail yet.” The woman went to the fire and pulled out the poker,

which was red hot, from between the bars. "Now then, my beauty, you must kiss this, or drink some punch;" and she advanced it towards his nose, while three or four others held him fast on his chair behind; the poker, throwing out a glowing heat, was within an inch of the poor lieutenant's nose: he could stand it no more, his face and eyes were scorched.

"Yes, yes," cried he at last, "if I must drink, then I will. We will settle this matter by-and-by," cried Vanslyperken, pouring down with indignation the proffered glass.

"Now, Susan, don't ill-treat Mr. Vanslyperken; I purtest against all ill-treatment."

"Ill-treat, Mrs. Salisbury! I am only giving him a lesson in purliteness."

"Now Mr. What-the-devil's your name, you must drink off a glass of my burnt brandy, or I shall be jealous," cried another; "and when I am jealous I always takes to red-hot pokers." Resistance was in vain, the poker was again taken from between the bars, and the burnt brandy went down.

Again and again was Mr. Vanslyperken forced to pour down his throat all that was offered to him, or take the chance of having his nose burnt off.

"Is it not wrong to mix your liquors in this way, Mr. Vanslyperken?" said Moggy, in bitter mockery.

The first allowance brought in was now despatched, and the bell rung, and double as much more ordered, to Vanslyperken's great annoyance; but he was in the hands of the Philistines. What made the matter worse was, that the company grew every moment more uproarious, and there was no saying when they would stop.

"A song—a song—a song from Mr. Vanslyperken," cried out one of the party.

"Hurrah! yes, a song from the jolly lieutenant."

"I can't sing," replied Vanslyperken.

"You shall sing, by the piper who played before Moses," said the virago; "if not, you shall sing out to some purpose;" and the red-hot poker was again brandished in her masculine fist, and she advanced to him, saying, "Suppose we hargue that point?"

"Would you murder me, woman?"

"No; singing is no murder, but we ax a song, and a song we must have."

"I don't know one,—upon my honour I don't," cried Vanslyperken.

"Then we'll larn you. And now you repeat after me. 'Poll put her arms a-kimbo.' Sing—come, out with it." And the poker was again advanced.

"Oh God!" cried Vanslyperken.

"Sing, or by heavens I'll shorten your nose. Sing, I say," repeated the woman, advancing the poker so as actually to singe the skin.

"Take it away, and I will," cried Vanslyperken breathless.

"Well then, 'Poll put her arms a-kimbo.'"

"Poll put her arms a-kimbo," repeated Vanslyperken.

"That's saying, not singing," cried the woman. "Now again. 'At the admiral's house looked she.'"

"At the admiral's house looked she," replied Vanslyperken, in a whining tone.

Thus with the poker staring him in the face, was Vanslyperken made to repeat the very song for singing which he would have flogged Jemmy Ducks.

There was, however, a desperate attempt to avoid the last stanza.

"I'll give you a bit of my mind, old boy,
Port Admiral, you be d—d."

Nothing but the tip of his nose actually burnt would have produced these last words; but fear overcame him, and at last they were repeated. Upon which all the women shouted and shrieked with laughter, except Moggy, who continued sipping her port wine.

"Your good health, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy, drinking to him.

Vanslyperken wiped the perspiration off his forehead, and made no reply.

"You call yourself a gentleman, and not drink the health of the lady of the house!" cried virago Mrs. Slamkoe. "I'll hargue this point with you again."

The same never-failing argument was used, and Mr. Vanslyperken drank Mrs. Salisbury's health in a glass of the port wine which he was to have the pleasure of paying for.

"I must say, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy, "it was very hard for to wish to flog my poor Jemmy for singing a song which you have just now been singing yourself."

"Did he want to flog your Jemmy for that?"

"Yes, he did, indeed, ladies."

"Then, as sure as I stand here, and may this punch be my poison, if he sha'n't beg your pardon on his knees. Sha'n't he, girls?" cried Mrs. Slamkoe.

"Yes, yes, that he shall, or we'll poke him with the poker."

This was a dreadful threat, but the indignity, was so great, that Vanslyperken attempted to resist. It was, however, in vain; he was forced to go on his knees, and ask Mrs. Salisbury's pardon.

"Indeed, ladies, I do not wish it," said Moggy; "no, pray don't. Well Mr. Vanslyperken, pardon granted; so now kiss and make friends."

Mr. Vanslyperken, surrounded now by furies rather than Bacchanalians, kissed Mrs. Salisbury.

"What in the world would you have me do, you she-devils?" cried he at last, driven to desperation.

"This is language for a gentleman," said Mrs. Slamkoe.

"They shall make you do nothing more," replied Moggy. "I must retire, ladies, your freak's up. You know I never keep late hours. Ladies, I wish you all a very good night."

"Perhaps, Mr. Vanslyperken, you would wish to go. I'll send for the woman of the house, that you may settle the bill; I think you offered to treat the company."

Vanslyperken grinned ghastly. The bell was rung, and while Vanslyperken was pulling out the sum demanded by the landlady, the ladies all disappeared.

Vanslyperken put up his diminished purse. "There is your sword, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy; who, during the whole of the scene, had kept up a *retenué* very different from her usual manners.

Vanslyperken took his sword, and appeared to feel his courage return—why not? he was armed, and in company with only one woman, and he sought revenge.

He rang the bell, and the landlady appeared.

"Landlady," cried Vanslyperken, "you'll send for a constable directly. Obey me, or I'll put you down as a party to the robbery which has been committed. I say, a constable immediately. Refuse on your peril, woman; a king's officer has been robbed and ill-treated."

"Lauk-a-mercy, a constable, sir. I'm sure you've had a very pleasant jollification."

"Silence, woman! send for a constable immediately."

"Do you hear, Mrs. Wilcox?" said Moggy, very quietly, "Mr. Vanslyperken wants a constable. Send for one by all means."

"O! certainly, ma'am, if you wish it," said the landlady, quitting the room.

"Yes, you infamous woman, I'll teach you to rob and ill-treat people in this way."

"Mercy on me, Mr. Vanslyperken, why I never interfered."

"Ay, ay, that's all very well; but you'll all tell another story when you're all before the authorities."

"Perhaps I shall," replied Moggy, carelessly. "But I shall now wish you a good evening, Mr. Vanslyperken."

Thereupon Mr. Vanslyperken very valorously drew his sword, and flourished it over his head.

"You don't pass here, Mrs. Salisbury. No—no—it's my turn now."

"Your turn now, you beast!" retorted Moggy. "Why, if I wished to pass, this poker would soon clear the way; but I can pass without that, and I will give you the countersign. Hark! a word in your ear, you wretch. You are in my power. You have sent for a constable, and I swear by my own Jemmy's little finger, which is worth your old shrivelled carcass, that I shall give you in charge of the constable."

"Me!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"Yes, you—you wretch—you scum. Now I am going, stop me if you dare. Walls have ears, so I'll whisper. If you wish to send a constable after me, you'll find me at the house of the Jew Lazarus. Do you understand?"

Vanslyperken started back as if an adder had come before him, his sword dropped out of his hand, and he stood transfixed.

"May I go now, Mr. Vanslyperken, or am I to wait for the constable? Silence gives consent," continued Moggy, making a mock courtesy, and walking out of the room.

For a minute, Vanslyperken remained in the same position. At last, bursting with his feelings, he snatched up his sword, put it into the sheath, and was about to quit the room, when in came the landlady with the constable.

"You wants me, sir?" said the man.

"I did," stammered Vanslyperken, "but she is gone."

"I must be paid for my trouble, sir, if you please."

Vanslyperken had again to pull out his purse; but this time he hardly felt the annoyance, for in his mind's eye his neck was already in the halter. He put the money into the man's hand without speaking, and then left the room, the landlady courtesying very low, and hoping that she should soon again have the pleasure of his company at the Wheatsheaf.

In which Snarleyvow again triumphs over his enemies.

BUT we must return to the cabin, and state what took place during this long absence of the commander, who had gone on shore about three o'clock, and had given direction for his boat to be at the Point at sunset. There had been a council of war held on the forecabin, in which Corporal Van Spitter and Smallbones were the most prominent; and the meeting was held to debate, whether they should or should not make one more attempt to destroy the dog: singular that the arguments and observations very nearly coincided with those made use of by Vanslyperken and his mother, when they debated how to get rid of Smallbones.

"Water won't touch him, I sees that," observed Smallbones.

"No. Mein Gott, dat was to trow time and de trouble away," replied the corporal.

"Hanging's just as natural a death for a cur," observed Spurey.

"Yes," observed Short.

"I'm afeard that the rope's not laid that's to hang that animal," observed Coble, shaking his head. "If water won't do, I'm persuaded nothing will, for did not they use, in former days, to lay all spirits in the Red Sea?"

"Yes," quoth Short.

"But he can't a spirit yet," replied Smallbones; "he be flesh and blood o' some sort. If I gets fairly rid of his body, d—n his soul, I say, he may keep that and welcome."

"But then, you know, he'll haunt us just as much as ever—we shall see him here just the same."

"A spirit is only a spirit," observed Smallbones; "he may live in the cabin all day and night afore I care; but, d'ye see, there's a great difference between the ghost of a dog, and the dog himself."

"Why, if the beast ar'n't natural, I can't see much odds," observed Spurey.

"But I can feel 'em," replied Smallbones. "This here dog has a-bitten me all to bits, but a ghost of a dog can't bite anyhow."

"No," replied Short.

"And now, d'ye see, as Obadiah Coble has said as how spirits must be laid, I think if we were to come for to go to lay this here hanimal in the cold hearth, he may perhaps not be able to get up again."

"That's only a perhaps," observed Coble.

"Well, a perhaps is better than nothing at all," said the lad.

"Yes," observed Short.

"That depends upon circumstances," observed Spurey. "What sort of a breakfast would you make upon a perhaps?"

"A good one, perhaps," replied Smallbones, grinning at the jingling of the words.

"Twenty tozen tyfels, Smallbones is in de right," observed Jansen, who had taken no part in the previous conversation. "Suppose you bury de dog, de dog body not get up again. Suppose he will come, his soul come, leave him body behind him."

"That's exactly my notion of the thing," observed Smallbones.

"Do you mean for to bury him alive?" inquired Spurey.

"Alive! Gott in himmel—no. I knock de brains out first, perry afterwards."

"There's some sense in that, corporal."

"And the dog can't have much left anyhow, dog or devil, when his brains are all out."

"No," quoth Short.

"But who is to do it?"

"Corporal and I," replied Smallbones; "we be agreed, ban't we, corporal?"

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"And now I votes that we tries it off-hand; what's the use of shilly-shally! I made a mortal vow that that ere dog and I won't live together—there ban't room enough for us two."

"It's a wide world, nevertheless," observed Coble, hitching up his trousers; "howsomever, I have nothing to say, but I wish you luck; but if you kill that dog, I'm a bishop—that's all."

"And if I don't try for to do so, I am an harch-bishop, that's all," replied the gallant Smallbones. "Come along, corporal."

And here was to be beheld a novel scene. Smallbones followed in obedience by his former persecutor and his superior officer; a bag of bones—a reed—a lath—a scarecrow; like a pilot cutter ahead of an Indiaman, followed in his wake by Corporal Van Spitter, dragging twenty stone. How could this be! It was human nature. Smallbones took the lead, because he was the most courageous of the two, and the corporal following, proved he tacitly admitted it.

"He be a real bit of stuff, that ere Phil Smallbones," said one of the men.

"I think he be a supernatural himself, for my part," rejoined Spurey.

"At all events, he ar'n't afeard of him," said another.

"We shall see," replied Coble, squirting out his tobacco-juice under the gun.

"Come, men, we must go to work now. Shall we, Mr. Short?"

"Yes," replied the commanding officer, and the conference broke up.

In the meantime the consultation was continued between Smallbones and the corporal. The latter had received instruction to take on shore Mr. Vanslyperken's dirty linen to the washerwoman, and of course, as a corporal, he was not obliged to carry it, and would take Smallbones for that purpose. Then he could easily excuse taking the dog on shore, upon the plea of taking care of it. It was therefore so arranged; the dog would follow the corporal in the absence of his master, but no one else. In a few minutes the corporal, Smallbones, Snarleylow, and a very small bundle of linen, were in the boat, and shoved off with as many good wishes and as much anxiety for their success, as probably Jason and his followers received when they departed in search of the Golden Fleece.

The three parties kept in company, and passed through the town of Portsmouth. The washerwoman lived outside the Lines, and there they proceeded; Snarleylow very much in spirits at being able to eat the grass, which his health very much required. They walked on until they arrived at a large elm tree, on the side of the road, which lay between two hedges and ditches.

"This will do," observed the corporal solemnly.

"Mein Gott! I wish it was over," continued he, wiping the perspiration from his bull-forehead.

"How shall we kill him, corporal?" inquired Smallbones.

"Mein Gott! knock him head against de tree, I suppose."

"Yes, and bury him in the ditch. Here, dog—Snarleylow—here, dog," said Smallbones; "come, a poor doggy—come here."

But Snarleylow was not to be coaxed by Smallbones; he suspected treachery.

"He wont a-come to me, corporal, or I'd soon settle his hash," observed Smallbones.

The corporal had now got over a little panic which had seized him. He called Snarleylow, who came immediately. O! had he imagined what the corporal was about to do, he might have died like Caesar, exclaiming, "Et tu brute," which, in plain English, means, "and you—you brute."

The corporal, with a sort of desperation, laid hold of the dog by the tail, drawing him back till he could swing him round. In a second or two Snarleylow was whirling round the corporal, who turned with him, gradually approaching the trunk of the elm tree, till at last his head came in contact with it with a resounding blow, and the dog fell senseless. "Try it again, corporal, let's finish him." The corporal again swung round the inanimate body of the dog; again, and again, and again, did the head come in contact with the hard wood; and then the corporal, quite out of breath with the exertion, dropped the body on the grass. Neither of them spoke a word for some time, but watched the body, as it lay motionless, doubled up, with the fore and hind feet meeting each other, and the one eye closed.

"Well, I've a notion that he is done for, anyhow," said Smallbones, "at last."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal. "He never get on he legs again, be he tog or be he tyfel."

"Now for to come for to go for to bury him," said Smallbones, swinging the dog by the tail, and dragging him towards the ditch. "I wonder if we could get a spade any where, corporal."

"Mein Gott! if we ask for a spade they will ask what for, and Vanslyperken may find it all out."

"Then I'll bury him and cover him up, anyhow; he'll not come to life again; if he does, may I be knocked on the head like him, that's all." Smallbones dragged the body into the ditch, and collecting out of the other parts of the ditch a great quantity of wet leaves, covered the body a foot deep. "There, they won't find him now, because they won't know where to look for him. I say, corporal, I've a notion we had better not be seen here too long."

"No," said the corporal, wiping his forehead, putting his handkerchief in his cap, and his cap on his head; "we must go now."

They went to the washerwoman's, delivered the bundle, and then returned on board, when the whole crew were informed of the success of the expedition, and appeared quite satisfied that there was an end of the detested cur; all but Coble, who shook his head.

"We shall see," says he; "but I'm blessed if I don't expect the cur back to-morrow morning."

We must now return to Vanslyperken, who left the public house in a state of consternation. "How could she possibly know any thing about it?" ex-

claimed he, "My life in the power of that she-devil!" And Vanslyperken walked on, turning over the affair in his mind. "I have gone too far to retreat now. I must either go on, or fly the country. Fly, where? What a fool have I been!" but then Vanslyperken thought of the money. "No, no, not a fool, but I am very unfortunate." Vanslyperken continued his route, until it at last occurred to him that he would go to the Jew Lazarus, and speak with him; "for," thought Vanslyperken, "if all is discovered, they may think that I have informed, and then my life will be sought by both parties." Vanslyperken arrived at the Jew's abode, knocked softly, but received no answer; he knocked again, louder; a bustle and confusion was heard inside, and at last the door, with the chain fixed, was opened a couple of inches, and the Jew stammered out, "Wot vash there at this late hour of the night?"

"It is me, the lieutenant of the cutter," replied Vanslyperken. "I must speak with you directly."

The door was opened, several figures and the clatter of arms were heard in the dark passage, and as soon as Vanslyperken had entered, it was relocked, and he was left in the dark.

In a minute the Jew, in a woollen wrapper, made his appearance with a light, and led Vanslyperken into the room where he had been shown before. "Now then, Mishter Leeftenant, vat vash de matter?"

"We are discovered, I'm afraid," exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"Holy father Abraham!" exclaimed the Jew, starting back. "But tell me vy you shay sho?"

"A woman told me this night that she knew why I came to your house—that I was in her power."

"Vat voman?"

"A hell-cat who hates me as she does the devil."

"A hell-cat would not hate de devil," slowly observed the Jew.

"Well, perhaps not; but she will ruin me if she can."

"Vat vash her name?"

"Moggy Salisbury."

"Paah! is dat all! vy, my good friend, she is one of us. Dere, you may go vay—you may go to bed, Mr. Vanslyperken."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean dat she laughed at you, and frighten you—dat she is one of us, and so is her husband, who vas in your chip. Ven you hang, she and I vill all hang together; now you comprehend?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, "I do now; but how could you trust such people?"

"Trust such people, Mr. Vanslyperken! If you prove as true as those peoples, vy all de bitter; now go away—go to bed—you have vaked up all the peoples here. Good night, Mr. Leeftenant;" and the Jew led the way to the door, and let Vanslyperken out.

"So then," thought Vanslyperken, as he pursued his way down to the point, "that woman and her husband are—damnation, but I've a great mind to discover all, if it's only to hang them." But on second thoughts, Vanslyperken thought that it was not worth while to be hanged himself, just for the pleasure of hanging others. It was a great relief to his mind to

know that there was no fear of discovery. The tip of his nose itched, and he rubbed it mechanically: the rubbing brought away all the skin. He remembered the hot poker—the money he had been forced to pay—his being made to sing and beg pardon on his knees; and he cursed Moggy in his heart, the more so as he felt that he dared not take any steps against her.

When he came to the Point, he stood on the shingle, looking for his boat; but the men had waited till twelve o'clock, and then presuming that their commander did not intend to come at all that night, had pulled on board again. He was looking round for a waterman to pull him off, when something cold touched his hand. Vanslyperken started, and almost screamed with fear. He looked, and it was the cold nose of Snarleylow, who now leaped upon his master.

"Snarleylow, my poor dog! how came you on shore?"

But the dog, not being able to speak, made no answer.

While Vanslyperken was wondering how the dog could possibly have come on shore, and what Corporal Van Spitter could have been about to have allowed it, the small casement of a garret window near him was opened, and a head was thrust out.

"Do you want to go on board, sir?" said a tremulous voice.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken.

"I will be down directly, sir," replied the old boatman, who in a minute or two appeared with his sculls on his shoulder.

"Not easy to find a boat at this time of the morning, sir," said the man; "but I heard you speaking, for I've had such a toothache these two nights, that I can't shut my eyes."

The old man unlocked the chain which fastened his wherry, and in a few minutes Vanslyperken was on the deck of the cutter, but he found there was no one to receive him.—no watch kept.

"Very well," thought he, "we'll talk about this to-morrow morning. Short or Coble, I wonder which of the two—pretty neglect of duty, indeed—report to the admiral, by heavens."

So saying, Mr. Vanslyperken, with Snarleylow at his heels, went down into the cabin—undressed in the dark, for he would not let any one know that he was on board. It being about three o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Vanslyperken being well tired with the events of the day, he was soon in a sound sleep. There will be no difficulty in accounting for the return of the dog, which had a skull much thicker than even the corporal's. He had been stunned with the heavy blows, but not killed. After a certain time he came to himself in his bed of leaves, first scratched with one paw, and then with another, till his senses returned; he rose, worked his way out, and lay down to sleep. After he had taken a long nap, he rose recovered, shook himself, and trotted down to the beach; but the boat had shoved off, and the cur had remained there waiting for an opportunity to get on board, when his master came down with the same object in view.

But as every soul is fast asleep, we shall now finish the chapter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Listeners never hear any good of themselves.

VANSLYPERKEN was awoke three hours after he had fallen asleep by the noise of the buckets washing the decks. He heard the men talking on deck, and aware that no one knew that he was on board, he rose from his bed, and opened one of the sliding sashes of the skylight, that he might overhear the conversation. The first words he heard were from Bill Spurey.

"I say, Coble, I wonder what the skipper will say when he comes on board, and finds that the dog is gone!"

"Hoh! hoh!" thought Vanslyperken.

"I ar'n't convinced that he is gone yet," replied Coble.

"Smallbones swears that he's settled this time," replied Spurey.

"So he did before," replied Coble.

"Smallbones again," thought Vanslyperken. "I'll—Smallbones him, if I hang for it."

"Why, he says he buried him two feet deep."

"Ay, ay; but what's the use of burying an animal who's not a human creature? For my part, I say this, that the imp belongs to his master, and is bound to serve him as long as his master lives. When he dies, the dog may be killed, and then—"

"Then what?"

"Why, with the blessing of God, they'll both go to hell together, and I don't care how soon."

"Kill me, you old villain!" muttered Vanslyperken, grinding his teeth.

"Well, anyhow, if the dog be not made away with, no more be Smallbones. He ar'n't afraid of the devil himself."

"No, not he; I'm of opinion Smallbones wa'n't sent here for nothing."

"He's escaped him twice, at all events."

"Then they knew it," thought Vanslyperken, turning pale.

"Ay, and I will take you any bet you please, that the skipper never takes that boy's life. He's charmed, or I am a gudgeon."

Vanslyperken felt that it was his own suspicion, and he trembled at the idea of the lad being supernatural.

"Out of the way, Coble, or I'll fill your shoes," cried out one of the men, slashing a bucket of water.

"That's not quite so easy, 'cause I've got boots on," replied Coble. "However, I'll take up another berth."

The men walked away, and Vanslyperken could hear no more; but he had heard quite enough. The life of the dog had been attempted by Smallbones, it was evident. Mr. Vanslyperken, after a little agitation, rang the bell.

"By all that's blue, the skipper's on board!" exclaimed the men on deck.

"When the devil did he come?"

"Not in my watch, at all events," replied Coble.

"Did he come in yours, Short?"

"No," replied Short.

"Then it must have been in the corporal's."

"The corporal never called me, nor was he on deck," replied Coble. "I've a notion he never kept his watch."

The ring at the bell particularly concerned two people.

ple, the two culprits, Smallbones and Corporal Van Spitter.

The latter made his appearance; but previous to his answering the bell, Mr. Vanslyperken had time to reflect. "So they think my dog is supernatural," said he; "so much the better. I'll make them believe it still more." Mr. Vanslyperken called the dog, and pointed to his bed. The dog, who was fond of a warm berth, and but seldom allowed to get on the bed, immediately jumped up into it when invited, and Mr. Vanslyperken patted him, and covered him up with the bed-clothes. He then drew the curtains of the bed, and waited to see who would answer the bell. Corporal Van Spitter made his appearance.

"Corporal, I came on board very late. Where have you put the dog? Bring him into the cabin."

Here the corporal, who was prepared, shook his head, smoothed down the hair of his forehead, and made a very melancholy face.

"It was all my fault, Mynheer Vanslyperken; yet I do for the best, but te tog be lost."

"How is that, corporal?"

The corporal then stated that he had taken the precaution to take the dog on shore, as he was afraid to leave it on board when he went to the washerwoman's; and that he was not long there, but while he was, the dog disappeared. He had looked every where, but could not find it.

"You took Smallbones with you?" said Vanslyperken.

"Yes, mynheer, to carry de linen."

"And where was he when you were at the washerwoman's?"

"He was here and dert."

"I know that it was he who killed and buried the dog, corporal."

Corporal Van Spitter started; he thought he was discovered.

"Kilt and perryed, mein Gott!" said the corporal, obliged to say something.

"Yes, I overheard the men say so on deck, corporal. He must have taken the opportunity when you were in the house counting the linen."

Now the corporal had time to recover himself, and he argued that any thing was better than that he should be suspected. Smallbones was already known to have attempted the life of the dog, so he would leave the lieutenant in his error.

"Mein Gott! he is von d—n kill-dog feller," observed the corporal. "I look every where, I no find de tog. Den de tog is dead!"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, "but I'll punish the scoundrel, depend upon it. That will do, corporal; you may go."

As Snarleytrow remained perfectly quiet during this conversation, we must give Vanslyperken great credit for his manœuvre. The corporal went to Smallbones, and repeated what had passed. Smallbones snapped his fingers.

"He may keelhaul, or hang me, for all I care. The dog is dead. Never fear, corporal, I won't peach upon you. I'm game, and I'll die so—if so be I must."

Vanslyperken sent for Smallbones. Smallbones, who was worked up to the highest state of excitement, came in boldly.

"So, you villain, you've killed my dog, and buried it."

"No, I ar'n't," replied Smallbones. "I knows nothing about your dog, sir."

"Why, the men on deck said so, you scoundrel. I heard them."

"I don't care what the men say; I never killed your dog, sir."

"You rascal, I'll have your life!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

Smallbones grinned diabolically, and Vanslyperken, who remembered all that the men had said in confirmation of his own opinion relative to Smallbones, turned pale. Smallbones, on his part, aware from Corporal Van Spitter that the lieutenant had such an idea, immediately took advantage of the signs in the lieutenant's countenance, and drawled out, "That's—not—so—easy!"

Vanslyperken turned away. "You may go now, sir, but depend upon it, you shall feel my vengeance;" and Smallbones quitted the cabin.

Vanslyperken finished his toilet, and then turned the dog out of the bed.

He went on deck, and after he had walked a little while, sent for Corporal Van Spitter to consult as to the best method of ascertaining what had become of Snarley yow. Having entered apparently very earnestly into the corporal's arrangements, who was to go on shore immediately, he desired the corporal to see his breakfast got ready in the cabin.

It so happened that the corporal went into the cabin, followed by Smallbones; the first object that met his view was Snarley yow, sitting on the chest, scratching his ragged ear as if nothing had happened.

"Gott in himmel!" roared the corporal, turning back and running out of the cabin, upsetting Smallbones, whom he met in the passage, and trotting like an elephant right over him. Nor was Smallbones the only one who suffered; two marines and three seamen were successively floored by the corporal, who, blinded with fear, never stopped till he ran his head butt against the lining in the fore peak of the cutter, which, with the timbers of the vessel, brought him up, not all standing, in one sense of the word, for in his mad career, his head was dashed so violently against them, that the poor corporal fell down, stunned to insensibility.

In the mean time Smallbones had gained his feet, and was rubbing his ribs, to ascertain if they were all whole. "Well I'm sure," said he, "if I ar'n't flattened for all the world like a pancake, with that ere corporal's weight. One may as well have a broad-wheel wagon at once go over one's body; but what could make him come for to go to run away belowing in that ere manner? He must have seen the devil; or, perhaps," thought Smallbones, "that imp of the devil, Snarley yow. I'll go and see what it was, any how."

Smallbones, rubbing his abdomen, where the corporal had trod hardest, walked into the cabin, where he beheld the dog. He stood with his mouth wide open.

"I defy the devil and all his works," exclaimed he, at last, "and you be one of his, that's sartain. I fear God, and I honour the king, and the parish taught me to read the Bible. There you be—resurrectioned up again. Well, it's no use, I suppose. Satan, I defy you, any how; but it's very hard that a good Christian should have to get the breakfast ready, of which

you will eat one half; I don't see why I'm to wait upon the devil or his imp."

Then Smallbones stopped, and thought a little. "I wonder whether he be'd dead, as I thought. Master came on board last night without no one knowing about it, and he might have brought the dog with him, if so be, he came to again. I won't believe that he's haltogether not to be made away with, for how come his eye out? Well I don't care, I'm a good Christian, and may I be swamped, if I don't try what he's made of yet. First time we cuts up beef I'll try and chop your tail, any how; that I will, if I am hung for it."

Smallbones regained his determination. He set about laying the things for breakfast, and when they were ready he went up to the quarter-deck, reporting the same to Mr. Vanslyperken, who had expected to see him frightened out of his wits, and concluding his speech by saying, "If you please, sir, the dog be in the cabin, all right; I said as how I never kilt your dog, nor buried him neither."

"The dog in the cabin!" exclaimed Mr. Vanslyperken, with apparent astonishment. "Why, how the devil could he have come there?"

"He cummed off, I suppose, sir, same way as you did, without nobody knowing nothing about it," drawled out Smallbones, who then walked away.

In the meantime the corporal had been picked up, and the men were attempting to recover him. Smallbones went forward to see what had become of him, and learnt how it was that he was insensible.

"Well then," thought Smallbones, "it may have been all the same with the dog, and I believe there's humbug in it, for if the dog had made his appearance, as master pretends he did, all of a sudden, he'd a been more frightened than me."

So reasoned Smallbones, and he reasoned well. In the mean time the corporal opened his eyes, and gradually returned to his senses, and then, for the first time, the ship's company who were all down at their breakfast, demanded of Smallbones the reason of the corporal's conduct.

"Why," replied Smallbones, "because that ere beast Snarley yow, be come back again, all alive, a'ter being dead and buried—he's in the cabin now—that's all."

"That's all!" exclaimed one. "All!" cried another. "The devil!" said a third.

"I said as how it would be," said Obadiah Coble. "That dog is no dog, as sure as I sit here."

The return of the dog certainly had a strong effect upon the whole of the ship's company. The corporal swore that he was not in the cabin, and that Mr. Vanslyperken had arranged for his going on shore to look for him, when all of a sudden the dog made his appearance, no one knew how. Smallbones found himself so much in the minority, that he said nothing. It was perfect heresy not to believe that the dog was sent from the lower regions; and as for any further attempts to destroy it, it was considered as perfect insanity.

But this renewed attempt on the part of Smallbones, for Vanslyperken was convinced that an attempt had been made, although it had not been successful, again excited the feelings of Mr. Vanslyperken against the lad, and he resolved somehow or another to retaliate. His anger overcame his awe, and he was reckless in

his desire of vengeance. There was not the least suspicion of treachery on the part of Corporal Van Spitter in the heart of Mr. Vanslyperken, and the corporal played his double part so well, that if possible he was now higher in favour than ever.

After a day or two, during which Mr. Vanslyperken remained on board, he sent for the corporal, determining to sound him as to whether he would make any attempts upon Smallbones; for to such a height had Vanslyperken's enmity arrived, that he now resolved to part with some of his darling money, to tempt the corporal, rather than not get rid of the lad. After many hints thrown out, but not taken by the wily corporal, who was resolved that Vanslyperken should speak plainly, the deed and the reward of ten guineas were openly proclaimed, and Vanslyperken waited for the corporal's reply.

"Mein Gott, Mynheer Vanslyperken! suppose it was possible, I not take your money, I do it with pleasure; but, sir, it not possible.

"Not possible!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"No, mynheer," replied the corporal, "I not tell you all, thousand tyfel, I not tell you all!" and here the corporal put his hand to his forehead and was silent, much to Vanslyperken's amazement. But the fact was, that Corporal Van Spitter was thinking what he possibly could say. At last a brilliant thought struck him—he narrated to the lieutenant how he had seen the ghost of Smallbones, as he thought, when he was floating about adrift on the Zuyder Zee—described with great force his horror at the time of the appearance of the supernatural object, and tailed on to what he believed to be true, that which he knew to be false, to wit, that the apparition had cried out to him, that, "*he was not to be hurt by mortal man.*" "Gott in himmel," finished the corporal, "I never was so frightened in my life. I see him now, as plain as I see you, mynheer. Twenty thousand tyfels, but the voice was like de tauder—and his eye like de lightning—I fell back in one swoon. Ah, mein Gott, mein Gott!"

So well did the corporal play his part, that Vanslyperken became quite terrified; the candle appeared to burn dim, and he dared not move to snuff it. He could not but credit the corporal, for there was an earnestness of description, and a vividness of colouring, which could not have been invented; besides, was not the corporal his earnest and only friend? "Corporal," said Vanslyperken, "perhaps you'll like a glass of scheedam: there's some in the cupboard."

This was very kind of Mr. Vanslyperken, but he wanted one himself, much more than the corporal. The corporal produced the bottle and the glass, poured it out, made his military salute, and tossed it off.

"Give me another glass, corporal," said Vanslyperken, in a tremulous tone. The lieutenant took one, two, three glasses, one after another, to recover himself.

The corporal had really frightened him. He was convinced that Smallbones had a charmed life. Did he not float to the Ower light and back again?—did not a pistol ball pass through him without injury? Vanslyperken shuddered; he took a fresh glass, and then handed the bottle to the corporal, who helped himself, saluted, and the liquor again disappeared in a moment.

Dutch courage is proverbial, although a libel upon

one of the bravest of nations. Vanslyperken now felt it, and again he commenced with the corporal. "What were the words?" inquired he.

"Dat he was not to be hurt by mortal man, mynheer. I can take mine piple oath of it," replied the corporal.

"Damnation!" cried Vanslyperken; "but stop—mortal man—perhaps he may be hurt by woman."

"Dat is quite anoder ting, mynheer."

"He shan't escape if I can help it," retorted Vanslyperken. "I must think about it." Vanslyperken poured out another glass of scheedam, and pushed the stone bottle to the corporal, who helped himself without ceremony. Mr. Vanslyperken was now about two-thirds drunk, for he was not used to such a quantity of spirits.

"Now, if I had only been friends with that—that—hell-fire Moggy Salisbury," thought Vanslyperken, speaking aloud to himself.

"Mein Gott, yes, mynheer," replied the corporal.

Vanslyperken took another glass—spilling a great deal on the table as he poured it out; he then covered his eyes with his hand, as if in thought. Thereupon the corporal filled without being asked; and as he perceived that his superior remained in the same position, and did not observe him, he helped himself to a second glass, and then waited till Vanslyperken should speak again; but the liquor had overpowered him, and he spoke no more.

The corporal after a few minutes, went up to his superior; he touched him on the shoulder, saying, "Mynheer," but he obtained no reply. On the contrary, the slight touch made Mr. Vanslyperken fall forward on the table. He was quite insensible.

So the corporal took him up in his arms, laid him in his bed, then taking possession of the lieutenant's chair, for he was tired of standing so long, he set to work to empty the bottle, which, being large and full at the time that it was produced from the cupboard, took some time, and before it was accomplished, the Corporal Van Spitter had fallen fast asleep in the chair. Shortly afterwards the candle burnt out, and the cabin was in darkness.

It was about three o'clock in the morning when Mr. Vanslyperken began to recover his senses, and as his recollection returned, so were his ears met with a stupendous roaring and unusual noise. It was to his imagination unearthly, for he had been troubled with wild dreams about Smallbones, and his appearance to the corporal. It sounded like thunder, and Mr. Vanslyperken thought that he could plainly make out, "*Mortal man! mortal man!*" and, at times, the other words of the supernatural intimation to the corporal. The mortal man was drawn out in lengthened cadence, and in a manner truly horrible. Vanslyperken called out. "Mor—tal—man," was the reply.

Again Vanslyperken almost shrieked in a perspiration of fear. The sound now ceased; but it was followed up by a noise like the rattling of glasses, tumbling about of the chairs and tables, and Vanslyperken buried his face under the clothes. Then the door, which had been shut, was heard by him to slam like thunder; and then Snarleyow barked loud and deep. "Oh! God, forgive me!" cried the terrified lieutenant. "Our Father—which art in heaven—save me—save me!"

Shortly afterwards the corporal made his appearance with a light, and inquired if Mr. Vanslyperken

had called. He found him reeking with perspiration, and half dead with fear. In broken words he stated how he had been visited, and how the same intimation that no mortal man could hurt Smallbones had been rung in his ears.

"It was only one dream, Mynheer Vanslyperken," observed the corporal.

"No—it was no dream," replied Vanslyperken. "Stay in the cabin, good corporal."

"Yes, mynheer," replied the corporal, drawing the curtains of the bed; and then quietly picking up the various articles on the floor, the table and chairs, which had been overturned.

Alas! fear is the mate of guilt. All this horrid visitation was simply that Mr. Vanslyperken had heard the corporal's tremendous snoring, as he slept in the chair, and which his imagination had turned into the words, "mortal man." The first exclamation of Mr. Vanslyperken had woken the corporal, who, aware of the impropriety of his situation, had attempted to retreat; in so doing he had overturned the table and chairs, with the bottles and glasses upon them.

Fearful of discovery upon this unexpected noise, he had hastened out of the cabin, slammed the door, and waked up Snarleywow; but he knew, from the exclamations of Vanslyperken, that the lieutenant was frightened out of his wits; so he very boldly returned with a candle to ascertain the result of the disturbance, and was delighted to find that the lieutenant was still under the delusion.

So soon as he had replaced every thing, the corporal took a chair, and finding that he had fortunately put the cork in the stone-bottle before he fell asleep, and that there were still one or two glasses in it, he drank them off, and waited patiently for daylight. By this time Vanslyperken was again asleep and snoring; so the corporal took away all the broken fragments, put the things in order, and left the cabin.

When Vanslyperken awoke and rang his bell, Smallbones entered. Vanslyperken got up, and finding the cabin as it was left the night before, was more than ever persuaded that he had been supernaturally visited. Fear made him quite civil to the lad whose life he now considered, as the ship's company did that of the dog, it was quite useless for him, at least, to attempt, and thus ends this chapter of horrors.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In which there is nothing very particular or very interesting.

We must now change the scene for a short time, and introduce to our readers a company assembled in the best inn which, at that time, was to be found in the town of Cherbourg. The room in which they were assembled was large in dimensions, but with a low ceiling, the windows were diminutive, and gave but a subdued light, on account of the vicinity of the houses opposite. The window-frames were small, and cut diamond-wise; and in the centre of each of the panes was a round of coarsely-painted glass. A narrow table ran nearly the length of the room, and, at each end of it, there was a large chimney, in both of which logs of wood were burning cheerfully.

What are now termed *chaises longues* were drawn to the sides of the table, or leaning against the walls of the room, which were without ornament, and neatly coloured with yellow ochre.

The company assembled might have been about thirty in number, of which half a dozen, perhaps, were in the ecclesiastical dress of the time; while the others wore the habiliments then appropriated to cavaliers or gentlemen, with very little difference from those worn in the times of the Charleses in England, except that the cloak had been discarded, and the more substantial roquelaure substituted in its place. Most of the party were men who had not yet arrived to middle age, if we except the clericals, who were much more advanced in life; and any one, who had ever fallen in with the smuggling lugger and its crew, would have had no difficulty in recognising many of them, in the well-attired and evidently high-born and well educated young men who were seated or standing in the room. Among them Sir Robert Barclay was eminently conspicuous; he was standing by the fire conversing with two of the ecclesiastics.

"Gentlemen," said he at last, "our worthy father Lovell has just arrived at St. Germain; and, as the most rapid communication is now necessary, he is empowered to open here and before us, every despatch which we bring over, before it is transmitted to headquarters, with permission to act as may seem best by the friends of his majesty here assembled."

The fact was, that King James had lately completely given himself up to religious exercises and mortification, and any communication to him was attended with so much delay, that it had been considered advisable to act without consulting him; and to avoid the delay consequent on the transmission of communications to Paris, the most active parties had determined that they would for the present, take up their residence at Cherbourg, and merely transmit to their friends at St. Germain an account of their proceedings, gaining, at least, a week by this arrangement. The party assembled had many names of some note. Among the ecclesiastics were Lovell, Collier, Snatt, and Cooke; among the cavaliers were those of Musgrave, Friend, and Perkins, whose relatives had suffered in the cause; Smith, Clancey, Herbert, Cunningham, Leslie, and many others.

When Sir Robert Barclay approached the table, the others took their seats in silence.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Robert, laying down the despatches, which had been opened, "you must be aware that our affairs now wear a very prosperous appearance. Supported as we are by many in the government of England, and by more in the House of Commons, with so many adherents here to our cause, we have every rational prospect of success. During the first three months of this year, much has been done; and, at the same time, it must be confessed that the usurper and the heretics have taken every step in their power to assail and to crush us. By this despatch, now in my hand, it appears that a bill has passed the Commons, by which it is enacted, that no person born after the 25th March next, being a papist, shall be capable of inheriting any title of honour or estate, within the kingdom of England, dominion of Wales, or town of Berwick-on-the-Tweed."

Here some of the ecclesiastics lifted up their eyes, others struck their clenched hands on the table, and

the cavaliers, as if simultaneously, made the room ring, by seizing hold of the handles of their swords.

"And further, gentlemen, 'that no papist shall be capable of purchasing any lands, tenements, or hereditaments, either in his own name, or in the name of any other person in trust for him.'"

The reader must be reminded, that in those days, there was no "Times" or "Morning Herald" laid upon the breakfast table with the debates of the House—that communication was any thing but rapid, there being no regular post—so that what had taken place two months back was very often news.

"It appears then, gentlemen, that our only chance is to win our properties with our own good swords."

"We will!" was the unanimous reply of the laity present.

"In Scotland, our adherents increase daily; the interests of so many have been betrayed by the usurper, that thousands of swords will start from their scabbards so soon as we can support the cause with the promised assistance of the court of Versailles; and we have intelligence that the parliament are in a state of actual hostility to the usurper, and that the national ferment is so great as to be almost on the verge of rebellion. I have also gained from a private communication from our friend Ramsay, who is now at Amsterdam, and in a position to be most useful to us, that the usurper has intimated to his own countrymen, although it is not yet known in England, that he will return to the Hague in July. Such, gentlemen, is the intelligence I have to impart as respects our own prospects in our own country; to which I have to add, that the secret partition treaty, which is inimical to the interest of the French king, has been signed both in London and the Hague, as well as by the French envoy there. A more favourable occurrence for us, perhaps, never occurred, as it will only increase the already well known ill-will of his Catholic majesty against the usurper of his own father-in-law's crown. I have now, gentlemen, laid before you our present position and future prospects; and, as we are met to consult upon the propriety of further measures, I shall be most happy to hear the suggestions of others."

Sir Robert Barclay then sat down.

Lovell, the Jesuit, then rose. "I have," said he, "no opinion to offer relative to warlike arrangements, those not being suitable to my profession. I leave them to men, like Sir Robert, whose swords are always ready, and whose talents are so well able to direct their swords; still, it is well known, that the sources of war must be obtained, if war is to be carried on; and I have great pleasure in announcing to those assembled, that from our friends in England I have received advice of the two several sums of ninety-three thousand pounds, and twenty-nine thousand pounds, sterling money, having been actually collected, and now held in trust for the support of the good cause; and further, that the collections are still going on with rapidity and success. From his most Catholic majesty we have received an order upon the minister for the sum of four thousand Louis, which has been duly honoured; and from our blessed father, the pope, an order for five hundred thousand paolis, amounting to about thirteen thousand pounds in sterling money, together with entire absolution for all sins already committed, and about to be committed, and a secure promise of paradise to those who fall in the maintenance of the true faith and the legitimate

king. I have, further, great expectations from Ireland, and many promises from other quarters, in support of the cause which, with the blessing of God, I trust will yet triumph."

As soon as Lovell sat down, Collier, the ecclesiastic, rose.

"That we shall find plenty of willing swords, and a sufficient supply of money for our purposes, there can be no doubt; but I wish to propose one question to the company here assembled. It is an undoubted article of the true faith, that we are bound to uphold it by any and by every means. All human attempts are justifiable in the service of God. Many have already been made to get rid of the usurper, but they have not been crowned with success, as we too well know; and the blood of our friends, many of whom were not accessories to the act, has been lavishly spilt by the insatiate heretic. But they have, before this, received immortal crowns, in suffering as martyrs in the cause of religion and justice. I still hold that our attempts to cut off the usurper should be continued; some hand more fortunate may succeed. But not only is his life to be taken, if possible, but the succession must be cut off root and branch. You all know that, of the many children born to the heretic William, all but one have been taken away from him in judgment for his manifold crimes. One only remains, the present Duke of Gloucester, and I do consider that this branch of heresy should be removed, even in preference to his parent, whose conduct is such as to assist our cause, and whose death may weaken the animosity of his Catholic majesty, whose hostility is well known to be personal. I have neither men nor money to offer you, but I have means, I trust, soon to accomplish this point, and I dedicate my useless life to the attempt."

It would occupy too much of our pages, if we were to narrate all that was said and done at this conference, which we have been obliged to report, as intimately connected with our history. Many others addressed the meeting, proposals were made, rejected, and acceded to. Lists of adherents were produced, and of those who might be gained over. Resolutions were entered into and recorded, and questions debated. Before the breaking up, the accounts of the sums expended, and the moneys still on hand, were brought forward; and in the former items, the name of Vanslyperken appeared rather prominent. As soon as the accounts were audited, the conference broke up.

We have said that, among those who were at the conference, might be observed some persons who might be recognised as a part of the crew of the lugger. Such was the case; Sir Robert Barclay and many others were men of good family, and stout Jacobites. These young men served in the boat with the other men, who were no more than common seamen; but this was considered necessary in those times of treachery. The lugger pulled eighteen oars, was clinker built, and very swift, even with a full cargo. The after oars were pulled by those adherents of Sir Robert's, and the arm-chest was stowed in the stern-sheets: these young men being always armed, no attempt to betray them or to rise against them, on the part of the smugglers, had they been so inclined, could have succeeded. Ramsay's trust as steersman had been appropriated to Jenny Salisbury, but no other alteration had taken place. We have

entered into this detail to prove the activity of the Jacobite party. About an hour after the conference, Sir Robert and his cavaliers had resumed their seamen's attire, for they were to go over that night; and two hours before dusk, those who had been at a conference, in which the fate of kingdoms and crowned heads was at stake, were to be seen labouring at the oar, in company with common seamen, and urging the fast boat through the yielding waters, towards her haven at the cove.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Besides other matter, containing an argument.

We left Ramsay domiciliated in the house of the syndie Van Krause, on excellent terms with his host, who looked upon him as the mirror of information, and not a little in the good graces of the syndie's daughter, Wilhelmina. There could not be a more favourable opportunity, perhaps, for a handsome and well-informed young man to prosecute his addresses and to gain the affections of the latter, were he so inclined. Wilhelmina had been brought up in every luxury, but isolated from the world. She was now just at the age at which it was her father's intention to introduce her; but romantic in her disposition, she cared little for the formal introduction which it was intended should take place. Neither had she seen, in any of the young Dutch aristocracy, the most of whom were well known to her by sight, as pointed out to her by her father when riding with him, that form and personal appearance which her mind's eye had embodied in her visions of her future lover. Her mind was naturally refined, and she looked for that elegance and grace of deportment which she sought for in vain among her countrymen, but which had suddenly been presented to her in the person of Edward Ramsay.

In the few meetings of her father's friends at their house, the conversation was uninteresting, if not disgusting; for it was about goods and merchandise, money and speculation, occasionally interrupted by politics, which were to her of as little interest. How different was the demeanour, the address, and the conversation of the young Englishman, who had been bred in courts, and, at the same time, had travelled much! There was an interest in all he said, so much information blended with novelty and amusement, so much wit and pleasantry crowning all, that Wilhelmina was fascinated without her being aware of it; and, before the terms of intimacy had warranted her receiving his hand on meeting, she had already unconsciously given her heart. The opportunities arising from her father's close attention to his commercial affairs, and the mutual attraction which brought them together during the major part of the day, she anxious to be amused, and he attracted by her youth and beauty, were taken advantage of by them both, and the consequence was that, before ten days, they were inseparable.

The syndie either did not perceive the danger to which his child was exposed, provided that there was any objection to the intimacy, or else, equally pleased with Ramsay, he had no objection to matters taking their course.

As for Ramsay, that he had at first cultivated the

intimacy with Wilhelmina more perhaps from distraction than with any definite purpose, is certain; but he soon found that her attractions were too great to permit him to continue it, if he had no serious intentions. When he had entered his own room, before he had been a week in the house, he had taxed himself severely as to the nature of his feelings, and he was then convinced that he must avoid her company, which was impossible if he remained in the house, or, as a man of honour, make a timely retreat; for Ramsay was too honourable to trifle with the feelings of an innocent girl. Having well weighed this point, he then calculated the probability of his being discovered, and the propriety of his continuing his attentions to the daughter of one whom he was deceiving, and whose political opinions were at such variance with his own; but this was a point on which he could come to no decision. His duty to the cause he supported would not allow him to quit the house—to remain in the house without falling in love was impossible.

Why should his political opinions ever be known? and why should not Wilhelmina be of the same opinion as he was?—and why—Ramsay fell asleep, putting these questions to himself, and the next morning he resolved that things should take their chance.

It was about a fortnight that the cutter had left for England. Ramsay was rather impatient for intelligence, but the cutter had not yet returned. Breakfast had been over some time, Mynheer Van Krause had descended to his warehouses, and Ramsay and Wilhelmina were sitting together upon one of the sofas in the saloon, both reclining, and free from that restraint which nothing but extreme intimacy will divest you of.

"And so, my Wilhelmina," said Ramsay, taking up her hand, which lay listless at her side, and playing with her taper fingers, "you really think William of Nassau is a good man."

"And do not you, Ramsay?" replied Wilhelmina, surprised.

"However I may rejoice at his being on the throne of England, I doubt whether I can justify his conduct to the unfortunate King James; in leaguings against his own father-in-law, and dispossessing him of his kingdom. Suppose now, Wilhelmina, that any fortunate man should become one day your husband; what a cruel—what a diabolical conduct it would be on his part—at least, so it appears to me—if, in return for your father putting him in possession of perhaps his greatest treasure on earth, he were to seize upon all your father's property, and leave him a beggar, because other people were to invite him so to do."

"I never heard it placed in that light before, Ramsay; that the alliance between King William and his father-in-law should have made him very scrupulous, I grant; but when the happiness of a nation depended upon it, ought not a person in William's situation to waive all minor considerations?"

"The happiness of a nation, Wilhelmina? In what way would you prove that so much was at stake?"

"Was not the Protestant religion at stake? Is not King James a bigoted Catholic?"

"I grant that, and therefore ought not to reign over a Protestant nation; but if you imagine that the happiness of any nation depends upon its religion, I am

afraid you are deceived. Religion has been made the excuse for interfering with the happiness of a nation whenever no better excuse could be brought forward; but depend upon it, the mass of the people will never quarrel about religion if they are left alone, and their interests not interfered with. Had King James not committed himself in other points, he might have worshipped his Creator in any form he thought proper. That a Protestant king was all that was necessary to a quiet nation, is fully disproved by the present state of the country, now that the sceptre has been, for some years, swayed by King William, it being, at this moment, in a state very nearly approaching to rebellion."

"But is not that occasioned by the machinations of the Jacobite party, who are promoting dissension in every quarter?" replied Wilhelmina.

"I grant they are not idle," replied Ramsay; "but observe the state of bitter variance between William and the House of Commons, which represents the people of England. What can religion have to do with that? No, Wilhelmina; although in this country, there are few who do not rejoice at their king being called to the throne of England, there are many, and those the most wise, in that country, who lament it quite as much."

"But why so?"

"Because mankind are governed by interest, and patriotism is little more than a cloak. The benefits to this country, by the alliance with England, are very great, especially in a commercial point of view, and therefore you will find no want of patriots; but to England the case is different; it is not her interest to be involved and mixed up in continual wars and dissensions, which must now inevitably be the case. Depend upon it, that posterity will find that England will have paid very dear for a Protestant king; religion is what every one is willing to admit the propriety and necessity of, until they are taxed to pay for it, and then it is astonishing how very indifferent, if not disgusted, they become to it."

"Why, Ramsay, one would never imagine you to be such a warm partisan of the present government, as I believe you really are, to hear you talk this morning," replied Wilhelmina.

"My public conduct, as belonging to a party, does not prevent my having my private opinions. To my party I am, and ever will be, steadfast; but knowing the world, and the secret springs of most people's actions, as I do, you must not be surprised at my being so candid with you, Wilhelmina. Our conversation, I believe, commenced upon the character of King William; and I will confess to you, that estimating the two characters in moral worth, I would infinitely prefer being the exiled and Catholic James than the unnatural and crowned King William!"

"You will say next, that you would just as soon be a Catholic as a Protestant."

"And if I had been brought up in the tenets of the one instead of the other, what difference would it have made, except that I should have adhered to the creed of my forefathers, and have worshipped the Almighty after their fashion, form, and ceremonies? Are not all religions good if they be sincere?—do not they all tend to the same object, and have the same goal in view—that of gaining heaven? Would you not prefer a good, honest, conscientious man, were he a

Catholic, to a mean, intriguing, and unworthy person, who professed himself a Protestant?"

"Most certainly; but I should prefer, to the just Catholic, a man who was a just Protestant."

"That is but natural; but recollect, Wilhelmina, you have seen and heard, as yet, but one side of the question; and if I speak freely to you, it is only to give you the advantage of my experience from having mixed with the world. I am true to my party, and, as a man, I must belong to a party, or I become a nonentity. But were I in a condition so unshackled that I might take up or lay down my opinions as I pleased, without loss or character—as a woman may, for instance—so little do I care for party—so well balanced do I know the right and the wrong to be on both sides—that I would, to please one I loved, at once yield up my opinions, to agree with her, if she would not yield up hers to agree with mine."

"Then you think a woman might do so: that is no compliment to the sex, Ramsay; for it is as much as to assert that we have not only no weight or influence in the world, but also that we have no character or stability."

"Far from it; I only mean to say that women do not generally enter sufficiently into politics to care much for them; they generally imbibe the politics of those they live with, without further examination, and that it is no disgrace to them if they change them. Besides, there is one feeling in women so powerful as to conquer all others, and when once that enters the breast, the remainder are absorbed or become obedient to it."

"And that feeling is—"

"Love, Wilhelmina; and if a woman happens to have been brought up in one way of thinking by her parents, when she transfers her affections to her husband, should his politics be adverse, she will soon come round to his opinion, if she really loves him."

"I am not quite so sure of that, Ramsay."

"I am quite sure she ought. Politics and party are ever a subject of dispute, and therefore should be avoided by a wife; besides, if a woman selects one as her husband, her guide, and counsellor through life, one whom she swears to love, honour, cherish, and obey, she gives but a poor proof of it, if she does not yield up her judgment in all matters more peculiarly his province."

"You really put things in such a new light, Ramsay, that I hardly know how to answer you, even when I am not convinced."

"Because you have not had sufficient time for reflection, Wilhelmina; but weigh well, and dwell upon what I have said, and then you will either acknowledge that I am right, or find arguments to prove that I am wrong. But you promised me some singing. Let me lead you into the music room."

We have introduced this conversation between Wilhelmina and Ramsay, to show, not only what influence he had already gained over the artless, yet intelligent girl, but also the way by which he considerably prepared for the acknowledgment which he resolved to make to her on some future opportunity; for, although Ramsay cared little for deceiving the father, he would not have married the daughter without her being fully aware of who he was. These conversations were constantly renewed, as if accidentally, by Ramsay; and long before he had talked in direct terms of love, he had fully prepared her for it,

so that he felt she would not receive a very severe shock when he threw off the mask, even when she discovered that he was a Catholic, and opposed to her father in religion as well as in politics. The fact was, that Ramsay, at first, was as much attracted by her wealth as by her personal charms; but, like many other men, as his love increased, so did he gradually become indifferent to her wealth, and he was determined to win her for his wife in spite of all obstacles, and even if he were obliged to secure her hand by carrying her off without the paternal consent.

Had it been requisite, it is not certain whether Ramsay might not have been persuaded to have abandoned his party, so infatuated had he at last become with the really fascinating Wilhelmina.

But Ramsay was interrupted in the middle of one of his most favourite songs by old Koops, who informed him that the lieutenant of the cutter was waiting for him in his room. Apologising for the necessary absence, Ramsay quitted the music room, and hastened to meet Vanslyperken.

Mr. Vanslyperken had received his orders to return to the Hague a few days after the fright he had received from the nasal organ of the corporal. In pursuance of his instructions from Ramsay, he had not failed to open all the government despatches, and extract their contents. He had also brought over letters from Ramsay's adherents.

"You are sure these extracts are quite correct," said Ramsay, after he had read them over.

"Quite so, sir," replied Vanslyperken.

"And you have been careful to seal the letters again, so as to avoid suspicion?"

"Does not my life depend upon it, Mr. Ramsay?"

"Very true, and also upon your fidelity to us. Here's your money. Let me know when you sail, and come for orders."

Vanslyperken then took his bag of money, made his bow, and departed, and Ramsay commenced reading over the letters received from his friends. Mynheer Van Krause observed Vanslyperken as he was leaving the house, and immediately hastened to Ramsay's room to inquire the news. A portion of the contents of the despatches were made known to him, and the syndic was very soon afterwards seen to walk out, leaving his people to mark and tally the bales which were hoisting out from a vessel in the canal. The fact was, that Mynheer Van Krause was so anxious to get rid of his secret, that he could not contain himself any longer, and had set off to communicate to one of the authorities what he had obtained.

"But from whence did you receive this intelligence, Mynheer Krause?" demanded the other. "The despatches have not yet been opened; we are waiting for Mynheer Van Wejen. I suppose we shall learn something there. You knew all before we did, when the cutter arrived last time. You must have some important friend at the English court, Mynheer Van Krause."

Here Mynheer Krause nodded his head, and looked very knowing, and shortly afterwards took his leave.

But this particular friend of Mynheer Krause was also his particular enemy. Krause had lately imparted secrets which were supposed to be known and intrusted to none but those in the entire confidence of the government. How could he have obtained them unless by the treachery of some one at home? and

why should Mynheer Krause, who was not trusted by the government there, notwithstanding his high civil office, because he was known to be unsafe, be intrusted by some one at home, unless it were for treacherous purposes? So argued Mr. Krause's most particular friend, who thought it proper to make known his opinions on the subject, and to submit to the other authorities whether this was not a fair subject for representation in their next despatches to England; and in consequence of his suggestion, the representation was duly made. Mynheer Krause was not the first person whose tongue had got him into difficulties. So soon as Vanslyperken had delivered his despatches to Ramsay, he proceeded to the widow Vanderslooth, when, as usual, he was received with every apparent mark of cordial welcome, was again installed on the little sofa, and again drank the beer of the widow's own brewing, and was permitted to take her fat hand. Babette inquired after the corporal, and when rallied by the lieutenant, appeared to blush, and turned her head away. The widow also insisted in the play, and declared that it should be a match, and that Babette should be married on the same day that she was. As the evening drew nigh, Vanslyperken took his leave, and went on board, giving permission to the corporal to go on shore, and very soon the corporal was installed in his place.

This is a sad world of treachery and deceit.

CHAPTER XXXV.

In which the agency of a red-herring is again introduced into our wonderful history.

We are somewhat inclined to moralise. We did not intend to write this day. On the contrary, we had arranged for a party of pleasure and relaxation, in which the heels, and every other portion of the body upwards, except the brain, were to be employed, and that was to have a respite. The morning was fair, and we promised ourselves amusement; but we were deceived, and we returned to our task, as the rain poured down in torrents, washing the dirty face of mother Earth. Yes, deceived; and here we cannot help observing, that this history of ours is a very true picture of human life—for what a complication of treachery does it not involve!

Smallbones is deceiving his master, Mr. Vanslyperken—the corporal is deceiving Mr. Vanslyperken—the widow is deceiving Mr. Vanslyperken—so is Babette, and the whole crew of the Yungfrau. Ramsay is deceiving his host and his mistress. All the Jacobites, in a mass, are plotting against and deceiving the government; and as for Mr. Vanslyperken, as it will soon appear, he is deceiving every body, and will ultimately deceive himself. The only honest party in the whole history is the one most hated, as generally is the case in this world—I mean Snarleytow. There is no deceit about him, and therefore, *par excellence*, he is fairly entitled to be the hero of, and to give his name to, the work. The next most honest party in the book is Wilhelmina; all the other women, except little Lilly, are cheats and impostors—and Lilly is too young; our readers may therefore be pleased to consider Snarleytow and Wilhelmina as the hero and the heroine of the tale, and then it will leave one curious feature in it, the principals will not only not be united, but the tale will wind up without their ever seeing each other. *Allons en avant.*

But of all the treachery practised by all the parties, it certainly appears to us that the treachery of the widow was the most odious and diabolical. She was like a bloated spider, slowly entwining those threads for her victim which were to entrap him to his destruction, for she had vowed that she never would again be led to the hymeneal altar until Mr. Vanslyperken was hanged. Perhaps the widow Vandersloosh was in a hurry to be married, at least, by her activity, it would so appear—but let us not anticipate.

The little sofa was fortunately like its build, strong as a cob, or it never could have borne the weight of two such lovers as the widow Vandersloosh and the Corporal Van Spitter; there they sat, she radiant with love and beer, he with ditto; their sides met, for the sofa exactly took them both in, without an inch to spare; their hands met, their eyes met, and whenever one raised the glass, the other was on the alert, and their glasses met and jingled—a more practical specimen of hob and nob was never witnessed. There was but one thing wanting to complete their happiness, which, unlike other people's, did not hang upon a thread, but something much stronger, it hung upon a cord; the cord which was to hang Mr. Vanslyperken.

And now the widow, like the three fates rolled into one, is weaving the woof, and, in good Dutch, is pouring into the attentive ear of the corporal her hopes and fears, her surmises, her wishes, her anticipations, and her desires—and he imbibes them all greedily, washing them down with the beer of the widow's own brewing.

"He has not been to the house opposite these two last arrivals," said the widow, "that is certain; for Babette and I have been on the watch. There was hanging matters there. Now I won't believe but that he must go somewhere; he carries his letters, and takes his gold as before, depend upon it. Yes, and I will find it out. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we will see who is the 'cutest—you or the widow Vandersloosh."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

"Now he landed a passenger last time, which he called a king's messenger, and I am as sure as I sit here that he was no king's messenger, unless he was one of King James's as was; for look you, Corporal Van Spitter, do you suppose that King William would employ an Englishman, as you say he was, for a messenger, when a Dutchman was to be had for love or money?"

"No, no, we must find out where he goes to. I will have some one on the look-out when you come again, and then set Babette on the watch; she shall track him up to the den of his treachery. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we will see who gains the day, you or the widow Vandersloosh."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

"And now, corporal, I've been thinking over all this ever since your absence, and all you have told me about his cowardly attempts upon that poor boy's life, and his still greater cowardice in believing such stuff as you have made him believe about the lad not being injured by mortal man. Stuff and nonsense! the lad is but a lad."

"Mein Gott, yes!" said the corporal.

"And now, corporal, I'll tell you something else, which is, that you and the Yungfraus are just as

great fools as Mynheer Vanslyperken, in believing all that stuff and nonsense about the dog. The dog is but a dog."

This was rather a trial to the corporal's politeness; to deny what the widow said might displease, and, as he firmly believed otherwise, he was put to a nonplus; but the widow looked him full in the face, expecting assent, so at last the corporal drew out, "Mein Gott! yes—a tog is but a tog."

The widow was satisfied, and not perceiving the nice distinction, continued:

"Well, then, corporal, as a lad is but a lad, and a dog is but a dog, I have been sitting my wits to work about getting the rascally traitor in my power. I mean to pretend to take every interest in him, and to get all his secrets, and then, when he tells me that Smallbones cannot be hurt by mortal man, I shall say he can by woman, at all events; and then I shall make a proposition, which he'll accept fast enough, and then I'll have more hanging matter for him, besides getting rid of the cur. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, match a woman if you can. We'll see if your dog is to take possession of my bed-room again."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal again.

"And now I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Corporal; I will prepare it myself; and, then, Mr. Vanslyperken, shall have it grilled for his breakfast, and then he shall not eat it, but leave it for Smallbones, and then Smallbones shall pretend to eat it, but put it in his pocket, and then (for it won't do to do it on board, or he'll find out that the lad has given it to the dog) he shall bring it on shore, and give it to the dog here in the yard, so that he shall kill the dog himself, by wishing to kill others. Do you understand, corporal?"

"Mein Gott, yes! I understand what you say; but what is it that you are to prepare?"

"What! why, a red-herring, to be sure."

"But how will a red-herring kill a body or a dog?"

"Lord, corporal, how stupid you are; I'm to put arsenic in."

"Yes; but you left that out till now."

"Did I? well, that was an oversight; but now, corporal, you understand it all?"

"Mein Gott! yes; but if the lad does not die, what will he think?"

"Think! that he can take poison like pea-soup, without injury, and that neither man nor woman can touch his life; be afraid of the lad, and leave him alone."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the rather obtuse corporal, who now understood the whole plot.

Such was the snare laid for Mr. Vanslyperken by the treacherous widow, and before the cutter sailed, it was put in execution. She received the lieutenant now as an accepted lover, allowed him to talk of the day, wormed out of him all his secrets except that of his treason, abused Smallbones, and acknowledged that she had been too hasty about the dog, which she should be very happy to see on shore. Vanslyperken could hardly believe his senses—the widow forgive Snarleyow, and all for his sake! He was delighted, enchanted, threw himself at her feet, and vowed eternal gratitude with his lips—but vengeance in his heart.

O! Mr. Vanslyperken, you deserved to be deceived.

The dislike expressed by the widow against Smallbones was also very agreeable to the lieutenant, and he made her his confidant, stating what the corporal had told him relative to the appearance of Smallbones when he was adrift.

"Well then, lieutenant," said the widow, "if mortal man can't hurt him, mortal woman may; and for my love for you I will prepare what will rid you of him. But, Vanslyperken, recollect there's nothing I would not do for you; but if it were found out—O dear! O dear!"

The widow then informed him that she would prepare a red-herring with arsenic, which he should take on board, and order Smallbones to grill for his breakfast; that he was to pretend not to be well, and to allow it to be taken away by the lad, who would, of course, eat it fast enough.

"Excellent!" replied Vanslyperken, who felt not only that he would get rid of Smallbones, but have the widow in his power. "Dearest widow, how can I be sufficiently grateful? O! how kind, how amiable you are!" continued Vanslyperken, mumbling her fat fingers, which the widow abandoned to him without reserve.

Who would have believed that, between these two, there existed a deadly hatred? We might imagine such a thing to take place in the refinement and artificial air of a court, but not in a Dutch Lust Haus at Amsterdam. That evening, before his departure, did the widow present her swain with the fatal herring; and the swain received it with as many marks of gratitude and respect as some knight in ancient times would have shown when presented with some magical gift by his favouring genius.

The red-herring itself was but a red-herring, but the charm consisted in the two-pennyworth of arsenic.

The next morning Vanslyperken did not fail to order the red-herring for his breakfast, but took good care not to eat it.

Smallbones, who had been duly apprised of the whole plan, asked his master, as he cleared away, whether he should keep the red-herring for the next day; but Mr. Vanslyperken very graciously informed him that he might eat it himself. About an hour afterwards Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore, taking with him, for the first time, Snarleytow, and desiring Smallbones to come with him with a bag of biscuit for the widow. This plan had been proposed by the widow, as Smallbones might be supposed to have eaten something on shore. Smallbones took as good care as his master not to eat the herring, but put it in his pocket as a *bonne bouche* for Snarleytow. Mr. Vanslyperken, as they pulled on shore, thought that the lad smelt very strong of herring, and this satisfied him that he had eaten it; but to make more sure, he exclaimed, "Confound, it how you smell of red-herring!"

"That's all along of having eaten one, sir," replied Smallbones, grinning.

"You'll grin in another way before an hour is over," thought his master.

The lieutenant, the dog, and the biscuit were all graciously received.

"Has he eaten it?" inquired the widow.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, with a nod. "Empty the bag, and I will send him on board again."

"Not yet, not yet—give him half an hour to saun-

ter, it will be better. That poor dog of yours must want a little grass," said the widow, "always being on board. Let him run a little in the yard, he will find plenty there."

The obedient lieutenant opened the back door, and Snarleytow, who had not forgotten either the widow or Babette, went out of his own accord. Mr. Vanslyperken looked to ascertain if the yard door which led to the street was fast, and then returned, shutting the back door after him.

Smallbones was waiting at the porch as usual.

"Babette," cried the widow, "mind you don't open the yard door, and let Mr. Vanslyperken's dog out. Do you hear?"

Smallbones, who understood this as the signal, immediately slipped round, opened the door, took the herring out of his pocket, and threw it to Snarleytow. The dog came to it, smelt it, seized it, and walked off, with his ears and tail up, to the sunny side of the yard, intending to have a good meal; and Smallbones, who was afraid of Mr. Vanslyperken catching him in the fact, came out of the yard, and hastened to his former post at the porch. He caught Babette's eye, coming down stairs, and winked and smiled. Babette walked into the room, caught the eye of the mistress, and winked and smiled. Upon which, the widow ordered Babette to empty the bread-bag and give it to Smallbones, to take on board—an order repeated by Vanslyperken. Before he returned to the boat, Smallbones again passed round to the yard door. Snarleytow was there, but no signs of the red-herring. "He's eaten it all, by gum," said Smallbones, grinning, and walking away to the boat with the bread-bag over his shoulder. As soon as he had arrived on board, the lad communicated the fact to the crew of the Yungfrau, whose spirits were raised by the intelligence, with the exception still of old Coble, who shook his head, and declared, "It was two-pence and a red-herring thrown away."

Mr. Vanslyperken returned on board in the afternoon, fully expecting to hear of Smallbones being very ill. He was surprised that the men in the boat did not tell him, and he asked them carelessly if there was any thing new on board, but received a reply in the negative. When he came on board followed by Snarleytow, the eyes of the crew were directed towards the dog, to see how he looked; but he appeared just as lively and as cross-grained as ever, and they all shook their heads.

Vanslyperken sent for Smallbones, and looked him hard in the face. "Ar'n't you well?" inquired he.

"Well, sir!" replied Smallbones; "I'd a bit of a twinge in my stummick this morning, but it's all gone off now."

Mr. Vanslyperken waited the whole day for Smallbones to die, but he did not. The crew of the vessel waited the whole day for the cur to die, but he did not. What inference could be drawn? The crew made up their minds that the dog was supernatural; and old Coble told them that he told them so. Mr. Vanslyperken made up his mind that Smallbones was supernatural; and the corporal shook his head, and told him that he told him so.

The reason why Snarleytow did not die was simply this, that he did not eat the red-herring. He had just laid it between his paws, and was about to commence, when Smallbones, having left the yard door open in his hurry, the dog was perceived by a dog bigger than

he, who happened to pass that way, and who pounced upon Snarleylow, trampling him over and over, and walked off with the red-herring, which he had better have left alone, as he was found dead the next morning.

The widow heard, both from the corporal and Vanslyperken, the failure of both their projects. That Smallbones was not poisoned she was not surprised to hear, but she took care to agree with Vanslyperken that all attempts upon him were useless; but that the dog still lived was indeed a matter of surprise, and the widow became a convert to the corporal's opinion that the dog was not to be destroyed.

"A whole two-penn'orth of arsenic! Babette, only think what a cur it must be!" And Babette, as well as her mistress, lifted up her hands in amazement, exclaiming, "What a cur, indeed!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken, although at fault, comes in for the brush.

VANSLYPERKEN, having obtained his despatches from the states-general, called at the house of Mynheer Krause, and received the letters of Ramsay; then once more the cutter's head was turned towards England.

It may be as well to remind the reader, that it was in the month of December, 1699, that we first introduced Mr. Vanslyperken and his contemporaries to his notice, and that all the important events, which we have recorded have taken place between that date and the month of May, which is now arrived. We think, indeed, that the peculiar merit of this work is its remarkable unity of time and place; for be it observed, we intend to finish it long before the year is out, and our whole scene is, it may be said, laid in the channel, or between the channel and the Texel, which, considering it as an historical novel, is remarkable. Examine other productions of this nature, founded upon historical facts like our own, and observe the difference. Read Scott, Bulwer, James, or Grattan, read their historical novels, and observe how they fly about from country to country, and from clime to clime. As the Scythians said to Alexander, their right arm extends to the east, and their left to the west, and the world can hardly contain them. And over how many years do they extend their pages? while our bantling is produced in the regular nine months, being the exact period of time which is required for my two volumes. It must, therefore, be allowed that in unity of time, and place, and design, and adherence to facts, our historical novel is unique.

We said that it was the month of May—not May coming in as she does sometimes in her caprice, putting, and out of humour—but May all in smiles. The weather was warm, the sea was smooth, and the men of the cutter had stowed away their pea-jackets, and had pulled off their fishermen's boots and substituted shoes. Mr. Vanslyperken did not often appear on deck during the passage. He was very busy down below, and spread a piece of bunting across the sky-light, so that no one could look down and see what he was about, and the cabin door was almost always locked. What could Mr. Vanslyperken be about? No one knew but Snarleylow, and Snarleylow could not or would not tell.

The cutter anchored in her old berth, and Vanslyperken, as usual, went on shore, with his double set of despatches, which were duly delivered; and then Mr. Vanslyperken went up the main street, and turned into a jeweller's shop. What could Mr. Vanslyperken do there? Surely it was to purchase something for the widow Vandersloosh—a necklace or a pair of ear-rings. No, it was not with that intention; but nevertheless, Mr. Vanslyperken remained there for a long while, and then was seen to depart. Seen by whom? By Moggy Salisbury, who had observed his entering, and who could not imagine why; she, however, said nothing, but she marked the shop, and walked away.

The next day, Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore, to put into his mother's charge the money which he had received from Ramsay, and narrated all that had passed—how Smallbones had swallowed two-penny-worth of arsenic with no more effect upon him than one twinge in his stomach, and how he now fully believed that nothing would kill the boy.

"Pshaw! child—phut!—nonsense!—nothing kill him!—had he been in my hands, old as they are and shaking as they do, he would not have lived;—no, no—nobody escapes me when I am determined. We'll talk about that, but not now, Cornelius; the weather has turned warm at last, and there is no need of fire. Go, child, the money is locked up safe, and I have my mood upon me—I may even do you a mischief."

Vanslyperken, who knew that it was useless to remain after this hint, walked off and returned on board. As he pulled off, he passed a boat, apparently coming from the cutter, with Moggy Salisbury sitting in the stern-sheets. She waved her hand at him, and laughed ironically.

"Impudent hussey!" thought Vanslyperken, as she passed, but he dare not say a word. He turned pale with rage, and turned his head away; but little did he imagine, at the time, what great cause he had of indignation. Moggy had been three hours on board the cutter talking with the men, but more particularly with Smallbones and the corporal, with which two she had been in earnest conference for the first hour that she was on board.

Moggy's animosity to Vanslyperken is well known, and she ridiculed the idea of Snarleylow being any thing more than an uncommon lucky dog in escaping so often. Smallbones was of her opinion, and again declared his intention of doing the dog a mischief as soon as he could. Moggy, after her conference with these two, mixed with the ship's company, with whom she had always been a favourite, and the corporal proceeded to superintend the cutting up and the distribution of the fresh beef which had that morning come on board.

The beef block was in the fore-castle, where the major part of the crew, with Moggy, were assembled; Snarleylow had always attended the corporal on these occasions, and was still the best of friends with him; for somehow or another, the dog had not seemed to consider the corporal a party to his brains being knocked out, but had put it all down to his natural enemy, Smallbones. The dog was, as usual, standing by the block close to the corporal, and picking up the fragments of beef which dropped from the chopper.

"I vowed by gum, that I'd have that ere dog's tail

off," observed Smallbones; "and if no one will peach, off it shall go now. And who cares? If I can't a kill him dead, I'll get rid of him by bits. There's one eye out already, and now I've a mind for his tail. Corporal, lend me the cleaver."

"Bravo, Smallbones, we won't peach—not one of us."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Moggy; "some won't I know; but there are others who may, and then Smallbones will be keel-hauled as sure as fate, and Vanslyperken will have right on his side. No, no, Smallbones—you must not do it. Give me the cleaver, corporal, I'll do it; and any one may tell him who pleases, when he comes on board. I don't care for him—and he knows it, corporal. Hand me the cleaver."

"That's right, let Moggy do it," said the seamen.

The corporal turned the dog round, so as to leave his tail on the block, and fed him with small pieces of meat, to keep him in the same position.

"Are you all ready, Moggy?" said Smallbones.

"Back him a little more on the block, corporal, for I won't leave him an inch if I can help it," said Moggy; "and stand further back, all of you."

Moggy raised the cleaver, took good aim—down it came upon the dog's tail, which was separated within an inch of its insertion, and was left bleeding on the block, while the dog sprung away aft, howling most terribly, and leaving a dotted line of blood to mark his course upon the deck.

"There's a nice skewer-piece for any one who fancies it," observed Moggy, looking at the dog's tail, and throwing down the cleaver. "I think Mr. Vanslyperken has had enough now for trying to flog my jemmy—my own duck of a husband."

"Well observed Coble, 'seeing's believing; but, otherwise, I never would have thought it possible to have divided that ere dog's tail in that way."

"He can't be much of a devil now," observed Bill Spurey; "for what's a devil without a tail? A devil is like a serpent, whose sting is in his tail."

"Yes," replied Short, who had looked on in silence.

"But, I say, Moggy, perhaps it's as well for him not to find you on board."

"What do I care?" replied Moggy. "He is more afraid of me; but howsoever, it's just as well not to be here, as it may get others in trouble. Mind you say at once it was me—I defy him."

Moggy then wished them good-by, and quitted the cutter, when she was met, as we have already observed, by Mr. Vanslyperken.

"Mein Gott! vat must be done now?" observed the corporal to those about him, looking at the mangy tail, which still remained on the beef block.

"Done corporal?" replied Smallbones; "why, you must come for to go for to complain on it, as soon as he comes on board. You must take the tail in your hand, and take it to him, and pretend to be as angry and as sorry as himself, and damn *her* up in heaps. That's what must be done."

This was not bad advice on the part of Smallbones—the ship's company agreed to it, and the corporal perceived the propriety of it.

In the meantime, the dog had retreated to the cabin, and his howlings had gradually ceased; but he had left a track of blood along the deck, and down the ladder, which Dick Short perceiving, pointed to it, and cried out, "Swabs."

The men brought swabs aft, and had cleared the deck and the ladder down to the cabin door, when Mr. Vanslyperken came on board.

"Has that woman been here?" inquired Mr. Vanslyperken, as he came on deck.

"Yes," replied Dick Short.

"Did not I give positive orders that she should not?" cried Vanslyperken.

"No," replied Dick Short.

"Then I do now," continued the lieutenant.

"Too late," observed Short, shrugging up his shoulders, and walking forward.

"Too late! what does he mean?" said Vanslyperken, turning to Coble.

"I knows nothing about it, sir," replied Coble. "She came for some of her husband's things that were left on board."

Vanslyperken turned round to look for the corporal for explanation.

There stood Corporal Van Spitter, perfectly erect, with a very melancholy face, one hand raised as usual to his cap, and the other occupied with the tail of Snarleylow.

"What is it? what is the matter, corporal?"

"Mynheer Vanslyperken," replied the corporal, retaining his respectful attitude, "here is de tail."

"Tail! what tail?" exclaimed Vanslyperken, casting his eyes upon the contents of the corporal's left hand.

"Te tog's tail, mynheer," replied the corporal, gravely, "which de dam tog's wife—Moggy—"

Vanslyperken stared; he could scarcely credit his eyesight, but there it was. For a time he could not speak for agitation: at last, with a tremendous oath, he darted into the cabin.

What were his feelings when he beheld Snarleylow lying in a corner tailless, with a puddle of blood behind him!

"My poor, poor dog!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, covering up his face.

His sorrow soon changed to rage—he invoked all the curses he could imagine upon Moggy's head, he vowed revenge—he stamped with rage, and then he patted Snarleylow; and as the beast looked wistfully in his face, Vanslyperken shed tears. "My poor, poor dog! first your eye—now your tail—what will your persecutors require next? Perdition seize them! may perdition be my portion if I am not revenged. Smallbones is at the bottom of all this; I can—I will be revenged on him."

Vanslyperken rang the bell, and the corporal made his appearance with the dog's tail still in his hand.

"Lay it down on the table, corporal," said Vanslyperken, mournfully, "and tell me how this happened."

The corporal then entered into a long detail of the way in which the dog had been detailed—how he had been cutting up beef—and how, while his back was turned, and Snarleylow, as usual, was at the block picking up the bits, Moggy Salisbury, who had been allowed to come on board by Mr. Short, had caught up the cleaver and chopped off the dog's tail.

"Was Smallbones at the block?" inquired Vanslyperken.

"He was, mynheer," replied the corporal.

"Who held the dog while his tail was chopped off?" inquired Vanslyperken; "some one must have held him."

This was a home question; but the corporal replied, "Yes, mynheer, some one must have held the tog."
 "You did not hear who it was, or if it were Smallbones?"

"I did not, mynheer," replied the corporal; "but," added he, with a significant look, "I tink I could say."

"Yes, yes, corporal, I know who you mean. It was him—I am sure—and as sure as I sit here I'll be revenged. Bring a swab, corporal, and wipe up all this blood. Do you think the poor animal will recover?"

"Yes, mynheer; there be togs with tail and toga without tail."

"But the loss of blood—what must be done to stop the bleeding?"

"Dat d—n woman Moggy, when I say to tog die—tog bleed to death, she say, tell Mynheer Vanslyperken dat de best ting for cure de cur be de red-hot poker."

Here Vanslyperken stamped his feet and swore horribly.

"She say, mynheer, it stop all de bleeding."

"I wish she had a hot poker down her body," exclaimed Vanslyperken, bitterly.

"Go for the swab, corporal, and send Smallbones here."

Smallbones made his appearance.

"Did you come for—to want me, sir?"

"Yes, sir. I understand from the corporal that you held the dog while that woman cut his tail."

"If so be as how as the corporal says that ere," cried Smallbones, striking the palm of his left hand with his right fist, "why I am jiggered if he don't tell a lie as big as himself—that's all. That ere man is my mortal henemy; and if that ere dog gets into trouble, I'm a sartain to be in trouble too. What should I cut the dog's tail off for, I should like for to know? I ar'n't so hungry as all that, any how."

The idea of eating his dog's tail increased the choler of Mr. Vanslyperken. With looks of malignant vengeance he ordered Smallbones out of the cabin.

"Shall I shy this here overboard, sir?" said Smallbones, taking up the dog's tail, which lay on the table.

"Drop it, sir!" roared Vanslyperken.

Smallbones walked away, grinning with delight, but his face was turned from Mr. Vanslyperken.

The corporal returned, swabbed up the blood, and reported that the bleeding had stopped. Mr. Vanslyperken had no further orders for him—he wished to be left alone. He leaned his head upon his hand, and remained for some time in a melancholy revery, with his eyes fixed upon the tail, which lay before him—that tail, now a "bleeding piece of earth," which never was to welcome him with a wag again. What passed in Vanslyperken's mind during this time, it would be difficult and too long to repeat, for the mind flies over time and space with the rapidity of the lightning's flash. At last he rose, took up the dog's tail, put it into his pocket, went on deck, ordered his boat, and pulled on shore.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken drives a very hard bargain.

We be just and candid in our opinion relative to the historical facts which we are now narrating. Party spirit, and various other feelings, independent

of misrepresentation, do, at the time, induce people to form their judgment, to say the best, harshly, and but too often incorrectly. It is for posterity to calmly weigh the evidence handed down, and to examine into the merits of a case divested of party bias. Actuated by these feelings, we do not hesitate to assert, that, in the point at question, Mr. Vanslyperken had great cause for being displeased; and that the conduct of Moggy Salisbury, in cutting off the tail of Snarleyow, was, in our opinion, not justifiable.

There is a respect for property, inculcated and protected by the laws, which should never be departed from; and, whatever may have been the aggressions on the part of Mr. Vanslyperken, or of the dog, still a tail is a tail, and whether mangy or not, is *bona fide* a part of the living body; and this aggression must inevitably come under the head of the cutting and maiming act, which act, however, it must, with the same candour which will ever guide our pen, be acknowledged, was not passed until a much later period than that to the history of which our narrative refers.

Having thus, with all deference, offered our humble opinion, we shall revert to facts. Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore, with the dog's tail in his pocket. He walked with rapid strides towards the half-way houses, in one of which was the room tenanted by his aged mother; for to whom else could he apply for consolation in this case of severe distress? That it was Moggy Salisbury who gave the cruel blow, was a fact completely substantiated by evidence; but that it was Smallbones who held the dog, and who thereby became an active participator, and therefore equally culpable, was a surmise to which the insinuations of the corporal had given all the authority of direct evidence. And, as Mr. Vanslyperken felt that Moggy was not only out of his power, but even if in his power, that he dare not retaliate upon her, for reasons which we have already explained to our readers; it was, therefore, clear to him, that Smallbones was the party upon whom his indignation could be the most safely vented; and, moreover, that in so doing, he was only paying off a long accumulating debt of hatred and ill-will. But, at the same time, Mr. Vanslyperken had made up his mind that a lad who could be floated out to the Ower's Light and back again without sinking—who could have a bullet through his head without a mark remaining—and who could swallow a whole two-pennyworth of arsenic without feeling more than a twinge in his stomach, was not so very easily to be made away with. That the corporal's vision was no fiction, was evident—the lad was not to be hurt by mortal man; and although the widow's arsenic had failed, Mr. Vanslyperken, in his superstition accounted for it on the grounds that the woman was not the active agent on the occasion, having only prepared the herring, it not having been received from her hands by Smallbones. The reader may recollect that in the last interview between Vanslyperken and his mother, the latter had thrown out hints that if she took Smallbones in hand, he would not have such miraculous escapes as he had had, as in all she undertook, she did her business thoroughly. Bearing this in mind, Mr. Vanslyperken went to pour forth his sorrows, and to obtain the assistance of his much-to-be-respected and venerable mother.

"Well, child, what is it—is it money you bring?" cried the old woman, when Vanslyperken entered the room.

"No, mother," replied Vanslyperken, throwing himself on the only chair in the room, except the one with the legs cut off half-way up, upon which his mother was accustomed to rock herself before the grate. "No, mother; but I have brought something—and I come to you for advice and assistance."

"Brought no money—yet brought something!—well, child, what have you brought?"

"This!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, throwing the dog's tail down upon the table.

"This!" repeated the old beldam, lifting up the tail, and examining it as well as she could, as the vibration of her palsied members were communicated to the article; "and pray, child, what is this?"

"Are you blind, old woman," replied Vanslyperken, in wrath, "not to perceive that it is my poor dog's tail?"

"Blind old woman! and dog's tail, eh! Blind old woman, eh! Mr. Cornelius, you dare to call me a blind old woman, and to bring here the mangy tail of a dog, and to lay it on my table! Is this your duty, sirrah! How dare you take such liberties! There, sir," cried the hag, in a rage, catching hold of the tail, and sending it flying out of the casement, which was open; "there, sir—and now you may follow your tail. D'ye hear!—leave the room instantly, or I'll cleave your craven skull. Blind old woman, forsooth—undutiful child—"

Vanslyperken, in spite of his mother's indignation, could not prevent his eyes from following the tail of his dog, as it sailed through the ambient air surrounding the half-way houses, and was glad to observe it landed among some cabbage leaves thrown into the road, without attracting notice. Satisfied that he should regain his treasure when he quitted the house, he now turned round to deprecate his mother's wrath, who had not yet completed the sentence which we have quoted above.

"I supplicate your pardon, my dear mother," said Vanslyperken, who felt that in her present humour he was not likely to gain the point with her that he had in contemplation. "I was so vexed—so irritated that I knew not what I was saying."

"Blind old woman, indeed!" repeated the beldam.

"I again beg you to forgive me, dearest mother," continued Vanslyperken.

"All about a dog's tail cut off. Better off than on—so much the less mange on the snarling cur."

'This was touching up Vanslyperken on the raw; but he had a great object in view, and he restrained his feelings.

"I was wrong, mother—very wrong—but I have done all I can, I have begged your pardon. I came here for your advice and assistance."

"What advice and assistance can you expect from a blind old woman?" retorted the old hag. "And what advice or assistance does so undutiful a child deserve?"

It was some time before the ruffled temper of the beldam could be appeased; at last, Vanslyperken succeeded.

He then entered into a detail of all that had passed, and concluded by observing, "that as Smallbones was

not to be injured by mortal man, he had come to her for assistance."

"That is to say—you have come to me to ask me to knock the lad's brains out—to take away his life—to murder him, in fact. Say, Cornelius, is it not so?"

"It is exactly so, my dearest mother. I know your courage—your—"

"Yes, yes, I understand all that; but, now hear me, child. There are deeds which are done, and which I have done, but those deeds are only done upon strong impulses. Murder is one; but people murder for two reasons only—for revenge and for gold. People don't do such acts as are to torture their minds here, and perhaps be punished hereafter—that is, if there be one, child. I say, people don't do such deeds as these, merely because a graceless son comes to them, and says, 'If you please, mother.' Do you understand that, child! I've blood enough on my hands already—good blood, too—they are not defiled with the scum of a parish boy, nor shall they be, without—"

"Without what, mother?"

"Have I not told you, Cornelius, that there are but two great incitements—revenge and gold? I have no revenge against the lad. If you have—if you consider that a dog's tail demands a human victim—well and good—do the deed yourself."

"I would," cried Vanslyperken, "but I have tried in vain. It must be done by woman."

"Then hear me, Cornelius; if it must be done by woman, you must find a woman to do it, and you must pay her for the deed. Murder is at a high price. You apply to me—I am content to do the deed; but I must have gold—and plenty too."

Vanslyperken paused before he replied. The old woman had charge of all his money—she was on the verge of the grave—for what could she require his gold?—could she be so foolish!—it was insanity. Vanslyperken was right—it was insanity, for avarice is no better.

"Do you mean, mother," replied Vanslyperken, "that you want gold from me?"

"From whom else?" demanded the old woman, sharply.

"Take it, then, mother—take as many pieces as you please."

"I must have all that there is in that chest, Cornelius."

"All, mother?"

"Yes, all; and what is it, after all? What price is too high for blood which calls for retribution? Besides, Cornelius, it must be all yours again when I die; but I shall not die yet—no, no."

"Well, mother," replied Vanslyperken, "if it must be so, it shall all be yours—not that I can see what difference it makes, whether it is called yours or mine."

"Then why not give it freely? Why do you hesitate to give to your poor old mother what may be yours again before the leaf again falls? Ask yourself why, Cornelius, and then you have my answer. The gold is here in my charge, but it is not my gold—it is yours. You little think how often I've laid it in bed and longed that it was all mine. Then I would count it—count it again and again—watch over it, not as I do now as a mere deposit in my charge, but as a mother would watch and smile upon her first-born child. There is a talisman in that word *mine*, that

not approaching death can wean from life. It is our natures, child—say, then, is all that gold *mine*?"

Vanslyperken paused; he also felt the magic of the word; and although it was but a nominal and temporary divestment of the property, even that gave him a severe struggle; but his avarice was overcome by his feelings of revenge, and he answered solemnly, "As I hope for revenge, mother, *all* that gold is *yours*, provided that you do the deed."

Here the old hag burst into a sort of shrieking laugh. "Send him here, child;" and the almost unearthly cackinnation was continued—"send him here, child—I can't go to seek him—and it is done—only bring him here."

As soon as this compact had been completed, Vanslyperken and his mother had a consultation, and it was agreed that it would be advisable not to attempt the deed until the day before the cutter sailed, as it would remove all suspicion, and be supposed that the boy had deserted. This arrangement having been made, Vanslyperken made rather a hasty retreat. The fact was, that he was anxious to recover the fragment of Snarleyow, which his mother had so contemptuously thrown out of the casement.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken is taken for a witch.

MR. VANSLYPERKEN hastened into the street, and walked towards the heap of cabbage leaves, in which he observed the object of his wishes to have fallen; but there was some one there before him, an old sow, very busy groping among the refuse. Although Vanslyperken had come on shore without even a stick in his hand, he had no fear of a pig, and walked up boldly to drive her away, fully convinced that although she might like cabbage, not being exactly carnivorous, that he should find the tail in *statu quo*. But it appeared that the sow not only would not stand being interfered with, but, moreover, was carnivorously inclined; for she was at that very moment routing the tail about with her nose, and received Vanslyperken's advance with an irascible grunt, throwing her head at him with a savage augh! and then again busied herself with the fragment of Snarleyow. Vanslyperken, who had started back, perceived that the sow was engaged with the very article in question; and finding it was a service of more danger than he had expected, picked up one or two large stones, and threw them at the animal to drive her away. This mode of attack had the effect desired in one respect; the sow made a retreat, but at the same time she would not retreat without the *bonne bouche*, which she carried away in her mouth.

Vanslyperken followed; but the sow proved that she could fight as well as run, every minute turning round to bay, and chumping and grumbling in a very formidable manner. At last, after Vanslyperken had chased for a quarter of a mile, he received unexpected assistance from a large dog, who bounded from the side of the road, where he lay in the sun, and seizing the sow by the ear, made her drop the tail to save her own bacon.

Vanslyperken was delighted; he hastened up as fast as he could to regain his treasure, when, to his mortification, the great dog, who had left the sow,

arrived at the spot before him, and after smelling at the not one bone but many bones of contention, he took it in his mouth, and trotted off to his former berth in the sunshine, laid himself down, and the tail before him.

"Surely one dog won't eat another dog's tail," thought Vanslyperken, as he walked up to the animal; but an eye like fire, a deep growl, and exposure of a range of teeth equal to a hyena's, convinced Mr. Vanslyperken that it would be wise to retreat—which he did to a respectable distance, and attempted to coax the dog. "Poor doggy, there's a dog," cried Vanslyperken, snapping his fingers, and approaching gradually. To his horror, the dog did the same thing: he rose, and approached Mr. Vanslyperken gradually, and snapped his fingers; not content with that, he flew at him and tore the skirt of his great coat clean off, and also the hinder part of his trousers for Mr. Vanslyperken immediately turned tail, and the dog appeared resolved to have his tail as well as that of his darling cur. Satisfied with about half a yard of broadcloth as a trophy, the dog returned to his former situation, and remained with the tail of the coat and the tail of the cur before him, with his fierce eyes fixed upon Mr. Vanslyperken, who had now retreated to a greater distance.

But this transaction was not unobserved by several of the people who inhabited the street of cottages. Many eyes were directed to where Mr. Vanslyperken and the sow and dog had been at issue, and many were the conjectures thereon.

When the dog retreated with the skirt of the great coat, many came out to ascertain what was the cause of the dispute, and among others, the man to whom the dog belonged, and who lived at the cottage opposite to where the dog had laid down. He observed Vanslyperken, looking very much like a vessel whose sails have been split in a gale, and very rueful at the same time, standing at a certain distance, quite undecided how to act, and he called out to him, "What is it you want with my dog, man?"

Man! Vanslyperken thought this designation an affront; whereas, in our opinion, Vanslyperken was an affront to the name of man. "Man!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "why your dog has taken my property."

"Then take your property," replied the other, tossing to him the skirt of his coat, which he had taken from the dog.

By this time there was a crowd collected from out of the various surrounding tenements.

"That's not all," exclaimed Vanslyperken; "he has got my dog's tail there."

"Your dog's tail!" exclaimed the man, "what do you mean? Is it this ragged mangy thing you would have?" and the man took the tail of Snarleyow, and held it up to the view of the assembled crowd.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, coming towards the man with eagerness; "that is what I want," and held out his hand to receive it.

"And pray, may I ask," replied the other, looking very suspiciously at Vanslyperken, "what can you want with this piece of carrion?"

"To make soup of," replied another, laughing; "he can't afford ox-tail."

Vanslyperken made an eager snatch at his treasure; but the man lifted it up on the other side, out of his reach.

"Let us have a look at this chap," said the first, examining Vanslyperken, whose peaked nose and chin, small ferret eyes, and downcast look, were certainly not in his favour; neither were his old and now tattered habiliments. Certainly no one would have taken Vanslyperken for a king's officer—unfortunately they took him for something else.

"Now tell me, fellow, what were you going to do with this?" inquired the man, in a severe tone.

"I sha'n't tell you," replied Vanslyperken.

"Why, that's the chap that I sees go in and out of the room where the old hell-fire witch lives, who curses all day long."

"I thought as much," observed the man, who still held up the cur's tail. "Now I appeal to you all, what can a fellow want with such a thing as this—ay, my good people, and want it so much, too, as to risk being torn to pieces for it—if he ar'n't inclined to evil practices?"

"That's sartin sure," replied another.

"A witch—a witch!" cried the whole crowd.

"Let's duck him—tie his thumbs—away with him—come along, my lads, away with him."

Although there were not at the time we write about regular witch-finders, as in the time of James I., still the feeling against witches, and the belief that they practised, still existed. They were no longer handed over to the summary and capital punishment, but whenever suspected they were sure to meet with very rough treatment. Such was the fate of Mr. Vanslyperken, who was now seized by the crowd, buffeted, and spit upon, and dragged to the parish pump, there being, fortunately for him, no horse-pond near. After having been well beaten, pelted with mud, his clothes torn off his back, his hat taken away and stamped upon, he was held under the pump and drenched for nearly half an hour, until he laid beneath the spout in a state of complete exhaustion. The crowd were then satisfied, and he was left to get away how he could, which he did, after a time, in a most deplorable plight, bareheaded, in his shirt and torn trousers. He contrived to walk as far as to the house where his mother resided, was admitted to her room, when he fell exhausted on the bed. The old woman was astonished; and having some gin in her cupboard, revived him by administering a small quantity, and in the course of half an hour Vanslyperken could tell his story; but all the consolation he received from the old beldam was, "Serve you right too for being such an ass. I suppose you'll be bringing the stupid people about my ears soon—they've hooted me before now. Ah, well—I'll not be pumped upon for nothing—my knife is a sharp one."

Vanslyperken had clothes under his mother's charge, and he dressed himself in another suit, and then hastened away, much mortified and confounded with the latter events of the day. The result of his arrangements with his mother was, however, a balm to his wounded spirit, and he looked upon Smallbones as already dead. He hastened down into his cabin, as soon as he arrived on board, to ascertain the condition of Snarleylow, whom he found as well as could be expected, and occasionally making unavailing attempts to lick the stump of his tail.

"My poor dog!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, "what have you suffered, and what have I suffered for you? Alas! if I am to suffer as I have to-day for only your tail, what shall I go through for your whole body!"

And as Vanslyperken recalled his misfortunes, so did his love increase for the animal who was the cause of them. Why so we cannot tell, except, that it has been so from the beginning, is so now, and always will be the case, for the best of all possible reasons—that it is *human nature*.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

In which is recorded a most barbarous and bloody murder.

We observed, in a previous chapter, that Mr. Vanslyperken was observed by Moggy Salisbury to go into a jeweller's shop, and remain there some time, and that Moggy was very inquisitive to know what it was that could induce Mr. Vanslyperken to go into so unusual a resort for him.

The next day she went into the shop upon a pretence of looking at some ear-rings, and attempted to enter into conversation with the jeweller; but the jeweller, not perhaps admiring Moggy's appearance, and not thinking her likely to be a customer, dismissed her with very short answers. Failing in her attempt, Moggy determined to wait till Nancy Corbett should come over, for she knew that Nancy could dress and assume the fine lady, and be more likely to succeed than herself. But although Moggy could not penetrate into the mystery, it is necessary the reader should be informed of the proceedings of Mr. Vanslyperken.

When Ramsay had shown him how to open the government despatches, and had provided him with the false seals for the re-impressions, he forgot that he also was pointing out to Vanslyperken the means of also opening his own, and discovering his secrets, as well as those of government; but Vanslyperken, who hated Ramsay, on account of his behaviour towards him, and would with pleasure have seen the whole of his party, as well as himself, on the gibbet, thought that it might be just as well to have two strings to his bow; and he argued, that if he could open the letters of the conspirators, and obtain their secrets, they would prove valuable to him, and perhaps save his neck, if he were betrayed to the government. On his passage, therefore, to Amsterdam, he had carefully examined the seal of Ramsay, and also that on the letters forwarded to him; and having made a drawing, and taken the impression in wax, as a further security, he had applied to the jeweller in question to get him seals cut out with these impressions, and of the exact form and size. The jeweller, who cared little what he did, provided that he was well paid, asked no questions, but a very high price; and Vanslyperken, knowing that they would be cheap to him at any price, closed with him on his own terms, provided that they were immediately forthcoming. In the week, according to the agreement, the seals were prepared. Mr. Vanslyperken paid his money, and now was waiting for orders to sail.

The dog's stump was much better.

On the ninth day a summons to the admiral's house was sent, and Vanslyperken was ordered to hold himself in readiness to sail the next morning at daylight. He immediately repaired to the Jew's to give intimation, and from thence to his mother's to prepare her for the arrival of Smallbones that evening a little before dusk.

Vanslyperken had arranged that, as soon as the murder had been committed, he would go to the Jew's for letters, and then hasten on board, sailing the next morning at daylight; so that, if there were any discovery, the whole onus might be on his mother, who, for all he cared, might be hung. It is a true saying, that a good mother makes a good son.

When Vanslyperken intimated to Smallbones that he was going on shore in the evening, and should take him with him, the lad did not forget the last walk that he had in company with his master, and, apprehensive that some mischief was intended, he said, "I hope it ar'n't for to fetch another walk in the country, sir!"

"No, no," replied Vanslyperken, "it's to take some biscuit up to a poor old woman close by. I don't want to be robbed, any more than you do, Smallbones."

But the very quick reply of his master only increased the apprehension of Smallbones, who left the cabin, and hastened to Corporal Van Spitter, to consult with him.

Corporal Van Spitter was of the same opinion as Smallbones, that mischief was intended him, and offered to provide him with a pistol; but Smallbones, who knew little about fire-arms, requested that he might have a bayonet instead, which he could use better. He was supplied with this, which he concealed within his shirt, and when ordered, he went into the boat with Vanslyperken. They landed, and it was dark before they arrived at the half-way houses. Vanslyperken ascended the stairs, and ordered Smallbones to follow him. As soon as they were in the room, Mr. Vanslyperken said, "Here is the biscuit, good woman, and much good may it do you."

"It's very kind of you, sir, and many thanks. It's not often that people are charitable now-a-days, and this has been a hard winter for poor folk. Put the bag down there, my good little fellow," continued the old hypocrite, addressing Smallbones.

"And now, good woman, I shall leave my lad with you, till I come back. I have to call at a friend's, and I need not take him. Smallbones, stay here till I return; get the biscuit out of the bag, as we must take that on board again."

Smallbones had no objection to remain with the withered, palsied old woman. He could have no fear of her, and he really began to think that his master had been guilty of charity.

Mr. Vanslyperken departed, leaving Smallbones in company with his mother.

"Come now, my lad, come to the chair, and sit down by the fire," for a fire had been lighted by the old woman expressly, "sit down, and I'll see if I can find you something in my cupboard; I have, I know, a drop of cordial left somewhere. Sit down, child; you have had the kindness to bring the bread up for me, and I am grateful."

The tones of the old beldam's voice were very different from those she usually indulged in; there was almost a sweetness about them, which proved what she might have effected at the period when she was fair and young. Smallbones felt not the least disquietude; he sat down in the chair by the fire, while the old woman looked in the cupboard behind him for the cordial, of which she poured him a good allowance in a tea-cup.

Smallbones sipped and sipped, he was not in a

hurry to get rid of it, as it was good; the old woman went again to the cupboard, rattled the things about a little, and then, on a sudden, taking out a large hammer, as Smallbones unconsciously sipped, she raised it with both her hands, and down came the blow on his devoted head.

The poor lad dropped the cup, sprung up convulsively, staggered, and then fell. Once he rolled over, his leg quivered, and he then moved no more.

The beldam watched him with the hammer in her hand, ready to repeat the blow, if necessary; indeed she would have repeated it had it not been that after he fell, in turning over, Smallbones' head had rolled under the low bedstead where she slept.

"My work is sure, muttered she, "and all the gold is mine."

Again she watched, but there was no motion—a stream of blood appeared from under the bed, and ran in a little rivulet towards the fire-place.

"I wish I could pull him out," said the old woman, lugging at the lad's legs; "another blow or two would make more sure." But the effort was above her strength, and she abandoned it. "It's no matter," muttered she; "he'll never tell tales again."

But there the old hag was mistaken; Smallbones had been stunned, but not killed; the blow of the hammer had fortunately started off, divided the flesh of the skull for three inches, with a gash which descended to his ear. At the very time that she uttered her last expressions, Smallbones was recovering his senses, but he was still confused, as if in a dream.

"Yes, yes," said the old woman, after some minutes' pause, "all the gold is mine."

The lad heard this sentence, and he now remembered where he was, and what had taken place. He was about to rise, when there was a knocking at the door, and he lay still. It was Vanslyperken. The door was opened by the old beldam.

"Is it done?" said he, in a loud whisper.

"Done!" cried the hag; "yes, and well done. Don't tell me of charmed life. My blows are sure—see there."

"Are you sure that he is dead?"

"Quite sure, child—and all the gold is mine."

Vanslyperken looked with horror at the stream of blood still flowing, and absorbed by the ashes in the grate.

"It was you did it, mother; recollect it was not me," cried he.

"I did it—and you paid for it—and all the gold is mine."

"But are you quite sure that he is dead?"

"Sure—yes, and in judgment now, if there is any."

Vanslyperken surveyed the body of Smallbones, who, although he had heard every word, lay without motion, for he knew his life depended on it. After a minute or two the lieutenant was satisfied.

"I must go on board now, mother; but what will you do with the body?"

"Leave that to me; who ever comes in here? Leave that to me, craven, and, as you say, go on board."

Vanslyperken opened the door, and went out of the room; the old hag made the door fast, and then sat down on the chair, which she replaced by the side of the fire, with her back to Smallbones.

The lad felt very faint from loss of blood, and was sick at the stomach, but his senses were in their full

vigour. He now was assured that Vanslyperken was gone, and that he had only the old woman opposed to him. His courage was unsubdued, and he resolved to act in self-defence if required; and he softly drew the bayonet out of his breast, and then watched the murderous old hag, who was rocking herself in the chair.

"Yes, yes, the gold is mine," muttered she—"I've won it, and I'll count it. I won it dearly;—another murder—well, 'tis but one more. Let me see, and what shall I do with the body? I must burn it, by bits and bits—and I'll count the gold—it's all mine, for he's dead."

Here the old woman turned round to look at the body, and her keen eyes immediately perceived that there was a slight change of position.

"Heh!" cried she, "not quite dead yet; we must have the hammer again," and she rose from her chair, and walked in an unsteady pace to pick up the hammer, which was at the other side of the fireplace. Smallbones, who felt that now was his time, immediately rose, but before he could recover his feet, she had turned round to him: with a sort of low yell, she darted at him with an agility not to be imagined in one of her years and decrepit appearance, and struck at him. Smallbones raised his left arm, and received the blow, and with his right plunged the bayonet deep into the wrinkled throat of the old woman. She grappled with him, and the struggle was dreadful; she caught his throat in one of her bony hands, and the nails pierced into it like the talons of a bird of prey—the fingers of the other she inserted into the jagged and gaping wound on his head, and forced the flesh still more asunder, exerting all her strength to force him on his back; but the bayonet was still in her throat, and with the point descending towards the body, and Smallbones forced and forced it down, till it was buried to the hilt. In a few seconds the old hag loosed her hold, quivered, and fell back dead: and the lad was so exhausted with the struggle, and his previous loss of blood, that he fell into a swoon at the side of the corpse.

When Smallbones recovered, the candle was flickering in the socket. He rose up in a sitting posture, and tried to recollect all that had passed.

The alternating light of the candle flashed upon the body of the old woman, and he remembered all. After a few minutes, he was able to rise, and he sat down upon the bed giddy and faint. It occurred to him that he would soon be in the dark, and would require the light to follow up his intended movements, so he rose, and went to the cupboard to find one. He found a candle, and he also found the bottle of cordial, of which he drank all that was left, and felt himself revived, and capable of acting. Having put the other candle into the candlestick, he looked for water, washed himself, and bound up his head with his handkerchief. He then wiped up the blood from the floor, threw some sand over the part, and burnt the towel in the grate. His next task was one of more difficulty, to lift up the body of the old woman, put it into the bed, and cover it up with the clothes, previously drawing out the bayonet. No blood issued from the wound—the hemorrhage was all internal. He covered up the face, took the key of the door, and tried it in the lock, put the candle under the grate to burn out safely, took possession of the hammer; then having examined the door, he went out, locked

it from the outside, slid the key in beneath the door, and hastened away as fast as he could. He was not met by any body, and was soon safe in the street with the bayonet, which he again concealed in his vest.

These precautions taken by Smallbones proved that the lad had conduct as well as courage. He argued that it was not advisable that it should be known that this fatal affray had taken place between the old woman and himself. Satisfied with having preserved his life, he was unwilling to be embroiled in a case of murder, as he wished to prosecute his designs with his companions on board.

He knew that Vanslyperken was capable of swearing any thing against him, and that his best safety lay in the affair not being found out, which it could not be until the cutter had sailed, and no one had seen him either enter or go out. There was another reason which induced Smallbones to act as he did—without appealing to the authorities—which was, that if he returned on board, it would create such a shock to Mr. Vanslyperken, who had, as he supposed, seen him lying dead upon the floor. But there was one person to whom he determined to apply to for advice before he decided how to proceed, and that was Moggy Salisbury, who had given her address to him when she had gone on board the Yungfrau. To her house he therefore repaired, and found her at home. It was then about nine o'clock in the evening.

Moggy was much surprised to see Smallbones enter in such a condition; but Smallbones' story was soon told, and Moggy sent for a surgeon, the services of whom the lad seriously required. While his wound was dressing, which was asserted by them to have been received in a fray, Moggy considered what would be the best method to proceed. The surgeon stated his intention of seeing Smallbones the next day, but he was requested to leave him sufficient dressing, as it was necessary that he should repair on board, as the vessel which he belonged to sailed on the following morning. The surgeon received his fee, recommended quiet and repose, and retired.

A consultation then took place. Smallbones expressed his determination to go on board; he did not fear Mr. Vanslyperken, as the crew of the cutter would support him,—and, moreover, it would frighten Mr. Vanslyperken out of his wits. To this Moggy agreed, but she proposed that instead of making his appearance on the following morning, he should not appear to Mr. Vanslyperken until the vessel was in the blue water; if possible, not till she was over on the other side. And Moggy determined to go on board, see the corporal, and make the arrangements with him and the crew, who were now unanimous, for the six marines were at the beck of the corporal, so that Mr. Vanslyperken should be frightened out of his wits. Desiring Smallbones to lie down on her bed, and take the rest he so much needed, she put on her bonnet and cloak, and taking a boat, pulled gently alongside the cutter.

Vanslyperken had been on board for two hours, and was in his cabin; the lights, however, were still burning. The corporal was still up, anxiously waiting for the return of Smallbones, and he was very much alarmed when he heard Moggy come alongside. Moggy soon detailed to the corporal, Dick Short, and Coble, all that had taken place, and what it was proposed should be done. They assented willingly to

the proposal, declaring that if Vanslyperken attempted to hurt the lad, they would rise, and throw Mr. Vanslyperken overboard; and every thing being arranged, Moggy was about to depart, when Vanslyperken, who was in a state of miserable anxiety and torture, who had been drowning his conscience in scheedam, came on deck not a little the worse for what he had been imbibing.

"Who is that woman?" cried Vanslyperken.

"That woman is Moggy Salisbury," cried Moggy, walking up to Vanslyperken, while the corporal skulked forward without being detected.

"Have I not given positive orders that this woman does not come on board?" cried Vanslyperken, holding on by the skylight. "Who is that—Mr. Short?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Short.

"Why did you allow her to come on board?"

"I came without leave," said Moggy, "I brought a message on board."

"A message! what message—to whom?"

"To you," replied Moggy.

"To me—from whom, you cockatrice?"

"I'll tell you," replied Moggy, walking close up to him; "from Lazarus the Jew. Will you hear it, or shall I leave it with Dick Short?"

"Silence—silence—not a word; come down into the cabin, good Moggy. Come down—I'll hear it then."

"With all my heart, Mr. Vanslyperken, but none of your attacks on my virtue; recollect I'm an honest woman."

"Don't be afraid, my good Moggy—I never hurt a child."

"I don't think you ever did," retorted Moggy, following Vanslyperken, who could hardly keep his feet.

"Well, there's Abracadabra there, any how," observed Coble to Short, as they went down. "Why she turns him round her finger."

"Yes," quoth Short.

"I can't comprehend this not no how."

"No," replied Short.

As soon as they were in the cabin, Moggy observed the bottle of scheedam on the table. "Come, Mr. Vanslyperken you'll treat me to-night and drink my health again, won't you?"

"Yes, Moggy, yes—we're friends now, you know;" for Vanslyperken, like all others suffering under the stings of conscience, was glad to make friends with his bitterest enemy.

"Come, then, help me, Mr. Vanslyperken, and then I'll give my message."

As soon as Moggy had taken her glass of scheedam, she began to think what she would say, for she had no message ready prepared; at last a thought struck her.

"I am desired to tell you, that when a passenger, or a person disguised as a sailor, either asks for a passage, or volunteers for the vessel, you are to take him on board immediately, even if you should know them in their disguise not to be what they pretend to be—do you understand?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, who was quite muddled.

"Whether they apply from here, or from the other side of the channel, no consequence, you must take them—if not—"

"If not, what?" replied Vanslyperken.

"You'll swing, that's all, my buck. Good night to you," replied Moggy, leaving the cabin.

"I'll swing," muttered Vanslyperken, rolling against the bulk-head. "Well, if I do, others shall swing too. Who cares! damn the fagot!"

Here Mr. Vanslyperken poured out another glass of scheedam, the contents of which overthrew the small remnant of his reasoning faculties. He then tumbled into his bed with his clothes on, saying, as he turned on his side, "Smallbones is dead and gone, at all events."

Moggy took leave of her friends on deck, and pushed on shore. She permitted Smallbones, whom she found fast asleep, to remain undisturbed until nearly three o'clock in the morning, during which time she watched by the bedside. She then roused him, and they sallied forth, took a boat, and dropped alongside of the cutter. Smallbones' hammock had been prepared for him by the corporal. He was put into it, and Moggy then left the vessel.

Mr. Vanslyperken was in a state of torpor during this proceeding, and was, with great difficulty, awoke by the corporal, according to orders given, when it was daylight, and the cutter was to weigh anchor.

"Smallbones has not come off, sir, last night," reported the corporal.

"I suppose the scoundrel has deserted," replied Vanslyperken, "I fully expected that he would. However, he is no loss, for he was a useless, idle, lying rascal." And Mr. Vanslyperken turned out; having all his clothes on, he had no occasion to dress. He went on deck, followed by the tailless Snarleyvow, and in half an hour the cutter was standing out towards St. Helen's.

CHAPTER XL.

In which a most horrid spectre disturbs the equanimity of Mr. Vanslyperken.

Two days was the cutter steering with light winds for the Texel, during which Mr. Vanslyperken kept himself altogether in his cabin. He was occasionally haunted with the memory of the scene in his mother's room. Smallbones dead, and the stream of blood running along the floor, and his mother's diabolical countenance, with the hammer raised in her palsied hands. But he had a monitor to his vengeance beside him, which appeared to relieve his mind whenever it was oppressed. It was the stump of Snarleyvow, and when he looked at that, he no longer regretted, but congratulated himself on the deed being done. His time was fully occupied during the day, for with locked doors he was transcribing the letters sent to Ramsay, and confided to him.

He was not content with taking extracts, as he did of the government despatches for Ramsay; he copied every word, and he replaced the seals with great dexterity. At night his mind was troubled, and he dare not lay himself down to rest until he had fortified himself with several glasses of scheedam. Even then his dreams frightened him. But he was to be more frightened yet.

Corporal Van Spitter came into the cabin on the third morning with a very anxious face. "Mein Gott, Mynheer Vanslyperken! all de whole crew be in de mutinys."

"Mutiny!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "what's the matter?"

"Dey say, sir, dat dey see the ghost of Smallbones last night on de bowsprit; with one great cut on his head, and de blood all over de face."

"Saw what? who saw him?"

"Mein Gott, mynheer, it all true. I really think I see it myself at de taffrail. He sit there, and have great wound from here down to there," said the corporal, pointing to his own head, and describing the wound exactly. "The people say that he must have been murdered, and dey kick up de mutiny."

"I did not do it, corporal, at all events," replied Vanslyperken, pale and trembling.

"So Smallbones tell Dick Short, when he speak to him on de bowsprit."

"Did it speak to Short?" inquired Vanslyperken, catching the corporal's arm.

"Yes, mynheer, Short speak first, and den all de ghost say dat you not do it; but dat you give gold to old woman to do it, and she knock him brain out wid de hammer."

To portray Vanslyperken's dismay at this intelligence would be impossible. He could not but be certain that there had been a supernatural communication. His knees knocked, he trembled, and he turned sick and faint.

"Lord! corporal, I am a great sinner," cried he, "quite unaware of what he was saying; some vater, corporal."

Corporal Van Spitter handed some water, and Vanslyperken waved his hand to be left alone. And Mr. Vanslyperken continued to pray, but ended in blaspheming.

"It's a lie—all a lie," exclaimed he at last, pouring out a tumbler of scheedam. "They have frightened the corporal; but—no—he must have seen him, or how could they know how he was murdered? He must have told them; and yet I saw him dead and stiff with these own eyes. Well, I did not do the deed," continued Vanslyperken, attempting to palliate his crime to himself; but it would not do, and Mr. Vanslyperken paced the little cabin racked by fear and guilt. Remorse he felt none, for there was before his eyes the unhealed stump of Snarleyvow.

In the evening Mr. Vanslyperken went on deck. The weather was now very warm, for it was the beginning of July; and Mr. Vanslyperken, followed by Snarleyvow, was in a deep reverie, and he turned and turned again.

The sun had set, and Mr. Vanslyperken still continued his walk; but his steps were agitated and uneven, and his face was haggard. It was rather the rapid and angry pacing of a tiger in his den, who had just been captured, than that of a person in deep contemplation. Still Mr. Vanslyperken continued to tread the deck; and it was now quite light with a bright and full moon.

The men were standing here and there, about the fore-castle and near the booms, in silence, or speaking in low whispers; and Vanslyperken's eye was often directed toward them, for he had not forgotten the report of the corporal that they were in a state of mutiny.

Of a sudden, Mr. Vanslyperken was roused by a loud cry from forward, and a rush of all the men aft. He thought that the crew had risen, and that they were about to seize him; but, on the contrary, they passed him, and hastened to the taffrail with exclamations of horror.

"What—what is it?" exclaimed Mr. Vanslyperken, fully prepared for the reply by his own fears.

"O Lord! have mercy upon us!" cried Bill Spurey.

"Good God! deliver us!" exclaimed another.

"Ah, mein Gott!" screamed Jansen, rushing against Vanslyperken, and knocking him down on the deck.

"Well, well, murder will out—that's sartin," said Coble, who stood by Vanslyperken when he had recovered his legs.

"What! what!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, breathless.

"There, sir! look there!" said Coble, breathless, pointing to the figure of Smallbones, who now appeared from the shade in the broad moonshine.

His head was not bound up, and his face appeared pale and streaked with blood. He was in the same clothes in which he had gone on shore, and in his hand he held the hammer which had done the deed.

The figure slowly advanced to the quarter-deck. Vanslyperken attempted to retreat, but his legs failed him. He dropped down on his knees, uttered a loud yell of despair, and threw himself flat on the deck, face downwards.

Certainly the pantomime was imitatively got up; but it had all been arranged by Moggy, the corporal, and the others. There was not one man of the crew who had not been sworn to secrecy, and whose life would have been endangered if, by undecieving Vanslyperken, they had been deprived of such just and legitimate revenge.

Smallbones disappeared as soon as Vanslyperken had fallen down. He was allowed to remain there for some time, to ascertain if he would say any thing; but as he still continued silent, they raised him up, and found that he was insensible. He was consequently taken down into the cabin, and put into his bed.

The effect produced by this trial of Mr. Vanslyperken's nerves was most serious. Already too much heated with the use of ardent spirits, it brought on convulsions, in which he continued during the major part of the night. Towards the morning, he sunk into a perturbed slumber.

It was not till eleven o'clock in the forenoon that he awoke, and perceived his faithful corporal standing by the side of the bed.

"Have I not been ill, corporal?" said Mr. Vanslyperken, whose memory was impaired for the time.

"Mein Gott! yes, mynheer."

"There was something happened? was not there?"

"Mein Gott! yes, mynheer."

"I've had a fit? have I not?"

"Mein Gott! yes, mynheer."

"My head swims now. What was it, corporal?"

"It was de ghost of de poy," replied the corporal.

"Yes, yes," replied Vanslyperken, falling back on his pillow.

It had been intended by the conspirators that Smallbones should make his appearance in the cabin as the bell struck one o'clock; but the effect had already been so serious, that it was thought advisable to defer any further attempts. As for Smallbones being concealed in the vessel for any length of time, there was no difficulty in that; for allowing that Vanslyperken should go forward on the lower deck of the vessel, which he never did, Smallbones had only to retreat into the eyes of her, and it was then so dark that he could not be seen. They therefore regulated their conduct much in the same way as the members of the Inquisition used to do in former days. They allowed their patient to recover that he might be subjected to more torture.

It was not until the fourth day that the cutter arrived at the port of Amsterdam; and Mr. Vanslyperken had kept his bed ever since he had been put into it. But this he could do no longer. He rose, weak and emaciated, dressed himself, and went on shore with the despatches, which he first delivered, and then bent his steps to the syndic's house, where he delivered his letters to Ramsay.

The arrival of the cutter had been duly notified to the widow Vanderloosh before she had dropped her anchor; and in pursuance with her resolution, she immediately despatched Babette to track Mr. Vanslyperken, and watch his motions. Babette took care not to be seen by Mr. Vanslyperken; but shrouding herself close in her cotton print cloak, she followed him to the staadt house, and from the staadt house to the mansion of Mynheer Van Krause, at a short distance from the gates of which she remained until he came out. Wishing to ascertain whether he went to any other place, she did not discover herself until she perceived that he was proceeding to the widow's. She then quickened her pace, so as to come up with him.

"O, Mynheer Vanslyperken, is this you? I heard you had come in, and so did my mistress, and she has been expecting you this last half hour."

"I have made all the haste I can, Babette. But I was

obliged to deliver my despatches first," replied Vanslyperken.

"But I thought you always took your despatches to the staad house."

"Well, so I do, Babette. I have just come from thence."

This was enough for Babette. It proved that his visit to the syndie's was intended to be concealed. She was too prudent to let him know that she had traced him.

"Why, Mr. Vanslyperken, you look very ill. What has been the matter with you? My mistress will be quite frightened."

"I have not been well, Babette," replied Vanslyperken.

"I really must run home as fast as I can. I will tell my mistress you have been unwell; for otherwise she will be in such a quandary," and Babette hastened ahead of Mr. Vanslyperken, who was in too weak a state to walk fast.

"The syndie's house, heh?" said the widow. "Mynheer Van Krause! why, he is a thorough king's man, by all report," continued she. "I don't understand it. But there is no trusting any man now-a-days. Babette, you must go there by-and-by, and see if you can find out whether that person he brought over, and he called a king's messenger, is living at the syndie's house; I think he must be, or why would Vanslyperken go there? and if he is, there's treason going on, that's all; and I'll find it out, or my name is not Vandersloosh."

Shortly after Mr. Vanslyperken arrived at the House, and was received with the usual treacherous cordiality; but he had remained more than an hour, when Coble came to him, having been despatched by Short to inform Mr. Vanslyperken that a frigate was coming in with the royal standard at the main, indicating that King William was on board of her.

This intelligence obliged Mr. Vanslyperken to hasten on board, as it was necessary to salute, and also to pay his respects on board of the frigate.

The frigate was within a mile when Mr. Vanslyperken arrived on board of the cutter: and when the batteries saluted, the cutter did the same. Shortly afterwards the frigate dropped her anchor, and returned the salute. Mr. Vanslyperken, attired in his full uniform, ordered his boat to be manned and pulled on board.

On his arrival on the quarter-deck, Vanslyperken was received by the captain of the frigate, and then presented to King William of Nassau, who was standing on the other side of the deck, attended by the Duke of Portland, Lord Albemarle, and several others of his courtiers, not all of them quite so faithful as the two whom we have named.

When Mr. Vanslyperken was brought forward to the presence of his majesty, he trembled almost as much as when he had beheld the supposed spirit of Smallbones; and well he might, for his conscience told him, as he bowed his knee, that he was a traitor. His agitation was, however, ascribed to his being daunted by the unusual presence of royalty. And Albemarle, as Vanslyperken retreated with a cold sweat on his forehead, observed to the king, with a smile,

"That worthy lieutenant would show a little more courage, I doubt not, your majesty, if he were in the presence of your enemies."

"It is to be hoped so," replied the king, with a smile.

"I agree with you, Keppel."

But his majesty and Lord Albemarle did not know Mr. Vanslyperken, as the reader will acknowledge.

CHAPTER XL.

In which it is shown how dangerous it is to tell a secret.

MR. VANSLYPERKEN received orders to attend with his boat upon his majesty's landing, which took place in about

a quarter of an hour afterwards, amidst another roar of cannon. King William was received by the authorities at the landing stairs, and from thence he stepped into the carriage awaiting him, and drove off to his palace at the Hague, much to the relief of Mr. Vanslyperken, who felt ill at ease in the presence of his sovereign. When his majesty put his foot on shore, the foremost to receive him, in virtue of his office, was the syndie, Mynheer Van Krause, who, in full costume of gown, chains, and periwig, bowed low as his majesty advanced, expecting as usual, the gracious smile, and friendly nod of his sovereign; but, to his mortification, his reverence was returned with a grave if not stern air, and the king passed him without further notice. All the courtiers also, who had been accustomed to salute and to exchange a few words with him, to his astonishment, turned their heads another way. At first, Mynheer Van Krause could hardly believe his senses. He who had always been so graciously received, who had been considered most truly as such a staunch supporter of his king, to be neglected, mortified in this way, and without cause!

Instead of following his majesty to his carriage, with the rest of the authorities, he stood still and transfixed; the carriage drove off, and the syndie hardly replying to some questions put to him, hastened back to his own house in a state of confusion and vexation almost indescribable. He hastened up stairs, and entered the room of Ramsay, who was very busy with the despatches which he had received.

"Well, Mynheer Van Krause, how is his majesty looking?" inquired Ramsay, who knew that the syndie had been down to receive him on his landing.

Mynheer Krause threw himself down in a chair, threw open his gown, and uttered a deep sigh.

"What is the matter, my dear sir? You appear ruffled," continued Ramsay, who, from the extracts made by Vanslyperken from the despatches, was aware that suspicions had been lodged against his host.

"Such treatment to one of his most devoted followers!" exclaimed Krause at last, who then entered into a detail of what had occurred.

"Such is 'the sweet aspect, the smile, we would aspire to' of kings, Mynheer Krause."

"But there must be some occasion for all this," observed the syndie.

"No doubt of it," replied Ramsay; "some reason, but not a just one."

"That is certain," replied the syndie; "some one must have maligned me to his majesty."

"It may be," replied Ramsay; "but there may be other causes. Kings are capricious, and subjects may be too rich and too powerful. There are many paupers among the favourites of his majesty, who would be very glad to see your property confiscated, and you cast into prison."

"But, my dear sir—"

"You forget also that the Jacobites are plotting, and have been plotting for years; that conspiracy is formed upon conspiracy; and that, when so surrounded and opposed, kings will be suspicious."

"But his majesty, King William—"

"Firmly attached and loyal as I am to my sovereign, Mynheer Krause, I do not think that King William is more to be relied upon than King James. Kings are but kings;—they will repay the most important services by smiles, and the least doubtful act with the gibbet. I agree with you that some one must have maligned you; but allow me to make a remark, that if once suspicion or dislike enters into a royal breast, there is no effacing it. A complete verdict of innocence will not do it. It is like the sapping of one of the dams of this country, Mynheer Krause;—the admission of water is but small at first, but it increases and increases, till it ends in a general inundation."

"But I must demand an audience of his majesty, and explain."

"Explain!—the very attempt will be considered as a proof of your guilt. No, no; as a sincere friend, I should advise you to be quiet, and to take such steps as the case requires. That frown, that treatment of you in public, is sufficient to tell me that you must prepare for the event. Can you expect a king to publicly retract?"

"Retract!—no, I do not require a public apology from my sovereign."

"But, if having frowned upon you publicly, he again smiles upon you publicly, he does retract. He acknowledges that he was in error, and it becomes a public apology."

"God in heaven!—then I am lost!" replied the syndie, throwing himself back in his chair. "Do you really think so, Mynheer Ramsay?"

"I do not say that you are lost. At present, you have only lost the favour of the king;—but you can do without that, Mynheer Krause."

"Do without that?—but do you know that without that I am lost? Am I not syndie of this town of Amsterdam, and can I expect to hold such an important situation if I am out of favour?"

"Very true, Mynheer Krause; but what can be done? You are assailed in the dark; you do not know the charges brought against you, and therefore cannot refuse or parry them."

"But what charges can they bring against me?"

"There can be but one charge against a person in your high situation,—that of disaffection."

"Disaffection! I, who am, and have always been, so devoted?"

"The most disaffected generally appear the most devoted, Mynheer Krause. That will not help you."

"My God!" then exclaimed Krause, with animation, "what will, if loyalty is to be construed into a sign of disaffection?"

"Nothing," replied Ramsay, coolly. "Suspicion in the heart of a king is never to be effaced, and disaffection may soon be magnified into high-treason."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Van Krause, crossing his hands on his heart in utter despair. "My dear Mynheer Ramsay, will you give me your opinion how I should act?"

"There is no saying how far you may be right in your conjectures, Mynheer Krause," replied Ramsay,—"you may have been mistaken."

"No, no—he frowned—looked as cross—I see his face now."

"Yes, but a little thing will sour the face of royalty. His corn may have pinched him at the time; he might have had a twinge in the bowels; his voyage may have affected him."

"He smiled upon others—upon my friend Engelbach—very graciously."

"This was the very party who had proposed the charges against Krause,—his own very particular friend."

"Did he?" replied Ramsay; "then, depend upon it, that's the very man who has belied you."

"What! Engelbach! my particular friend!"

"Yes, I should imagine so. Tell me, Mynheer Krause, I trust you have never intrusted to him the important secrets which I have made you acquainted with; for if you have, your knowledge of them would be quite sufficient."

"My knowledge of them! I really cannot understand that. How can my knowledge of what is going on among the king's friends and counsellors be a cause of suspicion?"

"Why, Mynheer Krause, because the king is surrounded by many who are retained from policy and fear of them. If these secrets are made known, contrary to oath, is it not clear that the parties so revealing them must be no sincere friends of his majesty, and will it not be naturally con-

cluded that those who have possession of them are equally his open or secret enemies?"

"But then, Mynheer Ramsay, by that rule, you must be his majesty's enemy."

"That does not follow, Mynheer Krause. I may obtain the secrets from those who are not so partial to his majesty as they are to me; but that does not disprove my loyalty. To expose them would, of course, render me liable to suspicion; but I guard them carefully. I have not told a word to a soul but to you, my dear Mynheer Krause; and I have felt assured that you were much too loyal to make known to any one what it was your duty to your king to keep secret. Surely, Mynheer Krause, you have not trusted that man?"

"I may have given him a hint or so. I'm afraid that I did; but he is my most particular friend."

"If that is the case," replied Ramsay, "I am not at all surprised at the king's frowning on you. Engelbach, having intelligence from you supposed to be known only to the highest authorities, has thought it his duty to communicate it to government, and you are now suspected."

"God in heaven! I wish I never had your secrets, Mynheer Ramsay. It appears then that I have committed treason without knowing it."

"At all events, you have incurred suspicion. It is a pity that you mentioned what I confided to you; but what's done cannot be helped. You must now be active."

"What must I do, my dear friend?"

"Expect the worst, and be prepared for it. You are wealthy, Mr. Van Krause, and that will not be in your favour; it will only hasten the explosion which sooner or later will take place. Remit as much of your money as you can to where it will be secure from the spoilers. Convert all you can into gold, that you may take advantage of the first favourable opportunity, if necessary, of flying from their vengeance. Do all this very quietly. Go on as usual, as if nothing had occurred; talk with your friend Engelbach; perform your duties as syndie. It may blow over, although I am afraid not. At all events, you will have in all probability some warning, as they will displace you as syndie before they proceed further. I have only one thing to add. I am your guest, and depend upon it, shall share your fortune, whatever it may be. If you are thrown into prison, I am certain to be sent there also. You may therefore command me as you please. I will not desert you, you may depend upon it."

"My dear young man, you are indeed a friend, and your advice is good. My poor Wilhelmina! What would become of her?"

"Yes, indeed. Used to luxury, her father in prison, perhaps his head at the gates, his whole property confiscated, and all because he had the earliest intelligence. Such is the reward of loyalty."

"Yes, indeed," repeated the syndie. "Put not your trust in princes," says the Psalmist. If such is to be the return of my loyalty. But there is no time to lose. I must send this post to Hamburg and Frankfort. Many thanks, my dear friend, for your kind counsel, which I shall follow." So saying, Mynheer Krause went to his room, threw off his gown and chains in a passion, and hastened to his counting-house to write his important letters.

We may now take this opportunity of informing the reader of what had occurred in the house of the syndie. Ramsay had, as may be supposed, gained the affections of Wilhelmina; had told his love, and received her acknowledgment in return; he had also gained such a power over her that she had agreed to conceal their attachment from her father, as Ramsay wished first, he asserted, to be possessed of a certain property which he daily expected would fall to him; and until that, he did not think that he had any right to aspire to the hand of Wilhelmina.

That Ramsay was most sincerely in love, there was no doubt: he would have wedded Wilhelmina even if she had

CHAPTER XLII.

not a sixpence; but at the same time he was too well aware of the advantages of wealth not to fully appreciate it; and he felt the necessity and the justice to Wilhelmina that she should not be deprived, by his means, of those luxuries to which she had been brought up. But here there was a difficulty arising from his espousing the very opposite cause to that espoused by Mynheer Krause, for the difference of religion he very rightly considered as a mere trifle compared with the difference in political feelings. He had already weaned Wilhelmina from the political bias imbibed from her father and his connexions, without acquainting her with his belonging to the opposite party, for the present. It had been his intention, as soon as his services were required elsewhere, to have demanded Wilhelmina's hand from her father, still leaving him in error as to his politics; and by taking her with him after the marriage to the court of St. Germain's, to have allowed Mynheer Krause to think what he pleased, but not to enter into any explanation. But as Ramsay truly observed, Mynheer Krause had, by his not retaining the secrets confided to him, rendered himself suspected; and once suspected with King William, his disgrace, if not ruin, was sure to follow. This fact, so important to Ramsay's plans, had been communicated in the extracts made by Vanslyperken from the last despatches, and Ramsay had been calculating the consequences when Mynheer Krause returned discomfited from the presence of the king.

That Ramsay played a very diplomatic game in the conversation which we have repeated is true; but still it was the best game for Krause, as well as for his own interests, as the events will show. We must, however, remind the reader that Ramsay had no idea whatever of the double treachery on the part of Vanslyperken, in copying all the letters sent by and to him, as well as extracting from the government despatches.

"My dearest Edward, what has detained you so long from me this morning?" inquired Wilhelmina, when he entered the music room about an hour after his conversation with the syndic.

Ramsay then entered into the detail of what had occurred, and wove in such remarks of his own as were calculated to disgust Wilhelmina with the conduct of King William, and to make her consider her father as an injured man. He informed her of the advice he had given, and then pointed out to her the propriety of her enforcing his following it, with all the argument of persuasion in her power.

Wilhelmina's indignation was roused; and she did not fail, when speaking with her father, to rail in no measured tones against the king, and to press him to quit a country where he had been so ill used. Mynheer Krause felt the same; his pride had been severely wounded, and it may be truly said that one of the staunchest adherents of the Protestant king was lost by a combination of circumstances as peculiar as they were unexpected.

In the mean time, the corporal had gone on shore as usual, and had made the widow acquainted with the last attempt upon Smallbones, and the revenge of the ship's company. Babette had also done her part.

She had found out that Ramsay lived in the house of the syndic, and that he was the passenger brought over by Vanslyperken in the cutter. The widow, who had now almost arranged her plans, received Vanslyperken more amicably than ever, anathematized the supposed defunct Smallbones, shed tears over the stump of Snarleywow, and asked Vanslyperken when he intended to give up the nasty cutter and live quietly on shore.

In which is shown the imprudence of sleeping in the open air, even on a summer's night.

The Yungfrau was not permitted to remain more than two days at her anchorage. On the third morning Mr. Vanslyperken's signal was made to prepare to weigh. He immediately answered it, and giving his orders to Short, hastened as fast as he could up to the syndic's house to inform Ramsay, stating that he must immediately return on board again, and that the letters must be sent to him. Ramsay perceived the necessity of this, and consented. On his return to the boat, Mr. Vanslyperken found that his signal to repair on board the frigate had been hoisted, and he hastened on board to put on his uniform and obey this order. He received his despatches from the captain of the frigate, with orders to proceed to sea immediately. Mr. Vanslyperken under the eye of his superior officer could not dally or delay. He hove short, hoisted his mainsail, and fired a gun as a signal for sailing, anxiously looking out for Ramsay's boat with his letters, and afraid to go without them. But no boat made its appearance, and Mr. Vanslyperken was forced to leave up his anchor. Still he did not like to make sail, and he remained a few minutes more; when he at last perceived a small boat coming off. At the same time he observed a boat coming from the frigate, and they arrived alongside the cutter about the same time, fortunately Ramsay's boat the first, and Mr. Vanslyperken had time to carry the letters down below.

"The commandant wishes to know why you do not proceed to sea, sir, in obedience to your orders?" said the officer.

"I only waited for that boat to come on board, sir," replied Vanslyperken to the lieutenant.

"And pray from whom does that boat come?" inquired the officer.

"From the syndic's, Mynheer Van Krause," replied Vanslyperken, not knowing what else to say, and thinking that the name of the syndic would be sufficient.

"And what did the boat bring off to occasion the delay, sir?"

"A letter or two for England," replied Vanslyperken.

"Very well, sir. I wish you a good morning," said the lieutenant, who then went into his boat, and Vanslyperken made sail.

The delay of the cutter to receive the syndic's letters was fully reported the same evening to the commandant, who, knowing that the syndic was suspected, reported the same to the authorities; and this trifling circumstance only increased the suspicions against the unfortunate Mynheer Van Krause. But we must follow the cutter and those on board of her. Smallbones had remained concealed between decks; his wounds had been nearly healed; and it was now again proposed that he should, as soon as they were out at sea, make his appearance to frighten Vanslyperken; and that as soon as they arrived at Portsmouth, he should go on shore and desert from the cutter, as Mr. Vanslyperken would of course find out that his mother was killed, and the consequences to Smallbones must be dangerous, as he had no evidence if Vanslyperken swore that he had murdered his mother. But this arrangement was overthrown by events which we shall now narrate. It was on the third evening after they sailed that Mr. Vanslyperken walked the deck; there was no one but the man at the helm abaft. The weather was extremely sultry, for the cutter had run with a fair wind for the first forty-eight hours, and

had then been becalmed for the last twenty-four, and had drifted to the back of the Isle of Wight, when she was not three leagues from St. Helen's. The consequence was, that the ebb tide had now drifted her down very nearly opposite to that part of the island where the cave was situated, of which we have made mention. Vanslyperken heard the people talking below; and as usual anxious to overhear what was said, had stopped to listen. He heard the name of Smallbones repeated several times, but could not make out what was said. Anxious to know, he went down the ladder, and instead of going into his cabin, crept softly forward on the lower deck, when he overheard Coble, Short, and Spurey in consultation.

"We shall be in to-morrow," said Spurey, "if a breeze springs up, and then it will be too late. Smallbones must frighten him again to-night."

"Yes," replied Short.

"He shall go into his cabin at twelve o'clock;—that will be the the best way."

"But the corporal—"

"Hush—there is some one there," said Spurey, who, attracted by a slight noise made by Vanslyperken's boots, turned short round.

Vanslyperken retreated, and gained the deck by the ladder. He had hardly been up when he observed faces at the hatchway, who were evidently looking to ascertain if he was on deck.

These few words overheard satisfied Vanslyperken that Smallbones was alive, and on board of the cutter, and he perceived how he had been played with. His rage was excessive; but he did not know how to act. If Smallbones was alive, and so he appeared to be, he must have escaped from his mother; and of course the ship's company must know that his life had been attempted. That he did not care much about. He had not done the deed. But how could the lad have come on board? did he not see him lying dead? It was very strange, and the life of the lad must be charmed. At all events, it was a mystery which Mr. Vanslyperken could not solve. At first, he thought that he would allow Smallbones to come into the cabin, and get a loaded pistol ready for him. The words "But the corporal," which were cut short, proved to him that the corporal was no party to the affair. Yet it was strange that the ship's company could have concealed the lad without the corporal's knowledge. Vanslyperken walked and walked, and thought and thought. At last, he resolved to go down to his cabin, pretend to go to bed, lock his door, which was not his custom, and see if they would attempt to come in. He did so; the corporal was dismissed, and at twelve o'clock his door was tried, tried again; but being fast, the party retreated. Vanslyperken waited till two bells to ascertain if any more attempts would be made, but none were; so he rose from his bed, where he had thrown himself with his clothes on, and opening the door, softly crept up on deck. The night was very warm; but there was a light and increasing breeze, and the cutter was standing in and close to the shore, to make a long board up on next tack. Vanslyperken passed the man at the helm, and walked aft to the taffrail. He stood up on the chock to ascertain what way she was making through the water, and he was meditating upon the best method of proceeding. Had he known where Smallbones's hammock was hung, he would have gone down with the view of ascertaining the fact; but with a crew so evidently opposed to him, he could not see how even the ascertaining that Smallbones was on board would be productive of any good consequences. The more Vanslyperken thought, the more he was puzzled. The fact is, that he was between the horns of a dilemma. But the devil, who always helps his favourites, came to the aid of Mr. Vanslyperken. The small boat was as usual hoisted up astern, and Mr. Vanslyperken's eyes were accidentally cast upon it. He perceived a black mass lying on the thwarts, and he examined

it more closely. He heard snoring; it was one of the ship's company sleeping there against orders. He leaned over the taffrail, and pulled aside the great-coat which covered the party. He looked attentively on the face; there was no doubt it was Smallbones himself. From a knowledge of the premises, Vanslyperken knew at once that the lad was in his power. The boat after being hauled up with tackles, was hung by a single rope at each davit. It was very broad in proportion to its length, and was secured from motion by a single gripe which confined it in its place, bowing it close to the stern of the cutter, and preventing it from turning over bottom up, which, upon the least weight upon one gunnel or the other, would be inevitably the case. Smallbones was lying close to the gunnel, next to the stern of the cutter. By letting go the gripe, therefore the boat would immediately turn bottom up, and Smallbones would be dropped into the sea. Vanslyperken carefully examined the fastenings of the gripe, found that they were to be cast off by one movement, and that his success was certain; but still he was cautious. The man at the helm must hear the boat go over; he might hear Smallbones cry for assistance. So Vanslyperken went forward to the man at the helm, and desired him to go down and desire Corporal Van Spitter to mix a glass of brandy and water, and send it up by him, and that he would steer the vessel till he came up again. The man went down to execute his order, and Vanslyperken steered the cutter for half a minute, during which he looked forward to ascertain if any one was moving. All was safe; the watch was all asleep forward; and Vanslyperken, leaving the cutter to steer herself, hastened aft and cast off the gripe; the boat, as he calculated, immediately turned over, and the sleeping Smallbones fell into the sea. Vanslyperken hastened back to the helm, and put the cutter's head right. He heard the cry of Smallbones, but it was not loud, for the cutter had already left him astern. It was fainter and fainter; at last, it was heard no more, and not one of the watch had been disturbed.

"If ever you haunt me again," muttered Vanslyperken, "may I be hanged."

We particularly call the attention of the reader to these words of Mr. Vanslyperken.

The man returned with the brandy and water, with which Vanslyperken drank *bon voyage* to poor Smallbones. He then ordered the cutter to be put about; and as soon as she was round, he went down into his cabin, and turned in with greater satisfaction than he had for a long time.

"We shall have got rid of him at last, my poor dog," said he, patting Snarleytaw's head. "Your enemy is gone for ever."

And Mr. Vanslyperken slept soundly, because, although he had committed a murder, there was no chance of his being found out. We soon get accustomed to crime. Before he started at the idea of murder, now all that he cared for was detection.

Good night to you, Mr. Vanslyperken.

CHAPTER XLIII.

In which Smallbones changes from a king's man into a smuggler, and also changes his sex.

If we adhered to the usual plans of historical novel writers, we should in this instance leave Smallbones to what must appear to have been his inevitable fate, and then bring him on the stage again with a coup-de-theatre when least expected by the reader. But that is not our intention. We consider that the interest of this our narration of by-gone events is quite sufficient without condescending to what is called clap-trap; and there are so many people in our narrative continually labouring under deception of one kind or another, that we need not add to it by attempting to mystify our readers, whom, on the contrary, we shall take

with us familiarly by the hand, and like a faithful historian, lead them through the events in the order in which they occurred, and point out to them how they all lead to one common end. With this intention in view, we shall now follow the fortunes of Smallbones, whom we left floundering in about seven fathoms water.

The weather was warm, even sultry, as we said before; but notwithstanding which, and notwithstanding he was a very tolerable swimmer, considering that he was so thin, Smallbones did not like it. To be woken out of a profound sleep, and all of a sudden to find yourself floundering out of your depth about half a mile from the nearest land, is any thing but agreeable; the transition is too rapid. Smallbones descended a few feet before he could divest himself of the folds of the Flushing coat which he had wrapped himself up in. It belonged to Coble: he had purchased it at a sale shop on the Point, for seventeen shillings and sixpence; and moreover it was as good as new. In consequence of this delay below watermark, Smallbones had very little breath left in his body when he rose to the surface; and he could not inflate his lungs so as to call loud until the cutter had walked away from him at least one hundred yards, for she was slipping fast through the water; and another minute plainly proved to Smallbones that he was left to his own resources.

At first, the lad had imagined that it was an accident, and that the rope had given way with his weight; but when he found that no attention was paid to his cries, he then was convinced that it was the work of Mr. Vanslyperken.

"By gum, he's a done for me at last. Well, I don't care. I can die but once, that's sartin sure; and he'll go to the devil, that's sartin sure."

And Smallbones, with this comfortable assurance, continued to strike out for the land, which indeed he had but little prospect of ever making.

"A shame for to come for to go to murder a poor lad three or four times over," spluttered Smallbones, after a time, feeling his strength to fail him. He then turned on his back to ease his arms.

"I can't do it nohow, I sees that," said Smallbones. "So I may just as well go down like a dipsy lead."

But as he muttered this, and was making up his mind to discontinue further exertions, (not a very easy thing to do when you are about to go into another world,) still floating on his back, with his eyes fixed on the starry heavens, thinking, as Smallbones afterwards narrated himself, "that there warn't much to live for in this ere world, and considering what there could be in that ere," his head struck against something hard. Smallbones immediately turned round in the water to see what it was, and found that it was one of the large corks which supported a heavy net laid out across the tide, for the taking of shoal fish. The cork was barely sufficient to support his weight, but it gave him a certain relief, and time to look about him, as the saying is. The lad underran the net and cork with his hands until he arrived at the end nearest the shore, for it was three or four hundred yards long. When he arrived there, he contrived to bring some of the corks together, until he had quite sufficient for his support; and then Smallbones voted himself pretty comfortable, after all; for the water was very warm, and now quite smooth.

Smallbones, as the reader may have observed during the narration, was a lad of most indisputable courage and of good principles. Had it been his fortune to have been born among the higher classes, and to have had all the advantages of education, he might have turned out a hero. As it was, he did his duty well in that state of life to which he had been called; and as he said in his speech to the men on the fore-castle, "he feared God, honoured the king, and was the natural enemy of the devil."

The Chevalier Bayard was nothing more, only he had a wider field for his exertions and his talents; but the armed

and accoutred Bayard did not show more courage and conduct when leading armies to victory, than did the unarmed Smallbones against Vanslyperken and his dog. We consider that in *his way* Smallbones was quite as great a hero as the chevalier, for no man can do more than his best; indeed, it is unreasonable to expect it.

While Smallbones hung on to the corks, he was calculating his chances of being saved.

"If so be as how they comes to take up the nets in the morn, why then I think I may hold on; but if so be they waits, why then they'll find me dead as a fish," said Smallbones, who seldom ventured above a monosyllable, and whose language, if not considered as pure English, was certainly amazingly Saxon. And then Smallbones began to reflect whether it was not necessary that he should forgive Mr. Vanslyperken before he died; and his pros and cons ended with his thinking he could, for it was his duty. However, he would not be in a hurry about it; he thought that was the last thing he need do; but as for the dog, he wa'n't obliged to forgive him, that was certain,—as certain as that his tail was off; and Smallbones, up to his chin in the water, grinned so at the remembrance, that he took in more salt water than was pleasant. He spit it out again, and then looked up at the stars, which were twinkling above him.

"I wonder what o'clock it is," thought Smallbones, when he thought he heard a distant sound. Smallbones pricked up his ears, and listened; yes, it was in regular cadence, and became louder and louder. It was a boat pulling.

"Well, I am sure," thought Smallbones, "they'll think they ha' caught a queer fish, any how," and he waited very patiently for the fishermen to come up. At last he perceived the boat, which was very long, and pulled many oars. "They be the smugglers," thought Smallbones. "I wonder whether they'll pick a poor lad up. Boat, ahoy!"

The boat continued to pass towards the coast, impelled at the speed of seven or eight miles an hour, and was now nearly abreast of Smallbones, and not fifty yards from him.

"I say, boat, ahoy!" screamed Smallbones to the extent of his voice.

He was heard this time, and there was a pause in the pulling, the boat still driving through the water with the impulse which had been given her, as if she required no propelling power.

"I say, you arn't a going for to come for to leave a poor lad here to be drowned, are you?"

"That's Smallbones, I'll swear," cried Jemmy Ducks, who was steering the boat, and who immediately shifted the helm.

But Sir Robert Barclay paused; there was too much at stake, to run any risk, even to save the life of a fellow creature.

"You takes time for to think on it, any how," cried Smallbones; "you are going for to leave a fellow Christian stuck like a herring in a fishing-net, are you? You would not like it yourself, any how."

"It is Smallbones, sir," repeated Jemmy Ducks, "and I'll vouch for him as a lad that's good and true."

Sir Robert Barclay no longer hesitated. "Give way, my lads, and pick him up."

In a minute Smallbones was hauled in over the gunnel, and was seated on the stern-sheets opposite to Sir Robert.

"It's a great deal colder out of the water than in, that's sartin," observed Smallbones shivering.

"Give way, my lads, we've no time to stay," cried Sir Robert.

"Take this, Smallbones," said Jemmy.

"Why, so it is, Jemmy Ducks!" replied Smallbones, with astonishment. "Why, how did you come here?"

"Circumstances," replied Jimmy. "How did you come there?"

"Circumstances, too Jimmy," replied Smallbones.

"Keep silence!" said Sir Robert, and nothing more was said until the lugger dashed into the cave.

The cargo was landed, and Smallbones who was very cold, was not sorry to assist. He carried up his load with the rest, and as usual the women came down half-way to receive it.

"Why, who have we here?" said one of the women to whom Smallbones was delivering his load. "Why, it's Smallbones!"

"Yes," replied Smallbones, "it is me. But how came you here, Nancy?"

"That's telling. But how came you, my lad?" replied Nancy.

"I cum by water, any how."

"Well, you are one of us now; you know there's no going back."

"I'm sure I don't want to go back, Nancy; but what is to be done? Nothing unchristianlike, I hope."

"We're all good Christians here, Smallbones. We don't bow down to idols, and pay duty to them as other people do."

"Do you fear God, and honour the king?"

"We do the first as much as other people; and as for the king, we love him and serve him faithfully."

"Well, then, I suppose that's all right," replied Smallbones. "But where do you live?"

"Come with me; take your load up, and I will show you; for the sooner you are there, the better. The boat will be off again in half an hour, if I mistake not."

"Off where?"

"To France, with a message to the king."

"Why, the king's in Holland. We left him there when we sailed."

"Pooh, nonsense! Come along."

When Sir Robert arrived at the cave, he found an old friend anxiously awaiting his arrival. It was Graham, who had been despatched by the Jacobites to the court of St Germain's, with intelligence of great importance, which was the death of the young Duke of Gloucester, the only remaining child of King William. He had, it is said, died of a malignant fever; but if the reader will call to mind the address of one of the Jesuits on the meeting at Cherbourg, he may have some surmises as to the cause of the duke's disease. As this event rendered the succession uncertain, the hopes of the Jacobites were raised to the highest pitch; the more so as the country was in a state of anxiety and confusion, and King William was absent at the Hague. Graham had therefore been despatched to the exiled James with the proposition from his friends in England, and to press the necessity of an invasion of the country. As Nancy had supposed, Sir Robert decided upon immediately crossing over to Cherbourg. The crew were allowed a short time to repose and refresh themselves, and once more returned to their laborious employment. Jimmy Ducks satisfied Sir Robert that Smallbones might be trusted and be useful; and Nancy corroborated his assertions. He was therefore allowed to remain in the cave with the women, and Sir Robert and his crew, long before Smallbones garments were dry, were again crossing the English Channel.

Now it must be observed that Smallbones was never well off for clothes; and on this occasion when he fell overboard, he had nothing on but an old pair of thin linen trousers and a shirt, which, from dint of long washing, from cheek had turned to a light cerulean blue. What with his struggles at the net and the force used to pull him into the boat, the shirt had more than one-half disappeared; that is to say, one sleeve and the back were wholly gone, and the other sleeve was well prepared to follow its fellow on the first capful of wind. His trousers, too, were in almost

as bad a state. In hauling him when his head was over the gunnel, one of the men had seized him by the seat of his trousers to lift him into the boat; and the consequence was, that the seat of the trousers too long sat upon, had been left in his muscular gripe. All these items put together, the reader may infer, that although Smallbones might appear merely ragged in front, in his rear he could not be considered as decent, especially as he was the only one of the masculine sex among a body of females. No notice was taken of this by others, nor did Smallbones observe it himself, during the confusion and bustle previous to the departure of the smugglers; but now they were gone, Smallbones perceived his deficiencies, and was very much at a loss what to do, as he was aware that daylight would discover them to others as well as to himself. So he fixed his back up against one of the rocks and remained idle, while the women were busily employed in stowing away the cargo in the various compartments of the cave.

Nancy, who had not forgotten that he was with them, came up to him.

"Why do you stay there, Smallbones? You must be hungry and cold. Come in with me, and I will find you something to eat."

"I can't, Mistress Nancy. I want your advice first. Has any of the men left any of their duds in this ere cavern?"

"Duds! men! No, they keep them all on the other side. We have nothing here but petticoats and shimmies."

"Then what must I do?" exclaimed Smallbones.

"O, I see, your shirt is torn off your back. Well, never mind, I'll lend you a shimmie."

"Yes, Mistress Nancy; but it be more worse than that. I ar'n't got no behind to my trousers; they pulled it out when they pulled me into the boat. I sticks to this here rock for decency's sake. What must I do?"

Nancy burst into a laugh. "Do! why, if you can't have men's clothes, you must put on the women's; and then you'll be in the regular uniform of the cave."

"I do suppose that I must; but I can't say that I like the idea much, any how," replied Smallbones.

"Why, you don't mean to stick to that rock like a limpet all your life, do you? There's plenty of work for you."

"If so be I must, I must," replied Smallbones.

"You can't appear before Mistress Alice in that state," replied Nancy. "She's a lady bred and born, and very particular too; and then there's Miss Lilly, you will turn her as red as a rose if she sees you."

"Well, then, I suppose I must, Mistress Nancy; for I shall catch my death of cold here. I'm all wet and shivery; so long in the water, and my back against the rock feels all just as ice."

"No wonder. I'll run and fetch you something," replied Nancy, who was delighted at the idea of dressing up Smallbones as a woman.

Nancy soon returned with a chemise, a short flannel petticoat, and a shawl, which she gave to Smallbones, desiring him to take off his wet clothes, and substitute them. She would return to him as soon as he had put them on, and see that they were put tidy and right.

Smallbones retired behind one of the rocks, and soon shifted his clothes. He put every thing on the hind part before, and Nancy had to alter them when she came. She adjusted the shawl, and then led him into the cave, where he found Mistress Alice, and some of the women who were not busy with the cargo.

"Here's the poor lad who was thrown overboard, madam," said Nancy, retaining her gravity. "All his clothes were torn off his back, and I have been obliged to give him these to put on."

Lady Ramsay could hardly suppress a smile. Smallbones' appearance was that of a tall gaunt creature, pale enough and smooth enough to be a woman certainly; but

cutting a most ridiculous figure. His long thin arms were bare, his neck was like a crane's, and the petticoats were so short as to reach almost above his knees. Shoes and stockings he had none. His long hair was plaited and matted with the salt water, and one side of his head was shaved bare, and exhibited a monstrous half-healed scar.

Lady Ramsay asked him a few questions, and then desired Nancy to give him some refreshment, and find him something to lie down upon in the division of the cave which was used as a kitchen.

But we must now leave Smallbones to entertain the inhabitants of the cave with the history of his adventures, which he did at intervals during his stay there. He retained his woman's dress, for Nancy would not let him wear any other, and was a source of great amusement, not only to the smugglers' wives, but also to little Lilly, who would listen to his conversation and remarks, which were almost as naive and unsophisticated as her own.

CHAPTER XLIV.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken meets with a double defeat.

It was late in the evening of the day after Smallbones had been so satisfactorily disposed of, that the cutter arrived at Portsmouth; but from daylight until the time that the cutter anchored, there was no small confusion and bustle on board of the Yungfrau. When Vanslyperken's cabin door was found to be locked, it was determined that Smallbones should not appear as a supernatural visitant that night, but wait till the one following. Consequently the parties retired to bed, and Smallbones, who found the heat between decks very oppressive, had crept up the ladder, and taken a berth in the small boat, that he might sleep cool and comfortable, intending to be down below again long before Mr. Vanslyperken was up. But as the reader knows, Mr. Vanslyperken was up before him, and the consequence was, that Smallbones went down into the sea, instead of the lower deck, as he had intended. The next morning it was soon ascertained that Smallbones was not to be found, and the ship's company were in a state of dismay. The boat, as soon as Smallbones had been turned out, had resumed her upright position; and one of the men, when busy washing the decks, had made fast the gripe again, which he supposed had been cast off by accident when the ropes had been coiled up for washing. Smallbones not being at that time missed. When, therefore, the decks had been searched every where, and the lad was discovered not to be in the ship, the suspicion was very great. No one had seen him go aft to sleep in the boat. The man who was at the wheel stated that Mr. Vanslyperken had sent him down for a glass of grog, and had taken the helm for the time; but this proved nothing. His disappearance was a mystery not to be unravelled. An appeal to Mr. Vanslyperken was of course impossible, for he did not know that the lad was on board. The whole day was spent in surmises and suppositions; but things all ended in the simple fact, that somehow or another Smallbones had fallen overboard, and there was an end of the poor fellow.

As soon as the cutter was at anchor, Mr. Vanslyperken hastened to perform his official duties; and anxious to learn how Smallbones had contrived to escape from the clutches of his mother, bent his steps towards the half-way houses. He arrived at the door of his mother's room, and knocked as usual; but there was no reply. It was now the latter end of July; and although it was past seven o'clock, it was full daylight. Vanslyperken knocked again and again. His mother must be out, he thought, and if so, she always took the key with her. He had nothing to do but to wait for her return. The passage and staircase were dark; but there was a broad light in the room from the casement, and this light streamed from under the door of the room.

A shade crossing the light attracted Vanslyperken's attention, and to while away the tediousness of waiting, he was anxious to see what it was. He knelt down, looked under the door, and perceived the key which Smallbones had placed there. He inserted his finger, and drew it forth, imagining that his mother had slid it beneath till her return.

He fitted it to the lock, and opened the door, when his olfactory nerves were offended with a dreadful stench, which surprised him the more as the casement was open. Vanslyperken surveyed the room. He perceived that the blood had been washed from the floor, and sand strewed over it. Had he not known that Smallbones had been on board of the cutter the day before, he would have thought that it had been the snuff of the dead body not yet removed. This thought crossing his imagination immediately made the truth flash upon him; and as if instinctively, he went up to the bed, and pulled down the clothes; when he recoiled back with horror at uncovering the face of his mother, now of a livid blue, and in the last stage of putrefaction.

Overcome with the horrid sight, and the dreadful stench which accompanied it, he reeled to the casement, and gasped for breath. A sickness came over him, and for some time he was incapable of acting and barely of reflection.

"She is gone then," thought he at last, and he shuddered when he asked himself *where?* "She must have fallen by the hands of the lad," continued he, and immediately the whole that had happened appeared to be revealed to him. "Yes, yes, he has recovered from the blow, killed her, and locked the door. All is clear now;—but I have revenged her death."

Mr. Vanslyperken, who had now recovered himself, went softly to the door, took out the key, and locked himself in. He had been debating in his mind whether he should call in the neighbours; but on reflection, as no one had seen him enter, he determined that he would not. He would take his gold, and leave the door locked and the key under it, as he found it before. When her death was discovered, it would be supposed that she had died a natural death, for the state of the body would render it impossible to prove the contrary.

But there was one act necessary to perform, at which Vanslyperken's heart recoiled. The key of the oak chest was about his mother's person, and he must obtain it; he must search for it in corruption and death, amongst creeping worms and noisome stench. It was half an hour before he could make up his mind to the task; but what will avarice not accomplish? He covered up her face, and with a trembling hand turned over the bed-clothes. But we must not disgust our readers; it will suffice to say that the key was obtained, and the chest opened. Vanslyperken found all his own gold, and much more than he had ever expected belonging to his mother. There were other articles belonging to him; but he thought it prudent not to touch them. He loaded himself with the treasure; and when he felt that it was all secure, for he was obliged to divide it in different parcels and stow it in various manners about his person, he relocked the chest, placed the key in the cupboard, and quitting the room, made fast the door, and like a dutiful son, left the remains of his mother to be inhumed at the expense of the parish.

As he left the house without being observed, and gained the town of Portsmouth, never was Mr. Vanslyperken's body so heavily loaded, or his heart lighter. He had got rid of Smallbones and of his mother, both in a way perfectly satisfactory to him.

He had recovered his own gold, and had also been enriched beyond his hopes by his mother's savings. He felt not the weight which he carried about his person; he wished it had been heavier. All he felt was very anxious to be on board, and have his property secured.

His boat waited for him, and one of the men informed him that his presence was required at the admiral's immediately. But Mr. Vanslyperken first went on board, and having safely locked up all his treasure, then complied with the admiral's wishes. They were to sail immediately, for the intelligence of the Duke of Gloucester's death had just arrived, with the despatches announcing the same, to be taken to King William, who was still at the Hague. Vanslyperken sent the boat on board with orders to Short to heave short, and loose sails, and then hastened up to the house of the Jew Lazarus. Aware that the cutter would in all probability be despatched immediately to the Hague, the Jew had the letters for Ramsay all prepared. Vanslyperken once more touched his liberal fee, and in an hour he was again under weigh for the Texel.

During the passage, which was very quick, Mr. Vanslyperken amused himself, as usual, in copying the letters to Ramsay, which contained the most important intelligence of the projects of the Jacobites; and from the various communications between Ramsay and the conspirators, Vanslyperken had also been made acquainted with the circumstance, hitherto unknown to him, of the existence of the cave above the cove, to which he had been taken by the informer, as mentioned in the early part of this work, and also of the names of the parties who frequented it. Of this intelligence Vanslyperken determined to avail himself by-and-by. It was evident that there were only women in the cave. And Mr. Vanslyperken counted his gold, patted the head of Snarleywow, and indulged in anticipations of further wealth and the hand of the widow Vandersloosh.

All dreams, Mr. Vanslyperken.

The cutter arrived, and he landed. His despatches for the government and his letters to Ramsay being also delivered, Vanslyperken hastened to the widow's, who as usual received him all smiles. He now confided to her the death of his mother, and astonished her by representing the amount of his wealth, which he had the precaution to state that the major part of it was left him by his mother.

"Where have you put it all, Mr. Vanslyperken?" inquired the widow, and Vanslyperken replied, that he had come to ask her advice on the subject, as it was at present all on board of the cutter. The widow, who was not indifferent to money, was more gracious than ever. She had a scheme in her head of persuading him to leave the money under her charge; but Vanslyperken was anxious to go on board again, for he discovered that the key was not in his pocket, and he was fearful that he might have left it on the cabin table. So he quitted rather abruptly, and the widow had not time to bring the battery to bear.

As soon as Mr. Vanslyperken arrived on board, Corporal Van Spitter, without asking leave, for he felt it was not necessary, went on shore, and was soon in the arms of the enamoured widow Vandersloosh. In the mean time, Mr. Vanslyperken discovered his key in the pocket of the waistcoat he had thrown off; and having locked his door, he again opened his drawer, and delighted himself for an hour or two in re-arranging his treasures.

After which, feeling himself in want of occupation, it occurred to him that he might as well dedicate a little more time to the widow. So he manned his boat, and went on shore again.

It is all very well to have a morning and afternoon lover, if ladies are so inclined, just as they have a morning and afternoon dress; but they should be worn separate. Now as it never entered the idea of Mr. Vanslyperken that the corporal was playing him false, so did it never enter the idea of the widow that Mr. Vanslyperken would make his appearance in the evening, and leave the cutter and Snarleywow without the corporal being on board to watch over them.

But Mr. Vanslyperken did leave the cutter and Snarley-

wow, did come on shore, did walk to the widow's house, and did most unexpectedly enter it; and what was the consequence? that he was not perceived when he entered it; and the door of the parlour as well as the front door being open to admit the air, for the widow and the corporal found that making love in the dogdays was rather warm work for people of their calibre—to his mortification and rage, the lieutenant beheld the corporal seated in his berth in the little fussy sofa; with one arm round the widow's waist, his other hand joined in hers, and *proh pudor* sucking at her dewy lips like some huge carp under the water-lilies on a midsummer's afternoon.

Mr. Vanslyperken was transfixed; the parties were too busy with their amorous interchange to perceive his presence. At last the corporal thought that his lips required moistening with a little of the beer of the widow's own brewing, for the honey of her lips had rather glued them together. He turned towards the table to take up his tumbler, and he beheld Mr. Vanslyperken.

The corporal for a moment was equally transfixed; but on these occasions, people act mechanically because they don't know what else to do. The corporal had been well drilled; he rose from the sofa, held himself perfectly upright, and raised the back of his right hand to his forehead. There he stood like a statue, saluting at the presence of his superior officer.

The widow had also perceived the presence of Vanslyperken almost as soon as the corporal. But a woman's wits are more at their command on these occasions than are a man's. She felt that all concealment was now useless; and she prepared for action. At the same time, although ready to discharge a volley of abuse upon Vanslyperken, she paused to ascertain how she should proceed. Assuming an indifferent air, she said, "Well, Mr. Vanslyperken!"

"Well!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; but he could not speak for passion.

"Eavesdropping as usual, Mr. Vanslyperken."

"May the roof of this house drop on you, you infernal—"

"No indelicate language, if you please, sir," interrupted the widow. "I won't put up with it in my house, I can tell you. Ho! ho! Mr. Vanslyperken," continued the widow, working herself into a rage, "that won't do here, Mr. Vanslyperken!"

"Why, you audacious—you double-faced—"

"Double-faced! it's a pity you weren't double-faced, as you call it, with that snivelling nose and crooked chin of yours. Double-faced, heh! O, ho! Mr. Vanslyperken. We shall see—wait a little—we shall see who's double-faced. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken! that for you, Mr. Vanslyperken. I can hang you when I please, Mr. Vanslyperken. Corporal, how many guineas did you see counted out to him at the house opposite?"

During all this the corporal remained fixed and immovable, with his hand up to the salute. But on being questioned by his mistress, he replied, remaining in the same respectful attitude,

"Fifty golden guineas, Mistress Vandersloosh."

"A lie! an infamous lie!" cried Vanslyperken, drawing his sword. "Traitor that you are," continued he to the corporal, "take your reward!"

This was a very critical moment. The corporal did not attempt the defensive, but remained in the same attitude; and Vanslyperken's rage at the falsehood of the widow and the discovery of his treason was so great, that he had lost all command of himself. Had not a third party come in just as Vanslyperken drew his sword, it might have gone hard with the corporal; but fortunately Babette came in from the yard, and perceiving the sword fly out of the scabbard, she put her hand behind the door and snatched two long-handled brooms, one of which she put in the hands of her mistress and retained the other herself.

"Take your reward!" cried Vanslyperken, running

turiously to cut down the corporal. But his career was stopped by the two brooms, one of which took him in the face and the other in the chest. The widow and Babette now ranged side by side, holding their brooms as soldiers do in a charge of bayonets.

How did the corporal act? He retained his former respectful position, leaving the defensive or offensive in the hands of the widow and Babette.

This check on the part of Vanslyperken only added to his rage. Again he flew with his sword at the corporal, and again he was met with the brooms in his face. He caught one with his hand, and he was knocked back with the other. He attempted to cut them in two with his sword, but in vain.

"Out of my house, you villain! you traitor!—out of my house!" cried the widow, pushing at him with such force as to drive him against the wall, and pinning him there, while Babette charged him in his face, which was now streaming with blood. The attack was now followed up with such vigour that Vanslyperken was first obliged to retreat to the door, then out of the door into the street; followed into the street, he took to his heels, and the widow and Babette returned victorious into the parlour to the corporal. Mr. Vanslyperken could not accuse him of want of respect to his superior officer: he had saluted him on entering, and he was still saluting him when he made his exit.

The widow threw herself on the sofa. Corporal Van Spitter then took his seat beside her. The widow, overcome by her rage and exertion, burst into tears, and sobbed in his arms.

The corporal poured out a glass of beer, and persuaded her to drink it.

"I'll have him hanged to-morrow at all events. I'll go to the Hague myself," cried the widow. "Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see who will gain the day," continued the widow, sobbing. "You can prove it, corporal."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

"As soon as he's hung, corporal, we'll marry."

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"Traitorous villain! sell his king and his country for gold."

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"You're sure it was fifty guineas, corporal?"

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"Ah well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see," said the widow, drying her eyes. "Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken. You shall be hanged, and your cur with you, or my name's not Vandersloosh."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

CHAPTER XLV.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken proves his loyalty and fidelity to King William.

MR. VANSLYPERKEN hastened from his inglorious conflict, maddened with rage and disappointment. He returned on board, went down into his cabin, and threw himself on his bed. His hopes and calculations had been so brilliant—rid of his enemy Smallbones—with gold in possession, and more in prospect, to be so cruelly deceived by the widow, the cockatrice! Then by one to whom he fully confided, and who knew too many of his secrets already—Corporal Van Spitter—he too—and to dare to aspire to the widow—it was madness. And then their knowledge of his treason, the corporal having witnessed his receiving the gold. With such bitter enemies, what could he expect but a halter!—he felt it even now round his neck, and Vanslyperken groaned in the bitterness of his spirit.

In the mean time there was a consultation between the widow and the corporal, as to the best method of proceed-

ing. That the corporal could expect nothing but the most determined hostility from Vanslyperken, was certain; but for this the corporal cared little, as he had all the crew of the cutter on his side, and he was in his own person too high in rank to be at the mercy of Vanslyperken.

After many pros and cons, and at least a dozen bottles of beer, for the excitement on the part of the corporal and the exertion of the widow had made them both dry, it was resolved that the Frau Vandersloosh should demand an audience at the Hague the next morning, and should communicate the treasonable practices of Mr. Vanslyperken, calling upon the corporal as a witness to the receipts of the money from the Jesuit.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the corporal, striking his bull forehead as if a new thought had required being forced out, "but they will ask how I come there myself, and what shall I say?"

"Say that the Jesuit father had sent for you, to try and seduce you to do his treason; but that you would not consent."

"Mein Gott! yes; that will do."

The corporal then returned on board, but did not think it worth while to report himself to Mr. Vanslyperken.

Mr. Vanslyperken had also been thinking over the matter, and in what way he should be able to escape from the toils prepared for him. That the widow would immediately inform the authorities, he was convinced. How was he to get out of his scrape?

Upon mature reflection, he decided what was to be done. He had copies of all Ramsay's letters and those addressed to Ramsay, and the last delivered were very important. Now his best plan would be to set off for the Hague early the next morning, demand an interview with one of the ministers, or even his majesty himself; state that he had been offered money from the Jacobite party to carry their letters; and that with a view of serving his majesty, by finding out their secrets, he had consented to it, and had taken the money to satisfy them that he was sincere; that he had opened the letters and copied them; and that now, as the contents were important, he had thought it right to make them immediately known to the government, and at the same time to bring the money received for the service, to be placed at his majesty's disposal.

"Whether she is before or after me," thought Vanslyperken, "it will then be little matter. All I shall have to fear will be from Ramsay and his party; but the government will be bound to protect me."

There certainly was much wisdom in this plan of Vanslyperken. It was the only one which could have been attended with success, or with any chance of it.

Mr. Vanslyperken was up at daylight, and dressed in his best uniform. He put in his pocket all the copies of the Jacobite correspondence, and went on shore; hired a calash, for he did not know how to ride, and set off for the Hague, where he arrived about ten o'clock. He sent up his name, and requested an audience with his grace the Duke of Portland. As an officer commanding one of his majesty's vessels, he was immediately admitted.

"What is your pleasure, Mr. Vanslyperken?" said the duke, who was standing at the table in company with Lord Albemarle.

Vanslyperken was a little confused. He muttered and stammered about anxiety, and loyalty, and fidelity, excess of zeal, &c.

No wonder that he stammered, for he was talking of what he knew nothing about; but these two noblemen, recollecting his confusion when presented to his sovereign on board of the frigate, made allowances.

"I have at last," cried Vanslyperken, with more confidence, "been able to discover the plots of the Jacobites, your grace."

"Indeed, Mr. Vanslyperken," replied the duke, smiling incredulously, "and pray what may they be? You must

be as expeditious as possible, as his majesty is waiting for us."

"Their letters will take some time to read," replied Vanslyperken, "but their contents are most important."

"Indeed! letters!—how have you possession of their letters?"

"It will be rather a long story, sir—my lord, I mean," replied Vanslyperken; "but they will amply repay an hour of your time, if you can spare it."

At this moment the door opened, and his majesty entered the room. At the sight of the king, Vanslyperken's courage was again taking French leave.

"My lords, I am waiting for you," said the king, with a little asperity of manner.

"May it please your majesty, here is Lieutenant Vanslyperken, commanding one of your majesty's vessels, who states that he has important intelligence, and that he has possession of Jacobite papers."

"Indeed," replied King William, who was always alive to Jacobite plotting, from which he had already run so much risk. What is it, Mr. Vanslyperken? speak boldly what you have to communicate."

"Your majesty, I beg your gracious pardon; but here are copies of the correspondence carried on by the traitors in England and this country. If your majesty will deign to have it read, you will then perceive how important it is. After your majesty has read it, I will have the honour to explain to you by what means it came into my possession."

King William was a man of business, and Vanslyperken had done wisely in making this proposal. His majesty at once sat down, with the Duke of Portland on the one side, and Lord Albemarle on the other. The latter took the letters, which were arranged according to their dates, and read them in a distinct and clear voice.

As the reading went on, his majesty made memorandums and notes with his pencil on a sheet of paper; but did not interrupt during the whole progress of the lecture. When the last and most important was finished, the two noblemen looked at his majesty with countenances full of meaning. For a few seconds his majesty drummed with his second and third fingers of his left hand upon the table, and then said,—

"Pray, Mr. Vanslyperken, how did you obtain possession of these papers and letters, or make these copies of their letters?"

Vanslyperken, who had been standing at the other side of the table during the time of the reading, had anxiously watched the countenances of his majesty and the two noblemen, and he perceived that the intelligence which the letters contained had created a strong feeling, as he expected. With a certain degree of confidence, he then commenced his explanation.

He stated that the crew of the cutter had been accustomed to frequent the Lust Haus of a certain widow Vanderloosh, and that he had made her acquaintance by several times going there to look after his seamen; that this widow had often hinted to him, and at last had proposed to him, that he should take letters for some friends of hers. At last she had told him plainly that it was for the Jacobite party, and he pretended to consent; that he had been taken by her to the house of a Jesuit, 169 in the Ben Staat, nearly opposite to her Lust Haus, and that the Jesuit had given him some letters, and fifty guineas for his trouble.

He then stated that he had opened, copied, and revealed them; further, that he had brought over one of the confederates, who was now residing in the house of the syndic Van Krause; that he should have made all this known before, only that he waited till it was more important; that the last letters appeared of such consequence that he deemed it his duty no longer to delay.

"You have done well, Mr. Vanslyperken," replied his majesty.

"And played a bold game," observed Lord Albemarle, fixing his eyes upon Vanslyperken. "Suppose you had been found out co-operating with traitors before you made this discovery?"

"I might have forfeited my life in my zeal," replied Mr. Vanslyperken, with adroitness; "but that is the duty of a king's officer."

"That is well said," observed the Duke of Portland.

"I have a few questions to put to you, Mr. Vanslyperken?" observed his majesty. "What is the cave they mention so often?"

"It is on the bank of the Isle of Wight, your majesty. I did not know of its existence but from the letters; but I once laid a whole night in the cave underneath it, to intercept the smugglers upon information I had received; but the alarm was given, and they escaped."

"Who is their agent at Portsmouth?"

"A Jew of the name of Lazarus, residing in little Orange street, at the back of the Point, your majesty."

"Do you know of any of the names of the conspirators?"

"I do not, your majesty, except of a woman who is very active, one Moggy Salisbury. Her husband, not a month back, was the boatswain of the cutter; but by some interest or another, he has obtained his discharge."

"My lord of Portland," said his majesty, "take a memorandum, to inquire who it was applied for the discharge of that man.—Mr. Vanslyperken, you may retire; we will call you in by-and-by. You will be secret as to what has passed."

"I have one more duty to perform," replied Vanslyperken, taking some rouleaus of gold out of his pocket. "This is the money received from the traitors. It is not for a king's officer to have it in his possession."

"You are right, Mr. Vanslyperken; but the gold of traitors is forfeited to the crown, and it is now mine. You will accept it as a present from your king."

Mr. Vanslyperken took the gold from the table, made a low bow, and retired from the royal presence.

The reader will acknowledge that it was impossible to play his cards better than Mr. Vanslyperken had done in this interview, and that he deserved great credit for his astute conduct. With such diplomatic talents, he would have made a great prime minister.

The council was ordered at twelve o'clock. "My lords, these letters must be produced. That they are genuine appears to me beyond a doubt."

"That they are faithful copies I doubt not," replied Lord Albemarle, "but—"

"But what, my lord Albemarle?"

"I very much suspect the fidelity of the copier. There is something more that has not been told, depend upon it."

"Why do you think so, my lord?"

"Because, your majesty, allowing that a man would act the part that Mr. Vanslyperken says that he has done, to discover a conspiracy, still would he not naturally, to avoid any risk to himself, have furnished government with the first correspondence, and have obtained their sanction for prosecuting his plans? This officer has been employed for these last two years, or more, in carrying the despatches to the Hague; and it must at once strike your majesty that a person who can with such dexterity open the letters of others, can also open those of his own government."

"That is true, my lord," replied his majesty, musing.

"Your majesty is well aware that suspicions were entertained of the fidelity of the syndic, suspicions which the evidence of this officer has verified. But why were these suspicions raised?—because he knew of the government secrets, and it was supposed he obtained them from some one who is in our trust, but inimical to us, and unworthy of the confidence reposed in him. Your majesty's acuteness will at once perceive that the secrets may have been

obtained by Mynheer Krause by the same means as have been resorted to, to obtain the secrets of the conspirators. I may be in error; and if I do this officer wrong by my suspicions, may God forgive me, but there is something in his looks which tells me—

"What, my lord?"

"That he is a traitor to both parties, may it please your majesty."

"By the Lord! Albemarle, I think you have hit upon the truth," replied the Duke of Portland.

"Of that we shall soon have proof. At present, we have to decide, whether it be advisable to employ him to discover more, or at once to seize upon the parties he has denounced. But that had better be canvassed in the council chamber. Come, my lords, they are waiting for us."

The affair was of too great importance not to absorb all other business, and it was decided that the house of Mynheer Krause, and of the Jesuit, and the widow Vandersloosh, should be entered by the peace-officers at midnight, and that they and the conspirators who might be found there should be thrown into prison; that the cutter should be despatched immediately to England, with orders to seize all the other parties informed against by Vanslyperken; and that a force should be sent to attack the cave, and secure those who might be found there; with directions to the admiral that Mr. Vanslyperken should be employed both as a guide and to give the assistance of the cutter and his crew.

These arrangements having been made, the council broke up. King William had a conference with his two favourites, and Vanslyperken was sent for.

"Lieutenant Vanslyperken, we feel much indebted to you for your important communications, and we shall not forget in due time to reward your zeal and loyalty as it deserves. At present it is necessary that you sail for England as soon as our despatches are ready, which will be before midnight. You will then receive your orders from the admiral at Portsmouth, and I have no doubt you will take the opportunity of affording us fresh proofs of your fidelity and attachment."

Mr. Vanslyperken bowed humbly, and retired delighted with the successful result of his manoeuvre. With a gay heart he leapt into his calash, and drove off.

"Yes, yes," thought he, "Madame Vandersloosh, you would betray me. We shall see. Yes, yes, we shall see, Madame Vandersloosh."

And sure enough he did see Madame Vandersloosh, who in another calash was driving to the palace, and who met him face to face. Vanslyperken turned up his nose at her as he passed by; and the widow, astonished at his presumption, thought as she went on her way, "Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see. You may turn up your snivelling nose, but stop till your head's in the halter. Yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, stop till your head's in a halter."

We must leave Mr. Vanslyperken to drive and the widow Vandersloosh to drive, while we drive on ourselves. The subsequent events of this eventful day we will narrate in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XLVI.

In which there is much bustle and confusion—Plot and counterplot.

ABOUT two hours after the council had broken up, the following communication was delivered into the hands of Ramsay by an old woman, who immediately took her departure.

"The lieutenant of the cutter has taken copies of all your correspondence, and betrayed you. You will fly immediately, as at midnight you and all of you will be seized.

In justice to Mynheer Krause, leave documents to clear him. The cutter will sail this evening, with orders to secure your friends at Portsmouth and the cave."

"Now, by the holy cross of our Saviour! I will have revenge upon that dastard! There is no time to lose; five minutes for reflection, and then to act," thought Ramsay, as he twisted up this timely notice, which, it must be evident to the reader, must have been sent by one who had been summoned to the council. Ramsay's plans were soon formed. He despatched a trusty messenger to the Jesuit, desiring him to communicate immediately with the others, and upon what plan to proceed. He then wrote a note to Vanslyperken, requesting his immediate presence, and hastened to the morning apartment of Wilhelmina. In few words he told her that he had received timely notice that it was the intention of the government to seize her father and him, as suspected traitors, and throw them that very night in prison.

Wilhelmina made no reply.

"For your father, my dearest girl, there is no fear. He will be fully acquitted; but I, Wilhelmina, must depart immediately, or my life is forfeited."

"Leave me, Edward?" replied Wilhelmina.

"No, you must go with me, Wilhelmina, for more than one reason. The government have ordered the seizure of the persons to be made in the night, to avoid a disturbance; but they will not be able to prevent the mob, who are but too happy to prove their loyalty, when they can do so, by rapine and plunder; and depend upon it, that this house will be sacked and levelled to the ground before to-morrow evening. You cannot go to prison with your father; you cannot remain here, to be at the mercy of an infuriated and lawless mob. You must go with me, Wilhelmina. Trust to me, not only for my sake, but for your father's."

"My father's, Edward? It is that only I am thinking of. How can I leave my father at such a time?"

"You will save your father by so doing. Your departure with me will substantiate his innocence. Decide, my dearest girl; decide at once. You must either fly with me, or we must part for ever."

"O no! that must not be, Edward," cried Wilhelmina, bursting into tears.

After some further persuasion on the part of Ramsay, and fresh tears from the attached maiden, it was agreed that she would act upon his suggestions; and with a throbbing heart she went to her chamber to make the necessary preparations, while Ramsay requested that Mynheer Krause would give him a few minutes of his company in his room above.

The syndic soon made his appearance. "Well, Mynheer Ramsay, you have some news to tell me, I am sure;" for Mynheer Krause, notwithstanding his rebuff from the king, could not divert himself from his failing of fetching and carrying reports. Ramsay went to the door, and then turned the key.

"I have, indeed, most important news, Mynheer Krause, and I am sorry to say, very unpleasant also."

"Indeed!" replied the syndic, with alarm.

"Yes, I find, from a notice given me by one of his majesty's council, assembled this morning at the Hague, that you are suspected of treasonable practices."

"God in heaven!" exclaimed the syndic.

"And that this very night you are to be seized, and thrown into prison."

"I, the syndic of the town! I, who put every body else into prison!"

"Even so; such is the gratitude of King William for your long and faithful services, Mynheer Krause. I have now sent for you that we may consult as to what had best be done. Will you fly? I have the means for your escape."

"Fly, Mynheer Ramsay?—the syndic of Amsterdam fly!—never! They may accuse me falsely. They may

condemn me, and take off my head before the staadt house; but I will not fly."

"I expected this answer, and you are right, Mynheer Krause; but there are other considerations worthy of your attention. When the populace know you are in prison for treason, they will level this house with the ground."

"Well, and so they ought if they suppose me guilty. I care little for that."

"I am aware of that, but still your property will be lost; but it will be but a matter of prudence to save all you can. You have already a large sum of gold collected."

"I have four hundred thousand guilders at least."

"You must think of your daughter, Mynheer Krause. This gold must not find its way into the pockets of the mob. Now observe,—the king's cutter sails to-night; and I propose that your gold is embarked, and I will take it over for you, and keep it safe. Then let what will happen, your daughter will not be left in beggary."

"True, true, my dear sir; there is no saying how this will end. It may end well; but, as you say, if the house is plundered, the gold is gone for ever. Your advice is good; and I will give you, before you go, the receipts for all the moneys in the hands of my agents at Hamburg and Frankfurt, and other places. I have taken your advice, my young friend, and with the exception of this house, and property to the amount of some hundred thousand guilders, they will lay hold of little which belongs to Mynheer Krause. And my poor daughter, Mynheer Ramsay?"

"Should any accident happen to you, you may trust to me. I swear it to you, Mynheer Krause, on my hope of salvation."

Here the old man sat down much affected, and covered his face.

"O, my dear young friend, what a world is this, where they cannot distinguish a true and loyal subject and a traitor? But why could you not stay here, protect my house from the mob, and demand the civic guard?"

"I stay here, my dear sir! why, I am included in the warrant of treason."

"You!"

"Yes, and there would be no chance of my escaping from my enemies. They detest me too much. But cheer up, sir; I think that, by my means, you may be cleared of all suspicions."

"By your means?"

"Yes, but I must not explain. My departure is necessary for your safety. I will take the whole upon myself, and you shall be saved."

"I really cannot understand you, my dear friend; but it appears to me as if you were going to make some great sacrifice for my sake."

"I will not be questioned, Mynheer Krause; only this I say, that I am resolved that you shall be proved innocent. It is my duty. But we have no time to lose. Let your gold be ready at sunset. I will have every thing prepared."

"But my daughter must not remain here. She will be by herself at the mercy of the mob."

"Be satisfied, Mynheer Krause, that is also prepared for. Your daughter must leave this house, and be in a safe retreat, before the officers come in to seize you. I have arranged every thing."

"Where do you propose sending her?"

"Not to any of your friends' houses, Mynheer Krause. No, no! but I'll see her in safety before I leave. Do not be afraid. It must depend upon circumstances; but of that hereafter. You have no time to lose."

"God in heaven!" exclaimed Mynheer Krause, unlocking the door, "that I, the syndic, the most loyal subject—Well, well; you may well say, 'Put not your trust in princes.'"

"Trust in me, Mynheer Krause," replied Ramsay, taking his hand.

"I do, I will, my good friend; and I will go to prison proudly, and like an innocent and injured man."

And Mynheer Krause hastened down to his counting-house to make the proposed arrangements; Ramsay returning to Wilhelmina, to whom he imparted what had taken place between him and her father, and which had the effect of enforcing his resolution.

We must now return to the widow Vandersloosh, who had arrived safely, but melting with the heat of her journey, at the palace of the Hague. She immediately informed one of the domestics that she wished to speak with his majesty upon important business.

"I cannot take your name in to his majesty; but if you will give it me, I will speak to Lord Albemarle."

The widow wrote her name down upon a slip of paper, which the servant went away with; and then the widow sat down upon a bench in the hall, and cooled herself with her fan.

"Frau Vandersloosh," said Lord Albemarle, on reading the name.

"Let her come up. Why, this," continued he, turning to the Duke of Portland, who was sitting by him, "is the woman who is ordered to be arrested this night upon the evidence of Lieutenant Vanslyperken. We shall learn something now, depend upon it."

The Frau Vandersloosh made her appearance, sailing in the room like a Dutch man-of-war of that period, under full sail, high pooped and broad sterned. Never having stood in the presence of great men, she was not a little confused; so she fanned herself most furiously.

"You wished to speak with me," said Lord Albemarle.

"Yes, your honour's honour. I've come to expose a snivelling traitor to his majesty's crown. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see now," continued the widow, talking to herself and fanning away.

"We are all attentive, madam."

Mistress Vandersloosh then began, out of breath, and continued out of breath till she had told the whole of the story, which, as the reader must be aware, only corroborated all Vanslyperken had already stated, with the exception that he had denounced the widow. Lord Albemarle allowed her to proceed without interruption. He had a great insight into character, and the story of the widow confirmed him in his opinion of Vanslyperken.

"But my good woman," said Lord Albemarle, "are you aware that Mr. Vanslyperken has already been here?"

"Yes, your honour, I met him going back; and he turned his nose up at me; and I said then, 'Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see; wait a little Mr. Vanslyperken.'"

"And," continued Lord Albemarle, "that he has denounced you as being a party to all these reasonable practices."

"Me!—denounced me!—he!—O Lord! O Lord! only let me meet him face to face. Let him say it then, if he dares, the snivelling, cowardly, murdering wretch!"

Thereupon Mrs. Vandersloosh commenced the history of Vanslyperken's wooing, of his cur Snarleyvow, of her fancy for the corporal, of his fudging her with the corporal the day before, of her beating him off with the brooms, of her threats to expose his treason. "And so now, when he finds that he was to be exposed, he comes up first himself. That's now the truth of it, or my name's not Vandersloosh, your honour." And the widow walked up and down with the march of an elephant, fanning herself violently, her bosom heaving with agitation, and her face as red as a lobster's.

"Mistress Vandersloosh," said Lord Albemarle, "the affair must rest as it is at present; but I shall not forget what you have told me. I think now that you had better go home."

At this dismissal, the widow turned round. "Thank your worship kindly," said she. "I'm ready to come

whenever I am wanted.—Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken," resumed the widow as she walked to the door, quite forgetting the respect due to the two noblemen, "we shall see; yes, yes, we shall see."

"Well, my lord, what think you of this?" said Lord Albemarle to the duke, as the widow closed the door.

"Upon my soul, I think she is honest; she is too fat for a traitor."

"I am of your opinion. The episode of the corporal was delightful."

"And has thrown much light upon the lieutenant's conduct, who is a traitor, in my opinion, if ever there was one. But he must be allowed to fulfil his task, and then we will soon find out the truth; but if I mistake not, that man was born to be hung."

We must now return to Mr. Vanslyperken, who received the note from Ramsay just as he was going down to the boat. As he did not know what steps were to be taken by government, he determined to go up to Ramsay, and inform him for his order of immediately sailing. He might gain further information from his letters, and also remove the suspicion of his having betrayed him.

Ramsay received Mr. Vanslyperken with an air of confidence. "Sit down, Mr. Vanslyperken. I wish to know whether there is any chance of your sailing."

"I was about to come up to you to state that I have orders to sail this evening."

"That is fortunate, as I intended to take a passage with you, and what is more, Mr. Vanslyperken, I have a large sum in specie, which we must contrive to get on board. Cannot we contrive it? I cannot go without it."

"A large sum in specie?" Vanslyperken reflected. Yes, he would secure Ramsay as a prisoner, and possess himself of the specie if he could. His entrapping Ramsay on board would be another proof of his fidelity and dexterity. But then Vanslyperken thought of the defection of the corporal; but that was of no great consequence. The crew of the cutter dare not disobey him when they were ordered to seize a traitor.

While Vanslyperken was meditating this, Ramsay fixed his eyes upon him, waiting for his reply.

"It will be difficult," observed Vanslyperken, "to get the specie on board without being seen."

"I am afraid so too. But I have a proposition to make. Suppose you get under weigh, and leave to about a mile outside. I will then come off in the syndie's barge. I can have the use of it. Then nothing will be discovered."

Vanslyperken appeared to reflect again.

"I shall still run a great risk Mr. Ramsay."

"You will run some little, perhaps; but you shall be well paid for it, I promise you."

"Well, sir, I consent," replied Vanslyperken. "At what hour do you propose to embark?"

"About eleven, or a little earlier. You will have a light over the stern. Hail the boat when you see it coming, and I shall answer, 'King's messenger with despatches.' That will be a blind to your crew: they supposed me a king's messenger before."

"Yes, that will be prudent," replied Vanslyperken, who then took his leave with great apparent cordiality.

"Villain!" muttered Ramsay, as Vanslyperken shut the door. "I know your thoughts."

We must pass over the remainder of this eventful day. Wilhelmina had procured the dress of a boy, in which disguise she proposed to elope with Ramsay; and all her preparations were made long before the time. Mynheer Krause was also occupied in getting his specie ready for embarkation, and Ramsay in writing letters. The despatches from the Hague came down about nine o'clock, and Vanslyperken received them on board. About ten he weighed and made sail, and hove to about a mile outside, with a light shown as agreed. About the time arranged, a large boat appeared pulling up to the cutter. "Boat ahoy!"

"King's messenger with despatches," was the reply.

"All right," said Vanslyperken, "get a rope then from forward."

The boat darted alongside of the cutter. She pulled ten oars; but as soon as she was alongside, a number of armed men sprang from her on the decks, and beat the crew below; while Ramsay, with pistols in his belt and his sword in his hand, went aft to Vanslyperken.

"What is all this?" exclaimed the terrified lieutenant.

"Nothing, sir, but common prudence on my part," replied Ramsay. "I have an account to settle with you."

Vanslyperken perceived that his treachery was discovered, and he fell upon his knees. Ramsay turned away to give orders, and Vanslyperken darted down the hatchway, and gained the lower deck.

"Never mind," said Ramsay, "he'll not escape me. Come, my lads, hand up the boxes as fast as you can."

Ramsay then went to the boat, and brought up Wilhelmina, who had remained there, and conducted her down into the cabin. The boxes of specie were also handed down, the boat made fast, and the conspirators remained in possession of the deck. The helm was taken by one of them, sail again made on the cutter, and the boat with a boat-keeper towed astern.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Which is rather interesting.

MR. VANSLYPERKEN'S retreat was not known to the crew. They thought him still on deck, and he hastened forward to secrete himself even from his own crew, who were not a little astonished at this unexpected attack, which they could not account for. The major part of the arms on board were always kept in Mr. Vanslyperken's cabin; and that was not only in possession of the assailants, but there was a strong guard in the passage outside which led to the lower deck.

"Well, this beats my comprehension quite entirely," said Bill Spurey.

"Yes," replied Short.

"And mine too," added Obadiah Coble, "being as we are, as you know, at peace with all nations, to be boarded and carried in this way."

"Why, what and who can they be?"

"I've a notion that Vanslyperken's at the bottom of it," replied Spurey.

"Yes," said Short.

"But it's a bottom that I can't fathom," continued Spurey.

"My dipsy line ar'n't long enough either," replied Coble.

"Gott for dam! what it can be?" exclaimed Jansen. "It must be the treason."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied Corporal Van Spitter. "It is all treason, and the traitor be Vanslyperken." But although the corporal had some confused ideas, he could not yet arrange them.

"Well, I've no notion of being boxed up here," observed Coble. "They can't be so many as we are, if they were stowed away in the boat like pilchards in a cask. Can't we get at the arms, corporal, and make a rush for it?"

"Mein Gott! de arms are all in the cabin, all but three pair pistols and the bayonets."

"Well, but we've handspikes," observed Spurey.

"Got for damn! gif me de handspike!" cried Jansen.

"We had better wait till daylight, at all events," observed Coble. "We shall see our work better."

"Yes," replied Short.

"And in the mean time get every thing to hand that we can."

"Yes," replied Short.

"Well, I can't understand the manœuvre. It beats my comprehension. What have they done with Vanslyperken?"

"I don't know; but they've kicked the cur out of the cabin."

"Then they've kicked him out, too, depend upon it."

Thus did the crew continue to surmise during the whole night; but, as Bill Spurey said, the manœuvre beat their comprehension.

One thing was agreed upon, that they should make an attempt to recover the vessel as soon as they could.

In the mean time, Ramsay, with Wilhelmina and the Jesuit, had taken possession of the cabin, and had opened all the despatches, which acquainted them with the directions in detail given for the taking of the conspirators at Portsmouth and in the cave. Had it not been to save his friends, Ramsay would at once have taken the cutter to Cherbourg, and have there landed Wilhelmina and the treasure; but his anxiety for his friends determined him to run at once for the cave, and send overland to Portsmouth. The wind was fair, and the water smooth, and before morning the cutter was well on her way.

In the mean time, the crew of the cutter had not been idle. The ladders had been taken up, and hatches closed. The only chance of success was an attack upon the guard, who were stationed outside of the cabin. They had six pistols, and about two hundred rounds of ammunition; but, with the exception of half a dozen bayonets, no other weapons. But they were resolute men, and as soon as they had made their arrangements, which consisted of piling up their hammocks so as to make a barricade to fire over, they commenced their operations; the first signal of which was a pistol-shot discharged at the men who were on guard in the passage, and which wounded one of them.

Ramsay darted out of the cabin at the report of the pistol; another and another was discharged, and Ramsay then gave the order to fire in return. This was done, but without injury to the seamen of the cutter, who were protected by the hammocks; and Ramsay, having already three of his men wounded, found that the post below was no longer tenable. A consultation took place, and it was determined that the lower deck should be abandoned, as the upper deck it would be easy to retain.

The cabin's skylight was taken off, and the boxes of gold handed up, while the party outside the cabin door maintained the conflict with the crew of the Yungfrau. When all the boxes were up, Wilhelmina was lifted on deck, the skylight put on again, and as soon as the after-hatches were ready to put on, Ramsay's men retreated by the ladder, which was first lowered and then drawn up after them, and then put on the hatches.

Had not the barricade of hammocks prevented them, the crew of the Yungfrau might have made a rush, and followed the others on deck; but before they could break down the barricades, which they did as soon as they perceived their opponents retreat, the ladder was up and the hatches placed over. The Yungfraus had gained the whole of the lower deck, but they could do no more; and Ramsay perceived that if he could maintain possession of the upper deck, it was as much as he could expect with such determined assailants. This warfare had been continued during the whole morning, and it was twelve o'clock before the cabin and lower deck had been abandoned by Ramsay's associates. During the whole day the skirmishes continued, the crew of the Yungfrau climbing on the table of the cabin and firing through the skylight; but in so doing they exposed themselves to the fire of the other party, who sat like cats watching for their appearance, and discharging their pieces the moment that a head presented itself. In the mean time the cutter darted on before a strong favourable breeze, and thus passed the first day. Many attempts were made during the night by the seamen of the cutter to force their way on deck, but they were all prevented by the

vigilance of Ramsay; and the next morning the Isle of Wight was in sight. Wilhelmina had passed the night on the fore-castle, covered up with a sail. None of the people had had any thing to eat during the time that they were on board, and Ramsay was most anxious to arrive at his destination. About noon the cutter was abreast of the Black Gang Chine. Ramsay had calculated upon retaining possession of the cutter, and taking the whole of the occupants of the cave over to Cherbourg; but this was now impossible. He had five of his men wounded, and he could not row the boat to the cave without leaving so few men on board that they would be overpowered; for his ammunition was expended, with the exception of one or two charges, which were retained for an emergency. All that he could do now was therefore to put his treasure in the boat, and with Wilhelmina and his whole party, make for the cave, when he could send notice to Portsmouth for the others to join them; and they must be content to await the meditated attack upon the cave, and defend it till they could make their escape to France. The wind being foul of the cutter's return to Portsmouth would enable him to give notice overland before she could arrive. There was a great oversight committed when the lower deck was abandoned; the despatches had been left on Mr. Vanslyperken's bed. Had they been taken away or destroyed, there would have been ample time for the whole of his party to have made their escape from England before duplicates could arrive. As it was, he could do no more than we have already mentioned. The boat was hauled up, the boxes of specie put in, the wounded men laid at the bottom of the boat; and having, at the suggestion of one of the men, cut the lower rigging, halyards, &c., of the cutter, to retard their progress to Portsmouth, Ramsay and his associates stepped into the boat and pulled for the cave.

Their departure was soon ascertained by the crew of the Yungfrau, who now forced the skylight, and gained the deck, but not before the boat had entered the cave.

"What's to be done now?" said Coble; "smash my timbers, but they've played old Harry with the rigging. We must knot and splice."

"Yes," replied Short.

"What the devil have they done with Vanslyperken?" cried Bill Spurey.

"Either shoved him overboard, or taken him with them, I suppose," cried Coble.

"Well, it's a nice job altogether," observed Spurey.

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal. "We will have a pretty story to tell de admiral."

"Well they've rid us of him, at all events. I only hope they'll hang him."

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"He'll have his desarts," replied Coble.

"Gott for tam! I like to see him swing."

"Now he's gone, let's send his dog after him. Hurrah, my lads! get a rope up on the yard, and let us hang Snarleyow."

"Mein Gott! I'll go fetch him," cried the corporal.

"You will—will you?" roared a voice.

The corporal turned round; so did the others; and there with his sword drawn, stood Mr. Vanslyperken!

"You d—d mutinous scoundrel!" cried Vanslyperken, "touch my dog, if you dare."

The corporal put his hand up to the salute, and Vanslyperken shook his head with a diabolical expression of countenance.

"Now where the devil could he come from?" whispered Spurey.

Coble shrugged up his shoulders, and Short gave a long whistle, expending more breath than usual.

However, there was no more to be said; and as soon as the rigging was knotted and spliced, sail was made on the cutter; but the wind being dead in their teeth, they did not arrive until late the next evening, and the admiral did

not see his despatches till the next morning; for the best of all possible reasons, that Vanslyperken did not take them on shore. He had a long story to tell, and he thought it prudent not to disturb the admiral after dinner, as great men are apt to be very choleric during the progress of digestion.

The consequence was, that when the next morning Mr. Vanslyperken called upon the admiral, the intelligence had been received from the cave, and all the parties had absconded. Mr. Vanslyperken told his own tale, how he had been hailed by a boat purporting to have a messenger on board; how they had boarded him, and beat down himself and his crew; how he and his crew had fought under hatches, and beat them on deck; and how they had been forced to abandon the cutter. All this was very plausible, and then Vanslyperken delivered the despatches opened by Ramsay.

The admiral read them in haste, gave immediate orders for surrounding and breaking into the house, of the Jew Lazarus, in which the military found nobody but an old tom-cat, and then desired Mr. Vanslyperken to hold the cutter in readiness to embark troops and sail that afternoon. But troops do not move so fast as people think, and before one hundred men had been told off by the sergeant, with their accoutrements, knapsacks, and sixty rounds of ammunition, it was too late to embark them that night; so they waited until the next morning. Moreover, Mr. Vanslyperken had orders to draw from the dock-yard three large boats for the debarkation of the said troops; but the boats were not quite ready; one required a new gunnel, another three planks in the bottom, and the third having her stern out, it required all the carpenters in the yard to finish them by the next morning. Mr. Vanslyperken's orders were to proceed to the cave, and land the troops, to march up to the cave, and to cover the advance of the troops, rendering them all the assistance in his power, and co-operating with the major commanding the detachment; but where the cave was no one knew, except that it was thereabouts. The next morning, at eight o'clock the detachment, consisting of one hundred men, were embarked on board of the cutter; but the major commandant, finding that the decks were excessively crowded, and that he could hardly breathe, ordered section first, section second, and section third, of twenty-five men each, to go into the boats, and be towed. After which there was more room, and the cutter stood out for St. Helen's.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

In which there is a great deal of correspondence, and the widow is called up very early in the morning.

WE must now return to Mynheer Krause, who, after he had delivered over his gold, locked up his counting-house, and went up to the saloon, determining to meet his fate with all the dignity of a Roman senator. He sent for his daughter, who sent word back that she was packing up her wardrobe; and this answer appeared but reasonable to the syndie, who therefore continued in his chair reflecting upon his approaching incarceration, conning speeches, and anticipating a glorious acquittal, until the bell of the Cathedral chimed the half hour after ten. He then sent another message to his daughter, and the reply was that she was not in her room; upon which he despatched old Koop to Ramsay, requesting his attendance. The reply to this second message was a letter presented to the syndie, who broke the seal, and read as follows.

"MY DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—I have sought for a proper asylum for your daughter during the impending troubles, and could not find one which pleased; and in consequence I have taken the bold step, aware that I might

not have received your sanction if applied for, of taking her on board the cutter with me. She will there be safe, and as her character might be in a certain degree impeached by living in company with a man of my age, I intend as soon as we arrive in port to unite myself to her, for which act I trust you will grant me your pardon. As for yourself, be under no apprehension. I have saved you. Treat the accusation with scorn, and if you are admitted into the presence of his majesty, accuse him of the ingratitude which he has been guilty of. I trust that we shall soon meet again, that I may return to you the securities and specie of which I have charge, as well as your daughter, who is anxious once more to receive your blessing.

"Yours ever till death,

"EDWARD RAMSAY."

Mynheer Krause read this letter over and over again. It was very mystifying. Much depends in this world upon the humour people are in at the time. Mynheer Krause was at that time full of Cato-like devotion and Roman virtue, and he took the contents of the letter in the true Catoic style.

"Excellent young man!—to preserve my honour, he has taken her away with him; and to preserve her reputation, he intends to marry her. Now I can go to prison without a sigh. He tells me that he has saved me. Saved me;—why, he has saved every thing—me, my daughter, and my property. Well, they shall see how I behave? they shall witness the calmness of a Stoic. I shall express no emotion or surprise at the arrest, as they will naturally expect, because I know it is to take place; no fear, no agitation when in prison, because I know that I am to be saved. I shall desire them to bear in mind that I am the syndie of the town, and must receive that respect which is due to my exalted situation."

And Mynheer Van Krause lighted his pipe, ordered Koop to bring him a stone jug of beer; and thus doubly armed, like Cato, he awaited the arrival of the officer with all the stoicism of beer and tobacco.

About the same hour of night that the letter was put into the hands of Mynheer Krause, a packet was brought up to Lord Albemarle, who was playing a game of put with his grace the Duke of Portland. At that time put was a most fashionable game; but games are like garments, as they become old, they are cast off, and handed down to the servants. The outside of the despatch was marked, "To Lord Albemarle's own hands. Immediate and most important." It appeared, however, as if the two noble lords considered the game of put as more important and immediate, for they finished it without looking at the packet in question, and it was midnight before they threw up the cards; after which Lord Albemarle went to a side-table apart from the rest of the company, and broke the seals. It was a letter with enclosures, and ran as follows:—

"MY LORD ALBEMARLE,—Although your political enemy, I do justice to your merits, and prove my high opinion of you by addressing to you this letter, the object of which is to save your government the disgrace of injuring a worthy man and a staunch supporter, and to expose the villany of a coward and a scoundrel. When I state that my name is Ramsay, you may at once be satisfied that before this comes to your hands, I am out of your reach. I came here in the king's cutter commanded by Mr. Vanslyperken, with letters of recommendation to Mynheer Krause, which represented me as a staunch adherent of William of Orange and a Protestant; and with this impression I was well received, and took up my abode in his house. My object you may easily imagine; but fortune favoured me still more in having in my power Lieutenant Vanslyperken. I opened the government despatches in his presence, and

supplied him with false seals to enable him to do the same, and give me the extracts which were of importance; for which, I hardly need say, he was most liberally rewarded. This has been carried on for some time; but it appears that in showing him how to obtain your secrets, I also showed him how to possess himself of ours; and the consequence has been that he has turned double traitor, and I have narrowly escaped.

"The information possessed by Mynheer Krause was given by me to win his favour for one simple reason, that I fell in love with his daughter, who has now quitted the country with me. He never was undecieved as to my real position, nor is he even now. Let me do an honest man justice. I enclose you the extracts from your duplicates made by Mr. Vanslyperken, written in his own hand, which, I trust, will satisfy you as to his perfidy, and induce you to believe in the innocence of the worthy syndie, from the assurance of a man, who, although a Catholic, a Jacobite, and if you please, an attainted traitor, is incapable of telling you a falsehood. I am, my lord, with every respect for your noble character,

"Yours, most obediently,

"EDWARD RAMSAY."

"This is corroborative of my suspicions," said Lord Albemarle, putting down the papers before the Duke of Portland.

The duke read the letter, and examined the enclosures.

"Shall we see the king to-night?"

"No, he is retired, and it is of no use. They are in prison by this time. We will wait for the report to-morrow morning, ascertain how many have been secured, and then lay these documents before his majesty."

Leaving the two noble lords to go to bed, we shall now return to Amsterdam. At twelve o'clock at night, precisely as the bell tolled, a loud knock was heard at the gate of the syndie's house. Koop, who had been ordered by his master to remain up, immediately opened the door, and a posse comitatus of the civil power filled the yard.

"Where is Mynheer Krause?" inquired the chief in authority.

"Mynheer the syndie is up-stairs in the saloon."

Without sending up his name, the officers went up, followed by three or four others, and found Mynheer Krause smoking his pipe.

"Ah, my very particular friend, Mynheer Englebach, what may bring you here at this late hour, with all your people? Is there a fire in the town?"

"No, Mynheer Syndie. It is an order, I am very sorry to say, to arrest you, and conduct you to prison."

"Arrest and conduct me to prison!—me, the syndie of the town!—that is strange! Will you allow me to see your warrant. Yes, it is all true, and countersigned by his majesty. I have no more to say, Mynheer Englebach. As syndie of this town, and administrator of the laws, it is my duty to set the example of obedience to them, at the same time protesting my entire innocence. Koop, get me my mantle. Mynheer Englebach, I claim to be treated with the respect due to me as syndie of this town."

The officers were not a little staggered at the coolness and sang froid of Mynheer Krause. He had never appeared so much advantage; they bowed respectfully as he finished his speech.

"I believe Mynheer Krause that you have some friends staying with you."

"I have no friend in this house, except my very particular friend Mynheer Englebach," replied the syndie.

"You must excuse us, but we must search the house."

"You have his majesty's warrant so to do, and no excuse is necessary."

After a diligent search of half an hour, nobody was found in the house, and the officers began to suspect that the government had been imposed upon. Mynheer Krause,

with every mark of attention and respect, was then walked off to the Hotel de Ville, where he remained in custody; for it was not considered right by the authorities that the syndie should be thrown into the common prison upon suspicion only. When he arrived there, Mynheer Krause surprised them all by the philosophy with which he smoked his pipe.

But although there was nobody to be found except the syndie in the syndie's house, and not a soul at the house inhabited by the Jesuit, there was one more person included in the warrant, which was the widow Vandersloosh; for Lord Albemarle, although convinced in his own mind of her innocence, could not take upon himself to interfere with the decisions of the council. So about one o'clock there was a loud knocking at the widow's door, which was repeated again and again before it awoke the widow, who was fatigued with her long and hot journey to the Hague. As for Babette she made it a rule never to wake at any thing but the magical No. 6 sounded by the church clock, or her mistress's voice.

"Babette!" cried the widow Vandersloosh; "Babette!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"There's a knock at the door, Babette."

"Only some drunken sailors, ma'am." They'll go away when they find they can't get in."

Here the peals were redoubled.

"Babette—get up, Babette; and threaten them with the watch."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Babette with a terrible yawn.

Knocking and thumping with strokes louder than before.

"Babette, Babette!"

"I must put something on, ma'am," replied Babette, rather crossly.

"Speak to them out of the window, Babette."

Here poor Babette came down to the first floor, and opening the window at the landing-place on the stairs, put her head out, and cried,

"If you don't go away, you drunken fellows, my mistress will send for the watch."

"If you don't come down and open the door, we shall break it open," replied the officer sent to the duty.

"Tell them it's no inn, Babette. We won't let people in after hours," cried the widow, turning in her bed, and anxious to resume her sound nap.

Babette gave the message, and shut down the window.

"Break open the door," cried the officer to his attendants. In a minute or two the door was burst open, and the party ascended the staircase.

"Mercy on me, Babette, if they ar'n't come in," cried the widow, who jumped out of her bed, and nearly shutting her door, which had been left open for ventilation, she peeped out to see who were the bold intruders. She perceived a man in black with a white staff.

"What do you want?" screamed the widow, terrified.

"We want Mistress Vandersloosh. Are you that person?" said the officer.

"To be sure I am. But what do you want here."

"I must request you to dress, and come along with me directly to the staadt house," replied the officer, very civilly.

"Gott in himmel! what's the matter?"

"It's on a charge of treasonable practices, madam."

"O, ho—I see, Mr. Vanslyperken. Very well, good sir—I'll put on my clothes directly. I'll get up any hour in the night with pleasure to hang that villain. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see. Babette, take the gentlemen down in the parlour, and give them some bottled beer. You'll find it very good, sir; it's of my own brewing; and, Babette, you must come up and help me."

The officer did not think it necessary to undecieve the widow, who imagined that she was to give evidence against Vanslyperken, not that she was a prisoner herself: still

the widow Vandersloosh did not like being called up at such an unusual hour, and thus expressed herself to Babette as she was dressing herself.

"Well, we shall see the ending of this. Babette, my under petticoat—it's on the chair.—I told the lords the whole truth, every word of it, and I am convinced that they believed me too.—Don't pull so tight all at once, Babette—how often do I tell you that?—I do believe you missed a hole.—The cunning villain goes there, and says that I—yes, Babette, that I was a traitor myself; and I said to the lords, Do I look like a traitor?—My petticoats, Babette—how stupid you are!—why, your eyes are half shut now—you know I always wear the blue first, then the green, and the red last—and yet you will give them the first which comes.—He's a handsome lord, that Duke of Portland—he was one of the Bentincks before King William went over, and *conquered* England; and he was made a lord for his valour—my ruff—Babette, the Dutch are a brave nation—my kirtle now.—How much beer did you give the officers?—mind you take care of every thing while I'm gone, Babette. I shall be home by nine, I dare say. I suppose they are going to try him now, that he may be hanged at sunrise. I knew how it would be—yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, every dog has his day, and there's an end of you, and of your cur also, I've a notion."

The widow, being now fully equipped, walked down stairs to them, and proceeded with the officers to the staadthouze. She was brought into the presence of Mynheer Engelbach, who held the office of provost.

"Here is the widow Vandersloosh, mynheer."

"Very well," replied Engelbach, who was in a very bad humour at the unsuccessful search after the conspirators, "away with her."

"Away where?" exclaimed the widow.

Engelbach did not condescend to make a reply. The officers were mute; but one stout man on either side seized her arm, and led her away, notwithstanding expostulation and some resistance on her part.

"Where am I going?—what is all this?" exclaimed the widow Vandersloosh, terrified; but there was no answer.

At last they came to a door held open all ready by another man with a bunch of heavy keys. The terrified woman perceived that it was a paved stone cell, with a brick arch over it; in short, a dungeon. The truth flashed upon her for the first time. It was she who had been arrested for treason; but before she could shriek, she was shoved in, and the door closed and locked upon her, and the widow sunk down in a sitting posture on the ground, overcome with astonishment and indignation. Was it possible? Had the villain prevailed? This was the question which she asked herself over and over again, changing alternately from sorrow to indignation; at one time wringing her hands, and at others exclaiming, "Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

In which is related much appertaining to the "pomp and circumstance" of war.

THE arrival of Ramsay and his party was so unexpected, that at first Lady Barclay imagined that they had been betrayed, and that the boat was filled with armed men from the king's cutter, who had come on shore with the view of forcing an entrance into the cave. In a minute every preparation was made for defence, for it had long been arranged that, in case of unexpected attack, the women should make all the resistance in their power, and which the nature of the place enabled them to do.

But as Nancy observed, the party, although coming from the cutter, and all armed, did not appear to advance in a

hostile manner. After waiting some time at the boat, they advanced each with a box on his shoulder, but what those boxes might be was a puzzle. They might be hand grenades for throwing into the cave. However they were soon down to the rock, at which the ladder was let down, and then Smallbones stood up with a musket in his hands, with his straddling legs and short petticoat, and bawled out, "Who comes there."

Ramsay, who was assisting Wilhelmina, looked up, surprised at this singular addition to the occupants of the cave; and Wilhelmina also looked at him, and said, "Can that be a woman, Ramsay?"

"At all events, I've not the honour of her acquaintance; but she is pointing her musket. We are friends," cried Ramsay; "tell Mistress Alice it is Ramsay."

Smallbones turned round and reported the answer, and then in obedience to his orders from Mistress Alice, he cried out, in imitation of the sentinels, "Pass Ramsay, and all's well!" presented his arms, and made a flying leap off the rock where he stood down on the platform, that he might lower the ladder. As soon as Ramsay was up, he desired every body might be sent down to secure the boxes of specie as fast as they could, lest the cutter's people, releasing themselves, should attempt an attack. Now there was no more concealment necessary, and the women as well as the men went down the precipitous path, and brought up the treasure, while Ramsay introduced Wilhelmina to Lady Barclay, and in a brief but clear narrative told her all that had passed, and what they had now to expect. There was not a moment for delay; the cutter's people might send the despatches over land if they thought of it, and be there as soon, if not sooner, than themselves. Nancy Corbet was summoned immediately, and her instructions given. The whole of the confederates at Portsmouth were to come over to the cave, with what they could collect and carry about their persons; and in case of the cutter sending over land, with the precaution of being in disguise. Of arms and ammunition there were sufficient in the cave, which Ramsay now felt was to be defended to the last, until they could make a retreat over to the other side of the channel. In half an hour Nancy was gone, and that very night had arrived at Portsmouth, and given notice to the whole of their confederates. Upon consultation it was considered that the best disguise would be that of females; and in consequence they were all so attired, and before morning had all passed over, two or three in a boat, and landed at Ryde, where they were collected by Moggy Salisbury, who alone of the party knew the way to the retreat. They walked across the island by two and three, one party just keeping sight of the next ahead of them, and arrived without suspicion or interruption, conducted by Moggy Salisbury,—Lazarus the Jew, and sixteen stout and desperate men, who had remained secreted in the Jew's house, ready to obey any order, however desperate the risk might be, of their employers.

When they were all assembled at the brow of the precipice, with the exception of Lazarus, who looked like a little old woman, a more gigantic race of females were never seen, for, determined upon a desperate resistance if discovered, they had their buff jerkins under their female gowns. They were soon in the cave, and very busy under Ramsay's directions, preparing against the expected attack. Sir Robert Barclay, with his boat, had been over two days before, and it was not known when he would return. That his presence was most anxiously looked for may be readily conceived, as his boat's crew would double their force if obliged to remain there; and his boat would enable them with the one brought by Ramsay, to make their escape, without leaving one behind, before the attack could be made.

Nancy Corbett, as the reader may have observed, did not return to the cave with the other conspirators. As she was not suspected, she determined to remain at

Portsmouth till the last, and watch the motions of the authorities.

The cutter did not arrive till the evening of the second day, and the despatches were not delivered to the admiral till the third morning, when all was bustle and preparation. Nancy Corbett was every where. She found out what troops were ordered to embark on the expedition, and she was acquainted with some of the officers, as well as the sergeants and corporals. An idea struck her, which she thought she could turn to advantage. She slid into the barrack yard when the men were being selected, and was soon close to a sergeant whom she was acquainted with.

"So you've an expedition on hand, Sergeant Tanner!"

"Yes, Mistress Corbett, and I'm one of the party."

"I wish you joy," replied Nancy, sarcastically.

"O, it's nothing, Mistress Corbett; nothing at all, only some smugglers in a cave. We'll soon rout them out."

"I've heard a different account from the admiral's clerk."

"Why, what have you heard?"

"First tell me how many men are ordered out?"

"A hundred rank and file, eight non-commissioned officers, two lieutenants, one captain, and one major."

"Bravo, sergeant! you will carry all before you."

"Why, I hope so, Mistress Corbett; especially as we are to have the assistance of the cutter's crew."

"Better and better still," replied Nancy, ironically. "I wish you joy of your laurels, sergeant. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Why do you laugh, Mistress Corbett? and what is that you heard at the admiral's office?"

"What you may hear yourself, and what I know to be true—there is not a single smuggler in the cave."

"No!" exclaimed the sergeant.

"Not one; they all live on the other side of the water. You will have a glorious victory, sergeant."

"What! nobody there?"

"Yes, there is somebody there. The cave has been chosen by the smugglers to land their goods in."

"But some of them must be there in charge of the goods."

"Yes, so they are; but they are all women—the smugglers' wives who live there. What an expedition! Let me see; one gallant major, one gallant captain, two gallant lieutenants, eight gallant non-commissioned officers, and a hundred gallant soldiers of the Buffs, all going to attack, and rout, and defeat a score of old women."

"But you're joking, mistress Nancy."

"Upon my life, I'm not, sergeant. You'll find it true. The admiral's ashamed of the whole affair, and the cutter's crew swear they won't fire a shot."

"By the god of war!" exclaimed the sergeant, "but this is cursed bad news you bring, Mistress Corbett."

"Not at all; your regiment will become quite the fancy. You'll go by the name of the lady-killers—ha! ha! ha! I wish you joy, sergeant—ha! ha! ha!"

Nancy Corbett knew well the power of ridicule. She left the sergeant, and was accosted by one of the lieutenants. She rallied him in the same way.

"But are you really in earnest, Nancy?" said Lieutenant Dillon at last.

"Upon my soul, I am; but at the same time, I hear that they will fight hard, for they are well armed and desperate, like their husbands, and they swear that they'll all die to a woman, before they yield. So now we shall see who fights best, the women or the men. I'll back my own sex, for a good Jacobus, lieutenant; will you take the bet?"

"Good God, how very annoying! I can't, I won't order the men to fire at women. I could not do so, if they were devils incarnate. A woman is a woman still."

"And never the worse for being brave, Lieutenant Dillon. As I said to Sergeant Tanner, your regiment after this expedition will always go by the name of the lady-killers."

"D—n!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "But now I recollect, there must be more there—those who had possession of the cutter, and who landed in their boat."

"Yes, with forty boxes of gold, they say. But do you think that they would be such fools as to remain there, and allow you to take their money? That boat started for France yesterday night, with all the treasure, and is now safe at Cherbourg. I know it for a fact; for one of the men's wife who lives here showed me a letter to that effect from her husband, in which he requests her to follow him. But I must go now. Good-by, Mr. Lady-killer."

The lieutenant repeated what Nancy had told him to the officers, and the major was so much annoyed that he went up to the admiral, and stated that the report was that there were only women to contend with.

"It is mentioned in the despatches, I believe," observed the admiral, "that there are only women supposed to be in the cave; but the smugglers who were on board of the cutter—"

"Have left with their specie yesterday night, admiral; so that we shall gain neither honour nor profit."

"At all events, you will have the merit of obeying your orders, Major Lincoln."

The major made no reply, but went away very much dissatisfied. In the mean time the sergeant had communicated with his brother non-commissioned officers and the privates ordered on the duty, and the discontent was universal. Most of the men swore that they would not pull a trigger against women if they were shot for it, and the disaffection almost amounted to a mutiny.

Nancy in the mean time had not been idle. She had found means to speak with the boat's crew of the Yungfran, stated the departure of the smugglers with their gold, and the fact that they were to fight with nothing but women; that the soldiers had vowed that they would not fire a shot; and that Moggy Salisbury, who was with them, swore that she would hoist her smock up as a flag, and fight to the last. This was soon known on board of the Yungfran, and gave great disgust to every one of the crew, who declared to a man that they would not act against petticoats, much less fire a shot at Moggy Salisbury.

What a mountain of mischief can be heaped up by the insidious tongue of one woman!

After this explanation, it may be supposed that the zeal of the party despatched was not very great. The fact is, they were all sulky from the major downwards among the military, and from Vanslyperken downwards among the naval portion of the detachment. Nancy Corbett, satisfied with having effected her object, had crossed over the night before, and joined her companions in the cave; and, what was extremely fortunate, on the same night Sir Robert Barclay came over in the lugger, and finding how matters stood, immediately hoisted both the boats up on the rocks, and taking up all the men, prepared with his followers for that vigorous resistance, naturally to be expected from those whose lives depended upon the issue of the conflict.

Next morning the cutter was seen coming down with the boats in tow, hardly stemming the flood from the lightness of the breeze, when Nancy Corbett requested to speak with Sir Robert Barclay. She stated to him what she had done, and the disaffection among the troops and seamen in consequence, and submitted to him the propriety of all the smugglers being dressed as women, as it would operate more in their favour than if they had fifty more men to defend the cave. Sir Robert perceived the good sense of this suggestion, and consulted with Ramsay, who strongly urged the suggestion being acted upon. The men were summoned, and the affair explained to them, and the consequence was that there was a scene of mirth and laughter, which ended with every man being fitted with women's attire. The only one who remained in the dress of a man was a woman, Wilhelmina Krause; but she was to remain

in the cave with the other women, and take no part in the coming fray.

CHAPTER L.

In which the officers, non-commissioned officers, and rank and file are all sent to the right about.

ABOUT noon the Yungfrau hove to off the little cove, and the troops were told off to the boats.

About half past twelve the troops were in the boats all ready.

About one, Mr. Vanslyperken had hoisted out his own boats, and they were manned. Mr. Vanslyperken with his pistols in his belt, and his sword drawn, told Major Lincoln that he was all ready. Major Lincoln, with his spy-glass in his hand, stepped into the boat with Mr. Vanslyperken, and the whole detachment pulled for the shore, and landed in the small cove, where they found the smugglers' boats hoisted up on the rocks, at which the men appeared to be rejoiced, as they took it for granted that they would find some men to fight with instead of women. The major headed his men, and they commenced a scramble up the rocks, and arrived at the foot of the high rock which formed the platform above it at the mouth of the cave, when the major cried, "Halt!"—a very judicious order, considering that it was impossible to go any further. The soldiers looked about every where, but could find no cave; and after an hour's strict search, Major Lincoln and his officers, glad to be rid of the affair, held a consultation, and it was agreed that the troops should be re-embarked. The men were marched down again very hot from their exertions, and thus would the expedition have ended without bloodshed had it not been for the incautious behaviour of a woman. That woman was Moggy Salisbury, who, having observed that the troops were re-embarking, took the opportunity, while Sir Robert and all the men were keeping close, to hoist up a certain under garment to a pole as if in derision, thus betraying the locality of the cave, and running the risk of sacrificing the whole party in it. This garment, as it was going up, caught the eye of one of the seamen in the boat, who cried out, "There goes the ensign up to the peak at last."

"Where?" exclaimed the major, pulling out his telescope; "yes, by heavens! there it is—and there then must be the cave."

Neither Sir Robert or any of the conspirators were aware of this manœuvre of Moggy, for Smallbones, perceiving what she had done, hauled it down again in a minute afterwards. But it had been hoisted, and the major considered it his duty to return. So once more the troops ascended the precipitous path.

Moggy then went into the cave. "They have found us out, sir," said she, "they point to us, and are coming up again. If you please, I will stand as sentry. The men won't fire at me, and if they do, I don't care."

Sir Robert and Ramsay were in close consultation. It appeared to them that by a bold manœuvre they would be able to get out of their scrape. The wind had gone down altogether, the sea was as smooth as a glass, and there was every appearance of a continual calm.

"If we could manage it—and I think we may—then the sooner this affair is brought to an issue, the better."

Moggy had now taken a musket on her shoulder, and was pacing up and down the edge of the flat in imitation of a sentry. She was soon pointed out and a titter ran through the whole line. At last, as the major approached, she called out,

"I say, soger, what are you doing here? keep off, or I'll put a bullet through your jacket."

"My good woman," replied the major, while his men laughed, "we do not want to hurt you, but you must surrender."

"Surrender!" cried Moggy; "who talks of surrender? hoist the colours there."

Up went the chemise to the end of the pole, and Smallbones grinned as he hoisted it.

"My good woman, we must obey our orders."

"And I must obey mine," retorted Moggy. "Turn out the guard there."

All the women now made their appearance, as had been arranged, with muskets on their shoulders, headed by little Lilly, with her drawn sword.

The sight of the child commanding the detachment was hailed with loud cheers and laughter.

"That will do—that will do," cried Sir Robert, fearful for Lilly. "Let them come in again."

"They'll not fire first at all events," cried Moggy, "never fear, sir. Guard, turn in," continued she, upon which Lilly and her squadron then disappeared.

"Upon my honour this is too ridiculous," said Lieutenant Dillon.

"Upon my soul, I don't know what is to be done," rejoined the major.

"Moggy, we must commence hostilities somehow or another," cried Sir Robert from within. Smallbones here came out with his musket to relieve Moggy, and Moggy retired into the cave.

The major, who imagined that there must be a path to the cave on the other side, now advanced with the determination of finding it out, and somehow or another putting an end to this unusual warfare.

"If you please, you'll keep back, or I'll fire," cried Smallbones, levelling his musket.

The major went on, heedless of the threat. Smallbones discharged his piece, and the major fell.

"Confound the she-devil! Are you hurt, major?" cried Lieutenant Dillon.

"Yes I am, I can't move."

Another shot was now fired, and the sergeant fell.

"Hell and flames! what must we do?"

But now the whole party of smugglers poured out of the cave dressed as women, with bonnets on, and commenced a murderous fire upon the troops, who fell in all directions. The captain, who had assumed the command, now attempted to find his way to the other side of the cave, where he had no doubt he should find the entrance; but in so doing the soldiers were exposed to a most galling fire, without being able to return it.

At first the troops refused to fire again, for that they had to deal with the smugglers' wives they made certain of; even in the thickest of the smoke there was nothing masculine to be seen, and those troops who were at a greater distance, and who could return the fire did not: they were rather amused at the gallant behaviour of the women, and not being aware that their comrades were falling so fast remained inactive. But there is a limit to even gallantry, and as the wounded men were carried past them, their indignation was roused, and at last the fire was as warmly returned; but before that took place, one-half of the detachment were hors du combat.

The assistance also which they might have received from the covering party of sailors on the beach was neutralized. They did not know how much the soldiers had suffered, and although they fired in pursuance of orders, they would not take any aim.

For some time the soldiers were forced on to the eastern side of the rock, which, as the reader may recollect, was much more precipitous than the western side, where it was descended by the ladder. Here they were at the mercy of the conspirators, who, concealed below the masses of rock on the platform, took unerring aim. The captain had fallen, Lieutenant Dillon was badly wounded, and led back to the boats, and the command had devolved upon a young man who had but just joined the regiment, and who was ignorant of any thing like military tactics,

even if they could have been brought into play upon the service.

"Do you call this fighting with women, Sergeant Tanner?" said one of the men; "I've seen service, but such a murderous fire, I was never in. Why we've lost two-thirds of our men."

"And shall lose them all before we find out the mouth of this cursed cave. The regiment has lost its character for ever, and I don't care how soon a bullet settles my business."

Ramsay now detached a party of the men to fire at the covering party of scamen, who were standing by the boats in the cove, and who were unprotected, while his men were concealed behind the masses of rocks. Many fell wounded or killed, and Vanslyperken, after shifting about from one position to another, ordered the wounded men to be put into his boat, and with two hands he pulled off, as he said, to procure more ammunition, leaving the remainder of the detachment on shore to do as well as they could.

"I thought as how this work would be too warm for him," observed Bill Spurey.

"Yes," replied Short, who at that moment received a bullet in his thigh, and fell down the rocks.

The fire upon the seamen continued to be effective. Move from their post they did not; but one after another they sunk wounded on the ground. The soldiers were now without any one to command them, for those who had forced their way to the western side of the rock, finding that advance or retreat was alike impossible, crawled under the sides of the precipice to retreat from a murderous fire which they could not return. The others were scattered here and there, protecting themselves as well as they could below the masses of stone, and returning the fire of the conspirators early and desperately. But of the hundred men sent on the expedition, there were not twenty who were not killed or wounded, and nearly the whole detachment of seamen had fallen where they stood.

It was then four o'clock. The few men who remained unhurt were suffering from the extreme heat and exertion, and devoured for thirst. The wounded cried for water. The sea was still calm and smooth as a mirror. Not a breath of wind blew to cool the fevered brows of the wounded men, and the cutter, with the sails hanging listless, floated about on the glassy waste about a quarter of a mile from the beach.

"Now is our time, Sir Robert."

"Yes, Ramsay, now for one bold dash. Off with this women's gear, my men; buckle on your swords, and pistols in your belts."

In a very short time this order was complied with; and notwithstanding some of the men were wounded in this day's affair, as well as in the struggle for the deck of the cutter, the three bands from Amsterdam, Portsmouth, and Cherbourg mustered forty resolute and powerful men.

The ladder was lowered down, and they descended. Sir Robert ordered Jemmy Ducks and Smallbones to remain and haul up the ladder again, and the whole body hastened down to the cove, headed by Sir Robert and Ramsay, seized the boats, and shoved off for the cutter.

CHAPTER LI.

In which the Jacobite cause is triumphant by sea as well as by land.

THE great difficulty which Sir Robert Barclay had to surmount was to find the means of transport over the channel for their numerous friends, male and female, then collected in the cave. Now that their retreat was known, it was certain that some effective measures would be taken by government, by which, if not otherwise reduced, they would be surrounded and starved into submission.

The two boats which they had were not sufficient for

the transport of so numerous a body, consisting now of nearly eighty individuals, and their means of subsistence were limited to a few days.

The arrival of the cutter with the detachment was no source of regret to Sir Robert, who hoped by the defeat of the troops to obtain their boats, and thus make his escape; but this would have been difficult, if not impossible, if the cutter had been under command, as she carried four guns, and could have prevented their escape even if she did not destroy the boats. But when Sir Robert observed that it had fallen calm, it at once struck him that if, after defeating the troops, they could board and carry the cutter, all their difficulties were over. Then they could embark the whole of their people, and run her over to Cherbourg.

This was the plan proposed by Sir Robert, and agreed to by Ramsay; and to accomplish this, now that the troops were put to the rout, they had made a rush for and obtained the boats. As for the women left in the cave, they were perfectly secure for the time, as without scaling ladders there was no possibility of the remaining troops, even if they were rallied, being able to effect any thing.

That part of the crew of the Yungfrau who were on board had perceived them rush down to the beach, which they reported to Mr. Vanslyperken, who had gone down to his cabin, not choosing to take any further part in the affray, or to risk his valuable life. Vanslyperken came on deck, where he witnessed the manning of the boats, and their pushing out of the cove.

"They are coming to attack us, sir," said Coble, who had been left in charge of the cutter when Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore.

Mr. Vanslyperken turned pale as a sheet; his eyes were fixed upon the form of Ramsay standing up on the stern-sheets of the first boat, with his sabre raised in the air. He immediately recognised him, panted for breath, and could make no reply.

The crew of the cutter, weakened as they were by the loss of most of their best men, flew to their arms; Coble, Cornelius Jansen, and Corporal Van Spitter in the advance, and encouraging them.

"Gott for dam! let us have one slap for it," cried Jansen.

"Mein Gott, yes!" shouted the corporal.

Vanslyperken started up. "It's no use, my men; it's madness, useless sacrifice of life. They are two to one; we must surrender. Go down below, all of you. Do you hear!—obey my orders!"

"Yes, and report them, too, to the admiral," replied Coble. "I never heard such an order given in my born days, and fifty odd years I have served in the king's fleet."

"Corporal Van Spitter, I order you below!—all of you, below!" cried Vanslyperken. "I command here. Will you obey, sir?"

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal, walking away and coolly descending the ladder.

The boats are now within ten yards of the cutter, and the men stood irresolute; the corporal obeying orders had disheartened them. Some of them followed the corporal.

"It's no use," said Coble, "I see now it's of no use. It's only being cut to pieces for nothing, my men; but I won't leave the deck." Coble threw away his cutlass, and walked aft. The other men did the same, all but Jansen, who still hesitated. Coble caught his cutlass out of his hand, and threw it overboard just as the boats dashed alongside.

"Gott for dam!" muttered Jansen, folding his arms, and facing the men who jumped on the cutter's deck. Ramsay, who was the first on board, when he perceived that the men were standing on the decks without making any opposition, turned and threw up the points of the swords of

some of his men, who were rushing blindly on, and in a minute all was quiet on the decks of the *Yungfrau*. Mr. Vanslyperken was not to be seen. At the near approach of the boats, he had hastened into his cabin, and locked himself in, his only feeling being that Ramsay's wrath might cool and his life be spared.

"My lads," said Sir Robert to the crew of the cutter, "I am very glad that you made no resistance to a force which you could not resist, as I should have been sorry if one of you had lost his life; but you must now go down below, and leave the cutter's deck in our possession. Perhaps, it would be better if some of you took one of your boats, and went on shore to pick up your messmates who are wounded."

"If you please, sir, we will," said Coble, coming forward, "and the cutter is yours, as far as we are concerned. We will make no attempts to retake her, at all events, for your kindness in thinking of our poor fellows lying there on the beach. I think you will promise that, my lads?" continued Coble, turning to the men.

"Yes, we promise that," said the men.

Coble then took a crew with him, and pulled on shore to the cove, on the margin of which they found all their men lying either killed or wounded. Dick Short, Spurey, and nine others were taken on board; those that were quite dead were left upon the sand. Leaving only ten men on board of the cutter, which however was sufficient to cope with the few of the *Yungfrau* remaining on board, had they been inclined to forfeit their word, Sir Robert and Ramsay then returned with the rest of the party to the boats, and pulled on shore, for the whole of their assailants were not yet subdued. About twenty of the soldiers still remained unhurt, and were sitting down on the rocks.

Ramsay, as soon as he landed, showed a white handkerchief on a bayonet fixed to the muzzle of a musket.

"Sergeant Tanner," said one of the men, "there's a flag of truce."

"Is there? I'm not sorry of it. They are two to one even now. I'll go forward to meet it."

The sergeant advanced to meet Ramsay.

"We might, if we please, oblige you to surrender, or cut you to pieces; this you must own; but we have no wish to hurt you. There are too many good men dead already."

"That's true," replied the sergeant; "but it's one comfort, you have turned out at last to be men, and not women."

"We have; but to the terms. You were sent to take possession of the cave. You shall have possession as soon as we are gone, if you will draw off your party higher up the cliff, and allow us to embark without molestation. If you do not choose to accept these terms, we immediately attack you. Or you may do better, if you please: pile your muskets, collect your wounded men, bring them down to the beach, all ready to put into the boats, which, as soon as we are safe, we will give you possession of. Answer now, is it a truce or not? You must be immediate."

"Yes, then, it is a truce; for I see no chance of better terms. I am commanding officer, and you have the faith of Sergeant Tanner."

The sergeant then returned, and when half-way, called to his men.

"Party, fall in—pile arms!" The soldiers, worn out by the long conflict, and aware that they had no chance against such superior numbers, gladly obeyed, and were now divided in sections of three and four, collecting the wounded and carrying them down to the cove.

Sir Robert and his men hastened to the rock; the ladder was lowered, and all was on the alert for embarkation. Lady Barclay and Lilly flew into his arms, while Wilhelmina hung on Ramsay; but they allowed but a short time for endearment; time was too precious. The baggage had all been prepared, and the chests of specie were lowered,

the bundles thrown down, and in a quarter of an hour the cave was cleared of all that they could take away with them.

The women then descended, and all hands were employed carrying the specie and luggage down to the boats. As soon as one boat was loaded with the boxes of money, Lady Ramsay, Lilly, and Wilhelmina were put in it, and one-half of the men went with them on board of the cutter, where Coble had already arrived with the wounded seamen. Ramsay remained with the other boat, to embark the women and luggage. When all was in, he called the sergeant, pointed out to him the ladder, and told him he might find something worth his trouble in the cave.

"Is there a drop of any thing to drink, sir? for we who are whole are dying for thirst, and it's cruel to hear the poor wounded fellows beg for water."

"You'll find both water and spirits in plenty there, sergeant, and you may tell your own story when you arrive at Portsmouth. We shall never contradict you."

"The list of killed, wounded, and missing will tell the story fast enough," replied the sergeant; "but run up there, my lads, and get some water for these poor fellows. Good-by, sir, and many thanks."

"Good-by to you, Sergeant Tanner," said one of the women in the boat.

"Nancy Corbett, by all that's wonderful!" cried the sergeant.

"I told you so, sergeant. You'll never lose the name of Lady-killers!"

"Pretty lady-killing," muttered the sergeant, turning away in a rage. Ramsay took the boats on board; and as soon as they were cleared, they were towed on shore to the cove by some of the *Yungfrau's* men.

During this time, the ladies as well as the women had remained aft on deck, Vanslyperken having locked himself up in his cabin. But Sir Robert now ordered his men to force the cabin door, and take Mr. Vanslyperken forward on the lower deck. When the door was opened, Vanslyperken was found in his bed more dead than alive. He was pulled out and dragged forward. The ladies were then handed below, and as soon as the specie had been secured and the luggage cleared from the upper deck, the women were ordered to go down on the lower deck, and Mr. Vanslyperken ordered to be brought up.

CHAPTER LII.

In which a great deal of loyalty is shown to counterbalance the treason of Vanslyperken.

We must not, however, forget the syndic and the widow Vandersloosh, whom we left in confinement at Amsterdam. We left Mynheer Krause smoking his pipe, and showing to those about him, how great a great man always proves himself when under adversity. The widow also, had she performed in public, would have been acknowledged to have been a great woman. She could not but lament the present, for she was on the floor of a dungeon; so she occasionally wrung her hands, but she looked forward to the future and to better times, not abandoning herself to despair, but comforting herself with hope, as might have been clearly proved by her constant repetition of these words, "Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see."

That the night appeared long to both parties is not to be denied; but the longest night will have its end as long as the world continues to turn round. The consequence was, that the morning came as usual to the syndic, although the widow, from the peculiarity of her situation, had not the same advantage.

After morning comes breakfast in the natural order of mundane affairs; and kings being but men, and subject to the same wants as other mortals, his majesty King William sat down and despatched a very hasty meal, in company with his grace the Duke of Portland, and the right honour-

able the Lord Albemarle. History does not record, as it sometimes does in works of this description, by what viands his majesty's appetite was stimulated; we must therefore pass it over, and, as his majesty did on that occasion as soon as breakfast was over, proceed to business.

"Have you received information, my Lord Albemarle, how many of the conspirators have been seized?"

"May it please your majesty, I am sorry to inform you that all who were innocent have been imprisoned, and all who were guilty have escaped."

Upon this intelligence his majesty looked very grave.

"How do you mean, my lord?" said he, after a pause.

"The conspirators have all received some friendly notice, and the only two who are in custody are the syndie Mynheer Krause, and the woman who keeps the Lust Haus."

"And you put the syndie down as an innocent person, my lord?"

"If your majesty will be pleased to read this communication," replied Lord Albemarle, presenting Ramsay's letter and enclosures, "you will then be of my opinion."

King William took the letter, and read it. "What, Ramsay?—he who was attainted with Sir Robert Barclay?"

"The same, your majesty."

"So near us, and escaped! But what credence would you place in him?"

"Every credence, may it please your majesty. I believe him to be incapable of a lie."

"A traitor like him?"

"A traitor to your majesty, but most true to his Catholic majesty King James that was. But if I may venture to point out to your majesty, the enclosures prove that Lieutenant Vanslyperken's word is not of much value. He at least is a double traitor."

"Yes, a little hanging will do him no harm. You are sure this is his writing?"

"There can be no doubt of it, your majesty; I have compared it."

"You will see to this, my lord. And now for the syndie."

"He has, as your majesty will perceive, been grossly deceived and suspected without reason."

"And the woman?"

"Was here yesterday, and fully convinced me that Vanslyperken was a traitor, and that she was innocent. His Grace of Portland was present."

"Well, my lord, you may give orders for their release; of course, a little surveillance will be advisable. You will justify the proceeding to the council this afternoon."

"But may I presume to submit to your majesty that this public affront offered to the syndie should be repaired?"

"Certainly; send for him," replied his majesty, carelessly, "I will receive him to-morrow morning," and his majesty left the room.

Lord Albemarle immediately despatched a courier with an order for the release of the syndie and the Frau Vandersloosh, with a note to the former, stating that his majesty would receive him on the following day at noon. But while this act of justice had been preparing at the palace of the Hague, there were other acts not quite so justifiable preparing at the town of Amsterdam. The sun had not made his appearance more than an hour, before troops of the loyal burghers were collected in knots in the streets, and in front of the Hotel de Ville or Staat Haus, and the object of their meeting was to canvass the treason and imprisonment of the syndie, Mynheer Van Krause. "Shame!—shame!—Death to the traitor!—Tear him to pieces!—and long life to King William!" were the first solitary remarks made; but the noise and hubbub increased. The small knots of people gradually joined together, until they formed a large mob, all burning with loyalty, and each individual wishing to give a practical evidence of

it. Again were the cries of "Long live the king!" and "Death to traitors!" to be heard with loud huzzas. A confused din followed, and the mob appeared as if simultaneously to be impelled in one direction. At last the word was given which they all waited for, "To his house—to his house—down with it!—death to the traitor!" and the loyal mob hastened on, each individual eager to be first to prove his loyalty by helping himself to Mynheer Krause's goods and chattels.

In the Low Countries this species of loyalty always has been, and it is now, very much the fashion. In ten minutes the gates were forced open, old Koop knocked down and trod under foot till he was dead, every article of value that was portable was secured; chairs, tables, glasses, not portable, were thrown out of the window. Wilhelmina's harp and piano-forte battered to fragments; beds, bedding, every thing flew about in the air, and then the fragments were set fire to, and in less than an hour Mynheer Krause's splendid house was burning furiously, while the mob cheered and cried, "Long live King William!"

Before the courier could arrive from the Hague, all that was left of Mynheer Krause's property was the bare walls. Merchandise, every thing was consumed, and part of the building had fallen into the canal and choked it up; while fifteen schuyts waiting to be discharged of their cargoes had been obliged to retreat from the fury of the flames, the phlegmatic skippers looking on with their pipes in their mouths, and their hands in their wide breeches' pockets.

The loyal mob, having effected their object, gradually retired. It is singular that popular feeling is always expressed in the same way. Had the mob collected for disloyal purposes, they would have shown their disloyalty just in the like manner, only it would have been the Staat Haus instead of that of Mynheer Krause.

But now there was a fresh impetus given to the feelings of the mob. The news had been spread like wild-fire that Mynheer the syndie had been proved innocent, and ordered to be immediately liberated, and was sent for by his majesty; upon which the mob were undecided whether they should prove their indignation at this unjust imprisonment of their worthy magistrate by setting fire to some public building, or by carrying him in triumph to his own house, which they forgot that they had burnt down. Fortunately they decided upon the latter. They surrounded the Staat Haus with cries of, "Long life to our worthy syndie! prosperity to Mynheer Krause!" and rushing up the stairs, they caught him in their arms, and carried him triumphantly through the streets, bringing him at last to the smoking ruins of his own house, and here they left him. They had done all they could; they had carried him there in triumph; but as for building the house up again, that was impossible. So as Mynheer Krause looked with dismay at the wreck of all his property, the loyal mob dispersed, each feeling that he had been so very hasty as to possess himself of a small share of it. What a fine thing is loyalty! Mynheer Krause found himself alone; he looked with scorn and indignation upon the scene of violence, and then walked away to an hotel, particularly disgusted with the loyal cry of "Long live King William!"

In the mean time the door of the dungeon where the widow Vandersloosh was incarcerated was thrown open, and she was informed that she was no longer a prisoner. The widow, indignant that she should have been confined for her loyalty, rose and walked majestically out of the Staat Haus, not deigning to answer to the compliments offered to her by some of the inferior officers. Her bosom swelled with indignation, and she was determined to tell his majesty a bit of her mind, if she could obtain access to him; and the next day she took the trouble to go all the way to the Hague again, to see his majesty; but his majesty wasn't at home, and Lord Albemarle, to whom she sent in, was indisposed, and his grace the Duke of Portland was particularly engaged. So the widow had the

journey for nothing, and she declared to Babette that she never would put her foot under the palace again as long as she lived.

But although Madame Vandersloosh was not received at court that day, the syndie Mynheer Krause was. When he sent in his name, Lord Albemarle led the syndie by the hand to his majesty.

"We have been too hasty, Mynheer Krause," said his majesty, with a gracious smile.

Mynheer Krause bowed low.

"I regret to hear that the populace in their loyalty have burnt down your house, Mr. Krause; they were too hasty."

Mynheer Krause made another low bow.

"You will continue your office of syndie of the town of Amsterdam."

"Pardon me, your majesty," replied Mynheer Van Krause, respectfully, but firmly; "I have obeyed your summons to appear in your presence, but will request that your majesty will release me from the burden. I have come to lay my chain and staff of office at your majesty's feet, it being my intention to quit the town."

"You are too hasty, Mynheer Krause," replied his majesty, with displeasure.

"May it please your majesty," replied Krause, "he who has been confined as a prisoner in the Staat Haus is not fit to exercise his duties there as judge. I have served your majesty many years with the utmost zeal and fidelity. In return, I have been imprisoned, and my property destroyed. I must now return to a station more suitable to my present condition; and once more, with every assurance of loyalty, I beg to be permitted to lay my insignia of office at your majesty's feet."

Mynheer Krause suited the action to the word. The king frowned and turned away to the window; and Mynheer Krause, perceiving that his majesty's back was turned upon him, walked out of the door.

"Too hasty!" thought Mynheer Krause. I am loyal, and thrown into prison, and am expected to be satisfied with the plea of being too hasty! My house is burnt down, and the plundering mob have been too hasty! Well, well, it is fortunate I took Ramsay's advice. My house and what was in it was a trifle; but if all my gold at Hamburg and Frankfurt, and in the charge of Ramsay, had been there, and I had been made a beggar, all the satisfaction I should have received would have been a smile and the excuse of being too hasty. I wonder where my daughter and Ramsay are—I long to join them."

From which mental soliloquy it will be evident to the reader that Mynheer Krause's loyalty had considerably diminished, perhaps thinking that he had paid too dear for the commodity.

Upon his return, Mynheer Krause publicly announced that he had resigned the office of syndie, much to the astonishment of those who heard of it, and much to the delight of his particular friend, Mynheer Engelbach, who the next morning set off for the Hague, and had an interview with his grace the Duke of Portland, the result of which was that, upon grounds best known to the parties, for history will not reveal every thing, Mynheer Engelbach was recommended to fill the office of syndie of the town of Amsterdam, vacant by the resignation of Mynheer Krause; and that, in consequence, those who took off their hats to Mynheer Krause but two days before, and kept them on when they met Mynheer Engelbach, now kept them on when they met Mynheer Krause, and pulled them off very politely to Mynheer Krause's very particular friend, Mynheer Engelbach.

CHAPTER LIII.

Trial and execution of two of the principal personages in our history.

WE left Sir Robert Barclay on the deck of the cutter, the ladies and women sent down below, and Mr. Vanslyperken on the point of being dragged aft by two of Sir Robert's men. The crew of the Yungfrau, at the time were on the lower deck, some assisting the wounded men, others talking with Jemmy Salisbury and his wife, who they were astonished to find among the assailants.

"Why, Jemmy, how did you get a berth among these chaps?"

"I'll tell you," said Moggy, interrupting; "when he was at Portsmouth, they heard him playing his fiddle and singing, and they took such a fancy to him, that they were determined to have him to amuse them in the cave. So one evening they kidnapped him, took him away by main force, and kept him a prisoner ever since."

"That's carrying the joke rather too far," observed one of the men.

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

"But I am at liberty again now, at all events," replied Jemmy, taking the cue from his wife, "and if that chap Vanslyperken don't command the cutter any more, which I've a notion he will not, I shall enter again as boatswain. Heh, Dick?"

"Yes," replied Short, who was lying in his hammock.

"Well, when I found that Jemmy couldn't be found, my dear darling duck of a husband, my jewel, my box of diamonds—(ar'n't you, my Jemmy?)—didn't I tear my hair, and run about the streets like a mad woman?" continued Moggy. "At last I met Nancy Corbett, whose husband is one of the gang, and she told me where he was, fiddle and all, and I persuaded her to let me go to him, and that's why we both are here."

This was a good invention of Moggy's, and as there was nobody who took the trouble to disprove it, it was received as not the least apocryphal. But now Mr. Vanslyperken was dragged past them by two of the conspirators, and all the men of the Yungfrau followed on deck, to see what was to take place.

When Mr. Vanslyperken had been brought aft, his legs tottered, and he could hardly stand; his face was livid, and his lips white with fear; for he knew too well that he had little mercy to expect.

"Now, sir," said Sir Robert, with a stern air, "hear the accusation against you; for, although we may be lawless, we will still be just. You voluntarily entered into our service, and received our pay. You were one of us, with only this difference, that we have taken up the cause from principle and loyalty, and you joined us from mercenary motives. Still we kept our faith with you; for every service performed you were well and honourably paid. But you received our money and turned against us, revealed our secrets, and gave information to your government, by which that gentleman (pointing to Ramsay) and many others, had not they fortunately received timely notice, would have perished by the gibbet. Now, sir, I wish to know what can you bring forward in your defence? What have you to urge, that you should not die the death which you so traitorously prepared for others?"

"Die!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "no—no—mercy, sir! mercy. I am not fit to die."

"Few are; but this is certain, that a villain like you is not fit to live."

"On my knees, I ask for mercy!" cried the frightened wretch, dropping down. "Mr. Ramsay, speak for me."

"I will speak," replied Ramsay, "but not for you. I will show you that, even if you were to escape us, you

would still be hung; for all your extracts of the despatches I have, with full explanations, put into the hands of the English government. Do you expect mercy from them? They have not showed much as yet."

"O God! O God!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, throwing himself down on the deck in despair.

"Now, my lads, you have heard the charges against this man, and also that he has no defence to offer. What is your sentence?"

"Death!" exclaimed the conspirators.

"You men belonging to the cutter, you have heard that this man has betrayed the present government of England, in whose pay and service he was at the time; what is your opinion?"

Hercupon Obadiah Coble hitched up his trousers, and said, "Why, as a matter of opinion, I agree with you, sir, whomsoever you may be."

"Mein Gott, yes, sir!" exclaimed the corporal.

And all the crew then cried out together, "Death, death!" which, by-the-by, was very mutinous.

"You perceive that you are doubly condemned as a double traitor," said Sir Robert; "so prepare to die. The religion you profess I know not; but the time you will be allowed to make your peace with your God is fifteen minutes."

"Oh!" groaned Vanslyperken, with his face to the deck.

"Up there, my lads, and get a whip on the yard-arm," said Ramsay.

Some of his party went to obey the order; and they were assisted by the seamen of the Yungfrau. But while they were getting the whip ready on the starboard, Jemmy Ducks was very quietly employed getting another on the larboard yard-arm, which nobody took notice of.

As soon as the whip and the cord, with the hangman's noose made fast to it, were already, it was reported to Sir Robert by Corporal Van Spitter, who stepped up to him with his usual military salute. Sir Robert took off his hat in return. His watch had been held in his hand from the time that he had passed sentence upon Vanslyperken, who still remained prostrate upon the deck.

"It is my duty to inform you, sir, that but five minutes are left of the time awarded to you," said Sir Robert to Vanslyperken.

"Five minutes!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, jumping up from the deck; "but five minutes!—to die in five minutes!" continued he, looking up with horror at the rope at the yard-arm, and the fatal noose at the end of it, held in the hand of Corporal Van Spitter. "Stop—I have gold—plenty of gold. I can purchase my life."

"Kingdoms would not purchase it," replied Sir Robert, scornfully.

"Oh!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, wringing his hands, "must I leave all my gold?"

"You have but two minutes, sir," observed Sir Robert, "let the rope be put round his neck."

This office was performed by Corporal Van Spitter. The corporal was an amateur.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Vanslyperken, again falling on his knees, and holding up his hands.

"Call upon Heaven for mercy. You have but one minute left."

But here an interruption took place. A female made her appearance on the other side of the deck, dragging by a cord the hero of our novel, Snarleytow, who held back with all his power, jerking his head to the right and to the left; but it was of no use. He was dragged opposite to where Vanslyperken knelt. As the reader may guess, this person was Smallbones, who had tied on a bonnet and muffled up his face, so as not to be observed when he first went on board. Jemmy Ducks now assisted, and the whip on the larboard yard-arm was made fast to a cord, with a

running noose for the hanging of the cur. The sight roused Vanslyperken. "My dog!" exclaimed he; "woman, leave that dog alone! Who are you that dare touch my dog?"

The female turned round, threw off her bonnet and handkerchief, and exhibited to the terrified lieutenant, the face of the supposed departed Smallbones.

"Smallbones!" exclaimed the crew of the Yungfrau, in a breath.

"God of mercy!—help me, God of mercy!" cried Vanslyperken, aghast.

"I suppose that you do come for to go to know me now, any how," said Smallbones.

"Hath the sea given up its dead?" replied Vanslyperken, in a hollow voice.

"No, it ar'n't—cause why? I never was a drowned," replied Smallbones; "no thanks to you though. But if so be as I supposes you be a going to be hung, as I'm a good Christian, I'll forgive you; that is, if you be hung, you know."

Vanslyperken, who now perceived that Smallbones had been by some miracle preserved, recovered himself.

"If you forgive me," replied Vanslyperken, "then pray do not ill-treat my dog."

"I've not forgiven him, any how. I owes him enough; and now I'll have his account settled, by gum. When you goes up there, he goes up here, as sure as I'm Philip Smallbones."

"Be merciful!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, who, strange to say, forgot his own miseries in pleading for his darling cur.

"He be a convicted traitor, and he shall die, by gum!" cried Smallbones, smacking his fist into the palm of his hand.

During the conversation the time allotted to Vanslyperken had long expired; but the interest occasioned by it had inclined Sir Robert to wait till it was over.

"Enough," cried Sir Robert; "your time has long expired. Commend your soul to God. Let the rope be manned."

"Now, Jemmy, stand by to toddle forward," cried Smallbones.

"One moment—I ask but one moment," cried Vanslyperken, much agitated,—"only one moment, sir."

"For what?"

"To kiss my poor dog," replied Vanslyperken, bursting into tears.

Strange and almost ridiculous as was the appeal, there was a seriousness and a pathos in Vanslyperken's words and manner which affected those who were present. Like a gleam of sunshine, this one feeling, which was unalloyed with baser metal, shone upon the close of a worthless and wicked life. Sir Robert nodded his head, and Vanslyperken walked, with the rope round his neck, over to where the dog was held by Smallbones, bent over the cur, and kissed it again and again.

"Enough," cried Sir Robert, "bring him back."

Corporal Van Spitter took hold of Vanslyperken by the arm, and dragged him to the other side of the deck. The unfortunate wretch seemed wholly absorbed in the fate of his cur, who had endeavoured to follow his master. His eyes were fixed upon Snarleytow; and Snarleytow's were fixed upon his master. Thus they were permitted to remain for a few seconds, when Sir Robert gave the signal. Away went the line of men who had manned the starboard whip, and away went Jemmy Ducks on the larboard side, and at the yard-arms of the cutter were suspended the bodies of Vanslyperken and Snarleytow.

Thus perished one of the greatest scoundrels and one of the vilest curs which ever existed. They were damnable in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided. By the manuscript records found in the Jacobite papers, it

appears that the double execution took place on the 3d of August, in the year of our Lord 1700.

CHAPTER LIV.

In which affairs begin to wind up.

THERE are few people whose vindictive feelings are not satisfied by the death of the party against whom those feelings have been excited. The eyes of all on deck (that is, all except one) were at first directed to the struggling Vanslyperken, and then, as if sickened at the sight of his sufferings, were turned away with a feeling very near akin to compassion. One only never looked at or thought of Vanslyperken, and that one was Smallbones, who watched the kicking and plunging of his "natural enemy" Snarley-low. Gradually the dog relaxed his exertions, and Smallbones watched, somewhat doubtful whether a dog who had defied every other kind of death would condescend to be hanged. At last, Snarley-low was quite still; he appeared nearly to have gone to "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

"He won't a cum to life any more this time," said Smallbones, "but I'll not let you out of my hands yet. They say a cat have nine lives, but, by gum! some dogs have ninety."

There was a dead silence on the deck of the cutter for a quarter of an hour, during which the bodies remained suspended. A breeze then came sweeping along, and ruffled the surface of the water. This was of too great importance to allow of any further delay. Sir Robert desired the seamen of the Yungfrau to come aft, told them that he should take their cutter to Cherbourg to land the women and his own people, and that then they would be free to return to Portsmouth. All that he requested of them was quiet and submission during the short time that he and his party were on board. Coble replied for the ship's company, "that as for the matter of that ere, there was no fear of their being quiet enough, when there were more than two to one against them; but that in fact they had no animosity, for even if they did feel a little sore at what had happened, and their messmates being wounded, what was swinging at the yard-arm made them all friends again. The gentleman might take the cutter where he pleased, and might use her as long as he liked; and when he had done with her, it was quite time enough to take her back to Portsmouth."

"Well, then, as we understand one another, we had now better make sail," said Sir Robert. "Cut away that rope," continued he, pointing to the whip by which Vanslyperken's body was suspended.

Jansen stepped forward with his snickasee. The rope was divided at once, and the body of the departed Vanslyperken plunged into the wave and disappeared.

"They mayn't cut this though," cried Smallbones. "I'll not trust him. Jemmy, my boy, get up a pig of ballast. I'll sink him fifty fathoms deep, and then if so be he cum up again, why then I give it up for a bad job."

Jemmy brought up the pig of ballast, the body of Snarley-low was lowered on board, and after having been secured with divers turns of the rope to the piece of iron, was plunged by Smallbones into the wave.

"There," said Smallbones, "I don't a think that he will ever bite me any more, any how; there's no knowing though. Now I'll just go down, and see if my bag be to be found, and then I'll dress myself like a Christian."

The cutter flew before the breeze, which was on her quarter; and now that the hanging was over, the females came on deck. One of the Jesuit priests was a good surgeon, and attended to the wounded men, who all promised

to do well, and as Bill Spurey said, "They'd all dance yet at the corporal's wedding."

"I say, corporal, if we only could go to Amsterdam, instead of Portsmouth."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal, and acting upon this idea, he went aft and entered into conversation with Ramsay, giving him a detail of the affair with the widow, and of her having gone to the Hague to accuse Vanslyperken; ending with expressing the wish of himself and the crew that they might go to the Hague instead of to Portsmouth. Nothing could please Ramsay better; he was next anxious to send a letter to Mynheer Krause, to inform him of the safety of his daughter and his specie, and he immediately answered that they should go if they pleased.

"Mein Gott! but how, mynheer? We no have the excuse."

"But I'll give you one," replied Ramsay. "You shall go to the Hague."

The corporal touched his hat with the greatest respect, and walked forward to communicate this good news. The crew of the Yungfrau and the conspirators or smugglers were soon on the best terms; and as there was no one to check the wasteful expenditure of stores, and no one accountable, the liquor was hoisted up on the fore-castle, and the night passed in carousing.

"Well, he did love his dog, after all," said Jemmy Ducks.

"And he's got his love with him," replied one of the smugglers.

"Now, Jemmy, let's have a song."

"It must be without the fiddle, then," replied Jemmy, "for that's jammed up with the baggage,—so here goes."

I've often heard the chaplain say, when Davy Jones is nigh,
That we must call for help in need to Providence on high;
But then he said most plainly too, that we must do our best,
Our own exertions failing, leave to Providence the rest.

I never thought of this much till one day there came on board

A chap who came to join as a *seaman*, by the Lord!

His hair hung down like reef-points, and his phiz was very queer,

For his mouth was like a shark's, and turn'd down from ear to ear.

He hadn't stow'd his hammock not much longer than a week,

When he swore he had a call, and the Lord he was to seek;

Now where he went to seek the Lord, I can't at all suppose,
'Twas not on deck, for there I'm sure he never show'd his nose.

He would not read the Bible, it wer'n't good enough for him;

The course we steer'd by, that, he said, would lead us all to sin;

That we were damn'd, and hell would gape, he often would us tell,

I know that when I heard his jaw, it made me gape like hell.

A storm came on, we sprung a leak, and sorely were we tried;

We plied the pumps, 'twas spell and spell with lots of work beside;

And what d'ye think this beggar did? 'tis true I do declare,

He call'd us all to leave the pumps, and join with him in prayer.

At last our boatswain Billy, who was a thundering Turk, Goes up to him, and says, "My man, why don't you do your work?"

"Avaunt! you worst of sinners, I must save my soul," he cried;—

"Confound your soul," says Billy then, "you shall not save your hide."

Acquaintance then he made soon with the end of the fore-brace,

It would have made you laugh to see his methodist face; He grinn'd like a roast monkey, and he howl'd like a baboon,

He had a dose from Billy that he won't forget so soon.

"Take that," said Billy, when he'd done, "and now you'll please to work;

I read the Bible often, but I don't my duty shirk;

The pumps they are not choked yet, nor do we yet despair, When all is up, or we are saved, we'll join with you in prayer."

"And now we'll have one from the other side of the house," said Moggy, as soon as the plaudits were over.

"Come then, Antony, you shall speak for us, and prove that we can sing a stave as well as honest men."

"With all my heart, William. Here's my very best."

The smuggler then sang as follows:

Fill, lads, fill!
Fill, lads, fill!
Here we have a cure
For every ill.
If fortune's unkind
As the N. E. wind,
Still we must endure,
Trusting to our cure
In better luck still.

Drink, boys, drink!
Drink, boys, drink!
The bowl let us drain
With right good-will.
If women deceive,
Why should we grieve?
Forgetting our pain,
Love make again
With better luck still.

Sing, lads, sing!
Sing, lads, sing!
Our voices we'll raise,
Be merry still.
If dead to-morrow,
We brave all sorrow,
Life's a weary maze,
When we end our days
'Tis better luck still.

As the wounded men occupied the major part of the lower deck, and there was no accommodation for the numerous party of men and women on board, the carousing was kept up till the next morning, when at daylight the cutter was run into Cherbourg. The officers who came on board went on shore with the report that the cutter belonged to the English government, and had been captured by Sir Robert and his men who were well known. The consequence was an order for the cutter to leave the port immediately, as receiving her would be tantamount to an aggression on the part of France. But this order, although given, was not intended to be rigidly enforced, and there was plenty of time allowed for Sir Robert and his people to land with their specie and baggage.

Ramsay did not forget his promise to the corporal. He went to the French authorities, stated the great importance of his forwarding a letter to Amsterdam immediately, and that the way it might be effected would be very satisfactory; that aware that King William was at the Hague, they should write a letter informing him of the arrival of the cutter, and that his majesty might not imagine that the French government could sanction such outrages, they had sent her immediately on to him, with a regret that such a circumstance should have occurred, under the charge of one of the officers to wait upon his majesty, and express their sentiments. The authorities, aware that to obey Sir Robert would not be displeasing to the court of Versailles, and that the excuse for so doing could only be taken as a compliment to the English court, acted upon this suggestion. A French officer was sent on board of the cutter with the despatch, and Ramsay's letter to Mynheer Van Krause was committed to the charge of the corporal.

Before the sun had set, the Yungfrau was again at sea, and on the third morning anchored in her usual berth off the town of Amsterdam.

CHAPTER LV.

In which we trust that every thing will be arranged to the satisfaction of our readers.

THE French officer who was sent to explain what had occasioned the arrival of the cutter in the port of Cherbourg, immediately set off for the Hague, and was received by Lord Albemarle.

As soon as his credentials had been examined, he was introduced to his majesty King William.

"It appears," said his majesty to Lord Albemarle, after the introduction, "that these Jacobite conspirators have saved us one trouble by hanging this traitor Vanslyperken."

"Yes, your majesty, he has met with his deserved punishment," replied Lord Albemarle.

Then addressing himself to the officer,—"We will return our acknowledgments for this proof of good-will on the part of the French government," said his majesty, bowing. "My Lord Albemarle, you will see that this gentleman is suitably entertained."

The officer bowed low, and retired.

"This is an over-politeness which I do not admire," observed his majesty to Lord Albemarle. "Let that person be well watched; depend upon it, the letter is all a pretext; there is more plotting going on."

"I am of your majesty's opinion, and shall be careful that your commands are put in force," replied his lordship, as king William retired into his private apartments.

The cutter had not been half an hour at anchor before Obadiah Coble went on shore with the corporal. Their first object was to apply to the authorities, that the wounded men might be sent to the hospital, which was done before the night. The next was to deliver the letters to Mynheer Krause; but not knowing where he was to be found, they thought it advisable to go first to the widow Vanderloosh, who was surprised at the sight of her dear corporal, and much more enraptured when she heard that Mr. Vanslyperken and his cur had been hanged.

"I'll keep my word, corporal," cried the widow; "I told you I would not marry until he was hung. I don't care if I marry you to-morrow."

"Mein Gott, yes! to-day."

"No, no, not to-day, corporal, or to-morrow either. We must wait till the poor fellows are out of the hospital; for I must have them all to the wedding."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

The widow then proceeded to state how she had been thrown into a dungeon, and how she and Mynheer Krause the syndic had been released the next day; how Mynheer Krause's house had been burnt to the ground, and all the other particulars with which the reader is already acquainted.

This reminded the corporal of the letters to Mynheer Krause, which he had for a time forgotten, and he inquired where he was to be found. But the widow was too prudent to allow the corporal to go himself. She sent Babette, who executed her commission without exciting any suspicion, and made Mynheer Krause very happy. He soon made his arrangements, and joined his daughter and Ramsay, who had not however waited for his arrival, but had been married the day after they landed at Cherbourg. Mynheer Krause was not a little surprised to find that his son-in-law was a Jacobite; but his incarceration and loss of his property had very much cooled his loyalty. He settled at Hamburg, and became perfectly indifferent whether England was ruled by King William or King James.

Ramsay's marriage made him also less warm in the good cause. He had gained a pretty wife and a good fortune, and to be very loyal a person should be very poor. The death of King James on the year following released him from his engagements, and as he resided at Hamburg he was soon forgotten, and never was called upon to embark in the subsequent fruitless attempts on the part of the Jacobites.

As it was necessary to write to the admiralty in England, acquainting them with the fate of Mr. Vanslyperken, and demanding that another officer should be sent out to take the command of the Yungfrau, a delay of three or four weeks took place, during which the cutter remained at Amsterdam; for Dick Short and Coble were no navigators if they had wished to take her back, and, moreover, she had so many of her crew at the hospital that she was weakened.

It was about a month after her arrival at Amsterdam, that every soul belonging to the cutter had gone on shore, and she was left to swing to the tide, and foul her house, or go adrift if she pleased, for she had to take care of herself. This unusual disregard to naval instructions arose from the simple fact that that day was to be celebrated the marriage of widow Vandersloosh and Corporal Van Spitter.

Great indeed had been the preparations; all the ingenuity and talent of Jemmy Ducks, and Moggy, and Bill Spurey, for he and all the others were now discharged from the hospital, had been summoned to the assistance of the widow and Babette in preparing and decorating the Lust Haus for this important ceremony, which the widow declared King William himself should hear of, cost what it might. Festoons of flowers, wreaths of laurel garlands from the ceiling, extra chandeliers, extra musicians, all were dressed out and collected in honour of this auspicious day. The whole of the crew of the cutter were invited, not however to feast at the widow's expense—neither she nor the corporal would stand treat—but to spend their money in honour of the occasion. And it must be observed that since their arrival in port, the Yungfraus had spent a great deal of money at the widow's, which was considered strange, as they had not for some time received any pay; and it was further observed that none appeared so wealthy as Smallbones and Corporal Van Spitter. Some have asserted that it was the gold of Mr. Vanslyperken, which had been appropriated by the crew to their own wants, considering themselves as his legitimate heirs. Whether this is true or not, it is impossible to say; certain it is that there was no gold found in Vanslyperken's cabin when his successor took possession of it, and equally certain it was that all the Yungfraus had their pockets full of gold, and

that the major part of this gold did ultimately fall into the possession of the widow Vandersloosh, who was heard to say, that Mr. Vanslyperken had paid the expenses of her wedding. From these facts collected, we must leave the reader to draw what inference he may please.

The widow was beautifully dressed; a white kersey petticoat, deep-blue stockings, silver buckles in her shoes, a scarlet velvet jacket with long flaps before and behind, a golden cross six inches long suspended by a velvet riband, to which was attached half-way between the cross and her neck a large gold heart, gold ear-rings, and on her head an ornament which in Holland and Germany is called a "zitternabel," shook and trembled as she walked along to church, hanging on the arm of her dear corporal. Some of the bridges were too narrow to admit the happy pair to pass abreast. The knot was tied—the name Vandersloosh was abandoned without regret, for the sharper one of Van Spitter, and flushed with joy and the thermometer at ninety-six, the cavalcade returned home, and refreshed themselves with some beer of the Frau Van Spitter's own brewing.

Let it not, however, be supposed that they dined *tête-à-tête*; no, no, the corporal and his wife were not so churlish as that. The dinner-party consisted of a chosen set, the most particular friends of the corporal;—Mr. Short, first officer and boatswain; Mr. Coble, second officer; Mr. William Spurey, Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury, and last, although not the least important person in this history, Philip Smallbones, Esq., who, having obtained money somehow, was now remarkable for the neatness of his apparel. The fair widow, assisted by Moggy and Babette cooked the dinner, and when it was ready came in from the kitchen as red as a fury, and announced it; and then it was served up, and they all set down to table in the little parlour. It was very close, the gentlemen took off their jackets, and the widow and moggy fanned themselves, and the enormous demand by evaporation was supplied with foaming beer. None could have done the honours of the table better than the corporal and his lady, who sat melting and stuck together on the little fubay sofa, which had been the witness of so much pretended and so much real love.

But the Lust Haus is now lighted up; the company are assembling fast; Babette is waddling and trotting like an agadillo from corner to corner; Babette here, and Babette there, it is Babette every where. The room is full, and the musicians have commenced tuning their instruments. The party run from the table to join the rest; a general cheer greets the widow, as she is led into the room by the corporal, for she had asked many of her friends as well as the crew of the Yungfrau, and many others came who were not invited; so that the wedding-day, instead of disbursement, produced one of large receipt to the happy pair.

"Now, then, corporal, you must open the ball with your lady," cried Bill Spurey.

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"What shall it be, Madame Van Spitter?"

"A waltz, if you please."

The musicians struck up a waltz, and Corporal Van Spitter, who had no notion of waltzing further than having seen the dance performed by others, seized his wife by the waist, who, with an amorous glance, dropped her fat arm upon the corporal's shoulder. This was the signal for the rest. The corporal had made but one turn before a hundred couple more were turning also; the whole room seemed turning. The corporal could not waltz, but he could turn; he held on fast by the widow, and with such a firm piece of resistance he kept a centrifugal balance, and without regard to time or space, he increased his velocity at a prodigious rate. Round they went with the dangerous force of the two iron balls suspended to the fly-

wheel which regulates the power of some stupendous steam-engine.

The corporal would not and his better half could not stop. The first couple they came in contact with were hurled to the other side of the room, a second and a third fell, and still the corporal wheeled on. Two chairs and a table were swept away in a moment, three young women with baskets of cakes and nuts were thrown down together, and the contents of all their baskets scattered on the floor, and "Bravo, corporal!" resounded from the crew of the Yungfrau. Babette and two bottles of beer were next demolished, Jemmy Ducks received a hoist, and Smallbones was flattened to a pancake. Every one fled from the orbit of these revolving spheres, and they were left to wheel by themselves. At last Mrs. Van Spitter, finding that nothing else would stop her husband, who, like all heavy bodies once put in motion, retained it in proportion to his weight, dropped down, and left him to support her whole frame. This was more than the corporal could stand, and it brought him up all standing. He stopped, dropped his wife, and reeled to a chair, for he was so giddy that he could not keep his legs, and so out of breath that he had lost his wind.

"Bravo, corporal!" was shouted through the room, while his spouse hardly knew whether she should laugh or scold him well; but being the wedding-night, she deferred the scolding for that night only, and she gained a chair, and fanned and wiped, and fanned and wiped again. The corporal shortly afterwards would have danced again, but Mrs. Van Spitter had had quite enough for that evening. She thanked him for the offer, was satisfied with his prowess, but declined on the score of the extreme sultriness of the weather; to which observation the corporal replied as usual, "Mein Gott, yes!"

The major part of the evening was passed in dancing and drinking; the corporal and his wife, with Babette, now attending to the wants of their customers, who, what with the exercise, the heat of the weather, and the fumes of tobacco, were more than usually thirsty; and as they became fatigued with dancing, so did they call for refreshments.

But we cannot find space to dwell upon the quality of beer and the variety of liquors which were consumed at this eventful wedding, with which we shall wind up our history; nor even to pity the breathless, flushed, and overheated Babette, who was so ill on the next day as to be unable to quit her bed; nor can we detail the jokes, the merriment, and the songs which went round, the peals of laughter, the loud choruses, the antic feats performed by the company. Still more impossible would it be to give an idea of the three tremendous cheers, which shook the Lust Haus to its foundations, when Corporal and Mistress Van Spitter, upon their retiring, bade farewell to the company assembled. The observations of James Salisbury, as he waddled out, were as correct as they were emphatic.—

"Well, Dick,—this *has been* a spree."

"Yes," replied Dick Short.

FINIS.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

STANZAS:

CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PROPERTY, LAST ILLNESS,
AND DEATH OF LOVE.

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

What are Love's treasures, and what are its fears?
What is the music it joyfully hears?
What are its wonders—its lightnings and thunders?
What is its language, and what its delight?
Kinglets, and letters, and rings, are its treasures;
Answers to half-utter'd words are its pleasures.

Doubts are its wonder, quarrels its thunder;
A frown is the lightning that fills it with fright.

Play is its work, and a tear is its joy;
A kiss is its compact, which naught can destroy.
To part is its sorrow, though but till the morrow:
Eyes are its stars; in a smile is its might.
The voice is the music it ever would hear;
Its sunshine, the presence of one that is dear.
Dreaming is living; taking is giving:
A glance is its language, that glance is delight.

Trust is its armour, and blindness its shield;
A word of unkindness the sword it can wield.
Suspicion's its fever; an oath its deceiver;
Its power, once slighted, for ever is fled.
At length it grows weaker; its efforts to please
Each day are more feeble, until, by degrees,
It loses its blindness, gives one look of kindness,
One sigh for the past; then, alas! it is—dead.

From the Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual.

CONSOLATION.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, A. M.

"We sorrow not as others which have no hope."
1 THESS. iv. 13.

THE loved, but not the lost!
Oh, no! they have not ceased to be,
Nor live alone in memory;
'Tis we, who still are toss'd
O'er life's wild sea, 'tis we who die:
They only live, whose life is immortality.

The loved, but not the lost,
Why should our ceaseless tears be shed
O'er the cold turf that wraps the dead,
As if their names were cross'd
From out the Book of Life! Ah no!
'Tis we who scarcely live, that linger still below.

The loved, but not the lost!
In heaven's own panoply array'd,
They met the conflict undisarm'd;
They counted well the cost
Of battle—*now* their crown is won;
Our sword is scarce unsheath'd, our warfare just begun.

Have they not pass'd away
From all that dims the tearful eye;
From all that wakes the ceaseless sigh:
Nor all the pangs that prey
On the bereaved heart, and most
When conscience dares not say, "the loved, but not the lost!"

This is the wo of woes!
The one o'er-mastering agony;
To watch the sleep of those who die,
And feel 'tis no repose,
But they, who join the heavenly host,
Why should we mourn for them, the loved, but not the lost!

The spirit was but born,
The soul unfetter'd, when they fled
From earth, the living, *not* the dead,
Then wherefore should we mourn!
We, the wave-driven, the tempest-toss'd,
When shall we be with them, the loved, but not the lost!

ot

ot

he

VOLUME
TIGHTLY BOUND
BEST COPY
AVAILABLE